POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST SEPTEMBER 21 • 1963 20c

What can the UN do?
By Richard Rovere

WOMEN'S FASHIONS
Where piracy is the rule

ew houses: Why they cost too much / **Dean Sayre:** Chaplain to the New Frontier

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Countertops by Textolite®

Americana Model J-795.

2 full ovens, yet only 30 inches wide. It's Americana, by General Electric.

The built-in exhaust system of this beautiful Americana* range operates at 2 different levels, directly over cooktop and also above upper oven.

In a width of 30 inches, you have an eye-level oven with rotisserie and a big lower oven with Skylight* window, that gives a top-side view of cooking.

Americana is fast: it boils a pint of water in 2 minutes, 10 seconds flat. Sensi-Temp* cooktop unit holds any temperature you select—automatically—guards against burning and boiling over. And flameless Americana is easy to clean. Oven door lifts off, chrome back-liner snaps right out. Cooktop units tilt up and stay up, so you can remove reflector pans and trim rings for cleaning. Model J-794, without built-in exhaust system, also available.

17-cu.ft. chest freezer holds up to 595 pounds of frozen food. All steel, wrap-around cabinet with lustrous, durable finish. Thick, efficient glass-fiber insulation. Aluminum liner for fast freezing. Strong, spring-loaded hinges make it easy to raise the counter-balanced lid. Model shown, CB-245X.

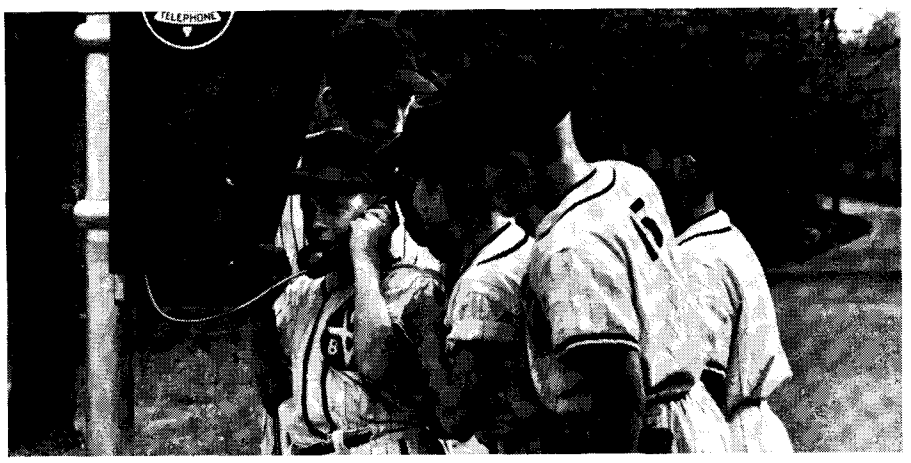
This 12-lb. capacity washer has exclusive MINI-BASKET. This is a washer for all your washables—giant 12-pound capacity for big family loads, and exclusive MINI-BASKET* for delicate hand-washables, nuisance loads, last minute loads. Filter-Flo® System works for both. Model shown: WA-1250Y

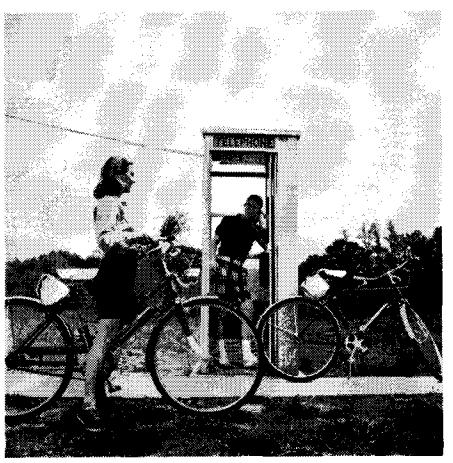
*TRADEMARK OF THE GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY, MAJOR APPLIANCE DIV., LOUISVILLE,

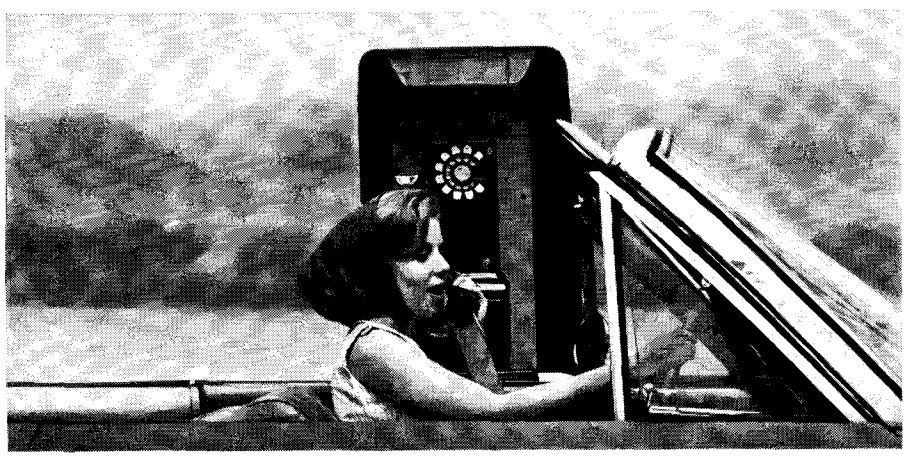
GENERAL ELECTRIC

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Public phones are found in the likeliest places!







Public phones are handy everywhere. We put them on streets and highways, corners and crossings, in parks, stores, stations, lobbies, terminals—wherever they're needed. They can save time, help you make dates, chat with friends, find directions, get aid in a hurry. So look for them, and use them as you use your phones at home.

Bell Telephone System

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Proudly wear your world-honored LONGINES--when the occasion is very special!

Longines high fashion watches team elegance and excellence with accuracy and dependability to give you an adult lifetime of pleasure and assurance

Lovely Ladies, proudly wear your Longines wherever you go—to the ballet, or out for an intimate dinner in a cozy spot. Where there's a Lovely Lady and an admiring escort, that's where you'll want your Longines to be noticed and admired. Longines Ladies' wrist watches are sculpted in precious metals that flatter and caress your wrist . . . are unsurpassed in reliability . . . are instantly recognized as high fashion, the standard of excellence and elegance in 150 countries of the free world.

Picture the Longines watch illustrated below on your wrist. A gleaming mesh bracelet . . . sparkling, faceted, unbreakable synthetic sapphire crystal to capture the magic of candlelight or ballroom chandeliers . . . jeweler-crafted case contoured to feminine perfection . . . a beautiful way to make accurate time your servant. A love affair at first sight that can last for an adult lifetime. Longines, most beautiful watch you can cherish, is the finest watch in production today. Why settle for less than a Longines?

You may own a Longines for as little as $5 a month—and it is worthy in every respect to be called *the world's most honored watch*. Longines is the only watch in history to win 10 World's Fair Grand Prizes, 28 Gold Medals. Visit your Longines-Wittnauer quality jeweler soon—or suggest to your favorite man that *he* do so!

LONGINES

THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH

WHICH LONGINES WILL YOU PROUDLY WEAR? *Left to right:* Pear-shaped, Gold Filled, fashionably distinctive; Gold Medal L3051 • Solid 14K Gold, Florentine Finish; World's Fair L3355. • Perfect facets in brilliant synthetic sapphire crystal to capture the sparkle of gaiety. Gold-filled, shock resistant; Gold Medal L3225 Ask your Longines-Wittnauer Quality Jeweler. Lovely Lady Longines priced from $71.50.

LONGINES-WITTNAUER WATCH COMPANY

LEADING MAKER OF WATCHES OF THE HIGHEST CHARACTER FOR ALMOST A CENTURY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
MATTHEW J. CULLIGAN, *Chairman and President*
CLAY BLAIR JR., *Editor-in-Chief*
JOHN J. VERONIS, *Director, Magazine Division*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
CLAY BLAIR JR. *Editor*

DAVIS THOMAS *Managing Editor*
DON A. SCHANCHE *Executive Editor*

Assistant Managing Editors:
WILLIAM A. EMERSON JR. (*Articles*)
HANK WALKER (*Photography*)

ASGER JERRILD *Art Director*
FRANK KILKER *Associate Art Director*

ROBERT SHERROD *Editor-at-Large*
STEWART ALSOP *Washington Editor*

ARTICLES

Senior Editors: SANDFORD BROWN (*Business*); THOMAS B. CONGDON JR. (*Speaking Out*); WILLIAM EWALD (*Entertainment*); OTTO FRIEDRICH (*Foreign*); WILLIAM K. GOOLRICK (*National Affairs*); ROBERT L. JOHNSON JR. (*National Affairs*); ROGER KAHN (*Sports*); DON McKINNEY (*General*); JEANETTE SARKISIAN (*Women*); STEVEN M. SPENCER (*Science*).
Associate Editors: FREDRIC C. APPEL, HILLEL BLACK, SALLY A. REUKAUF.
Assistants: GLADYS ANN MÜLLER, KENNETH B. PLATNICK, RICHARD A. RAND, JANE DENIS SMITH.

CONTRIBUTING WRITERS

TREVOR ARMBRISTER, RICHARD ARMSTRONG, JAMES ATWATER, BEN H. BAGDIKIAN, EDWARD BEHR, JOHN BIRD, ANNE CHAMBERLIN, BILL DAVIDSON, ROBERT P. GOLDMAN, FRANK GRAHAM JR., C. ROBERT JENNINGS, STANLEY KARNOW, JOHN KOBLER, LEWIS H. LAPHAM, BARD LINDEMAN, PETER MAAS, HAROLD H. MARTIN, ROBERT MARX, ROBERT K. MASSIE, GILBERT MILLSTEIN, DON OBERDORFER, JAMES PHELAN, JERRY A. ROSE, ROBERT RUARK, WILLIAM R. SHELTON, JOHN SKOW, BEVERLY SMITH JR., WILLIAM TROMBLEY, ROUL TUNLEY.

FICTION and BOOKS

JOHN MONG, *Chief*
Senior Editors: JEFF BROWN, DON GOLD, WESLEY PRICE.
Associate Editors: MacLENNAN FARRELL, NANCY MURRAY.
Assistants: GAYE IZZARD, SUSAN STANWOOD.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Senior Editors: GERALD ASTOR, MARSHALL LUMSDEN.
Associate Editors: ANDRÉE L. ABECASSIS, ROBERT MOORE, ROGER VAUGHAN.
Assistants: JUDY GUROVITZ, DAVID MOLLER, HELEN NATHAN.
Contributing Photographers: JOHN BRYSON, BURT GLINN, JOHN LAUNOIS, LAWRENCE J. SCHILLER, JOHN ZIMMERMAN
Photo Lab: JOHN HARM, *Chief*

COPY

JOHN HUNT, *Chief*
Senior Copy Editors: LESLIE R. FORESTER, RICHARD L. LEHMAN, DAVID A. LYLE.
Associate Editors: JACK HARING, HAROLD P. HOSTETLER.
Assistants: HELEN DeBERRY, LINDA GRANT, DOROTHY HUMANITZKI, RENEE PROWITT.

LAYOUT

ZEN YONKOVIG, *Chief*
Associate: RON MEYERSON. *Assistants:* PENNEY FARRELL, THOMAS W. VON DER LINN.

EDITORIAL PRODUCTION

THOMAS R. MARVEL, *Chief*
Associate: FERD D'ESPOSITO. *Assistants:* DAVID BASCH, LISA FENTRESS.

RESEARCH

LIA SMITS, *Chief*
JOANN CATTONAR, JODY O'ROURKE, JEAN TAYLOR.

CURTIS EDITORIAL BOARD
Managing Editorial Directors:
HUBBARD H. COBB, WILLIAM A. EMERSON JR., FREDERICK J. MOFFITT, TED PATRICK, DON A. SCHANCHE, CASKIE STINNETT, DAVIS THOMAS.

ASGER JERRILD *Managing Director, Art*
HANK WALKER *Managing Director, Photography*
JOHN MONG *Managing Director, Fiction and Books*

C. L. MacNELLY *Publisher*

POST

SEPTEMBER 21, 1963 • 236th YEAR, ISSUE NO. 32

Articles

Young Negroes aren't ready (Speaking Out) . . . . . *by Louis E. Lomax* 12

Why new houses cost too much . . . . . *by Arthur M. Watkins* 19

The cost of housing in this country is a scandal. Housing authority Arthur M. Watkins explores some of the abuses that can double the price of a new house—obsolete building codes, corruption, incompetent workmanship. And he tells how we can cut these spiraling costs: by policing power groups, developing new building techniques, and reforming archaic regulations. In Watkins's own words: "When a $40 billion business falters, this hurts the whole American economy."

Woody Allen: comic on the way up . . . . . *by William K. Zinsser* 26

Piracy on 7th Avenue . . . . . *by James Poling* 28

"The world is in his debt" . . . . . *by Richard H. Rovere* 38

U Thant speaks his mind . . . . . *by David Sureck* 42

Chaplain to the new frontier . . . . . *by Robert K. Massie* 70

The third world of the turf . . . . . *by William B. Furlong* 74

The American in a Mexican death cell . . . . . *by James R. Phelan* 81

Fiction

A significant experience . . . . . *by Gwyn Griffin* 48

Departments

Letters 4

Post Scripts 68

Hazel 76

Editorials 86

The authors: **William Zinsser,** who covers the strange career of comedian Woody Allen, wrote the forthcoming book *The Weekend Guests,* "a study," as he puts it, "of some hazardous social situations." . . . **James Poling** interviewed over sixty executives (and quite a few models) for his report on the garment industry . . . **Richard Rovere,** Washington correspondent for *The New Yorker,* draws a portrait of the United Nations Secretary-General; the U.N. official also granted an interview to **David Sureck,** a free-lance writer. . . . *Post* contributing writer **Robert Massie,** who visits Dean Sayre of the Washington Cathedral, is the grandson of a clergyman in Lexington, Ky. . . . Chicago sportswriter **William B. Furlong** (it's his real name) takes a look at the perennial losers of the racing world. . . . Last February, veteran reporter **James Phelan** wrote the *Post* article on Airman Gerald Anderson, jailed by the Air Force for a crime he didn't commit. A woman who read the article told Phelan this story about her own son, who has spent four long years in a Mexican jail, two in death row, trying to clear himself of a triple murder charge.

The cover photograph, by **John Zimmerman,** shows models Monique Chevalier (wearing a challis Josephine dress by Anne Fogarty) and Nenna von Schlebrugge (in a dragon brocade designed by Donald Brooks for Townley) perched on a clothing truck in the heart of New York's garment district.

© 1963 The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa. 19105. All rights reserved. Title reg. U.S. Patent Office and foreign countries. Published weekly except alternate weeks during July and August and at year-end; forty-five issues per year. Second-Class postage paid at Phila., Pa., and at additional mailing offices. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada. **Subscription Prices:** U.S. and Possessions, 1 Yr., $5.95; longer terms $5.00 each additional year. Canada add $1.00 per year. Pan American Countries, 1 Yr., $8.45. All other countries, 1 Yr., $10.95. **Unconditional Guaranty.** We agree, upon request direct from subscribers to the Philadelphia office, to refund the full amount paid for any copies of Curtis publications not previously mailed. **The Curtis Publishing Company.** Matthew J. Culligan, Chairman and President; J. M. Clifford, Executive Vice Pres.; Mary Curtis Zimbalist, Sr. Vice Pres.; Cary W. Bok, Sr. Vice Pres.; Clay Blair Jr., Sr. Vice Pres.; L. Philip Ewald, Sr. Vice Pres.; Leon J. Marks, Sr. Vice Pres.; John Miles, Sr. Vice Pres.; John J. Veronis, Sr. Vice Pres.; G. B. McCombs, Vice Pres.; Calvin A. Nichols, Treasurer; Gloria L. Swett, Secretary; Roger Lederer, Advertising Director of The Saturday Evening Post. The Company also publishes Ladies' Home Journal, Jack and Jill, Holiday and The American Home. **The Saturday Evening Post** editorial offices are located at 666 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10019.

Changing your address?

Don't forget your Post

The Post Office will not forward copies unless you pay extra postage, and we cannot replace lost copies. SO PLEASE . . . at least six weeks before the first issue to go to the new address, send us your new address, including postal zone, your old address and a label from a back copy. With SERVICE ADJUSTMENT requests send us latest mailing labels, including those from duplicate copies.

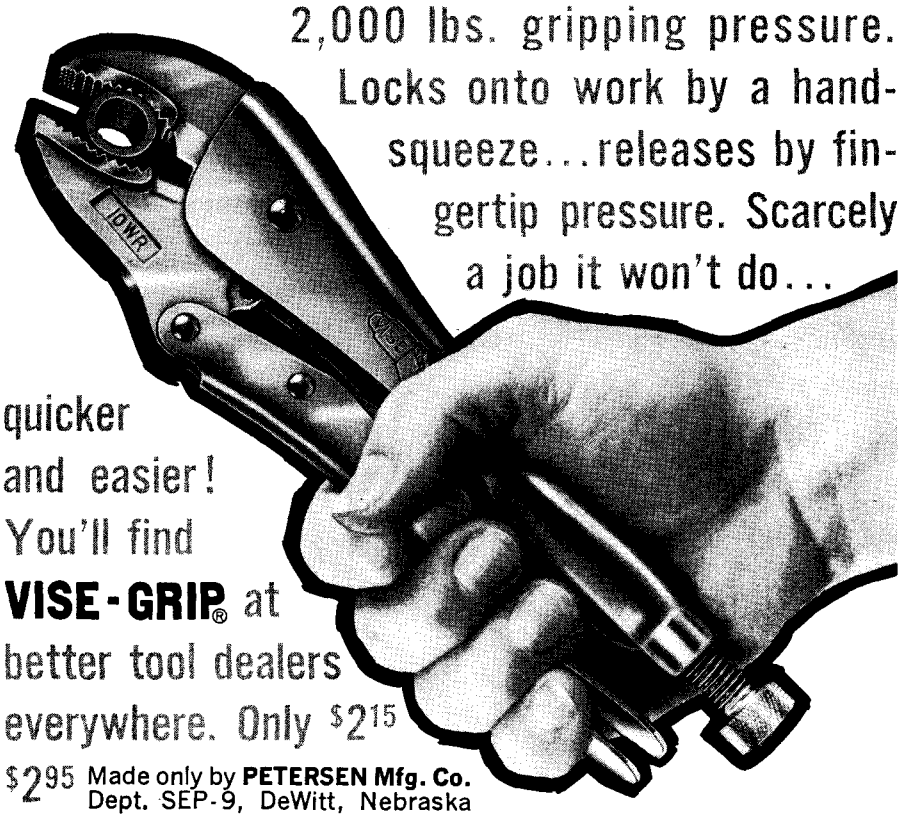
POST Subscription Service, Phila., Pa. 19105.

Postmaster:
Send form 3579 to Subscription Service Division, The Saturday Evening Post, Philadelphia, Pa. 19105.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VERSATILE VISE-GRIP®

Super-pliers! Locking Wrench! Clamp! Hand Vise! Wire Cutter! All these tools and more—in one compact hand tool. A whole tool kit by itself! ■ Tremendous power in its 2,000 lbs. gripping pressure. Locks onto work by a hand-squeeze...releases by fingertip pressure. Scarcely a job it won't do...



quicker and easier! You'll find **VISE-GRIP®** at better tool dealers everywhere. Only $2.15

$2.95 Made only by **PETERSEN Mfg. Co.** Dept. SEP-9, DeWitt, Nebraska

Science Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery Stops Itching—Relieves Pain

Only Preparation H Contains New Healing Substance That Now Makes it Possible to Shrink Hemorrhoids Without Surgery.

A world-famous research institute has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids without surgery. It relieves itching and pain *in minutes* and speeds up healing of the injured, inflamed tissues.

In one hemorrhoid case after another, "very striking improvement" was reported and verified by a doctor's observations. And most amazing of all—this improvement was maintained over a period of many months!

In fact, results were so thorough, that sufferers were able to make such statements as "Piles have ceased to be a problem." And among these sufferers, were a wide variety of hemorrhoid conditions, some of 10 to 20 years' standing.

All this was accomplished without the use of narcotics, astringents or anesthetics of any kind. The secret is the new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®) which quickly helps heal injured cells and stimulates regrowth of healthy tissue again. It is offered in *ointment* or *suppository* form called Preparation H®.

In addition to actually shrinking hemorrhoids without surgery, Preparation H lubricates and makes elimination less painful. It helps prevent infection which is a principal cause of hemorrhoids. Just ask for Preparation H Ointment or Preparation H Suppositories (easier to use away from home). Any drug counter.

EARN MORE

Increase your earnings this year by forwarding new and renewal subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *Holiday*, the *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Jack and Jill*, *American Home*, and other popular publications. Generous commissions. For details write to

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY 877 Independence Square, Philadelphia Pa., 19105

KEEP FEET CORN-FREE

GETS-IT LIQUID CORN REMOVER

QUICK USE **GETS-IT**

DISSOLVE CORNS FAST! GETS-IT dissolves toughest corns safely, quickly, painlessly. Easy to use, medicated liquid eases pain. Use GETS-IT Liquid Corn Remover.

LIPS SORE?

Blistex

POCKET SIZE 39c

HIGHER IN CANADA

BEST FOR COLD SORES, CHAPPED LIPS, FEVER BLISTERS

LETTERS

Mr. Amory answers

You cannot imagine my surprise to see your letters column on my article, SCIENCE IS CRUEL TO ANIMALS [July 27–Aug. 3]. I had no idea that of your 22 million readers not a single one would like my article and that every single fact I wrote was totally incorrect. Certainly I did not realize that every single one of the 300,000,000 animals in our nation's laboratories was receiving so much tender loving care. It was really touching. And I was touched, too, by the spontaneous outburst of all those learned authorities—the Dean of Harvard Medical School, Johns Hopkins's Helen Taussig, who modestly signed herself "Co-originator of 'blue-baby' operation," the University of Pennsylvania's Dr. I. S. Ravdin, "Vice President for Medical Affairs," etc. and all of the others. Even provoked as some of them seemed to be, I was thrilled to see they didn't lose their sense of humor—as witness the salty (Utah) scientist who suggested, "Perhaps Mr. Amory would rather that we used him and his cohorts for our experiments. . . ." Just regular fellows—with, obviously, a large F.

Above all, I was concerned by the "Vice President of Medical Affairs" of Loma Linda University in Los Angeles who told us that he had uncovered, right there in the ivy halls of old Loma Linda, an employee in the pay of—horror of horrors—the Humane Society of the U. S. in Washington, D. C. A *humane* man, if you please, right there in their very midst! Clearly this is the final straw. Medical men and scientists everywhere should rise up and once and for all demand an end to this outrage. If they do not, mark my words, science will be brought to a standstill. Make no mistake about it. Right as I am speaking, these humane people are having the unmitigated gall to suggest that the various State anti-cruelty laws are inadequate. How *can* they be inadequate—after all, they specifically *exempt* laboratories? And now they are asking for the same sort of law that Great Britain passed in 1876. Is there no limit to what these crackpots want? Can't you stop them *somehow?*

CLEVELAND AMORY
New York, N.Y.

President Goldwater?

It was indeed a pleasure to read an article about Senator Goldwater [CAN GOLDWATER WIN IN '64? by Stewart Alsop, Aug. 24–31] which is both accurate and presents the man as likable as he is. It is reassuring that there is at least one politician on the scene who knows what he stands for and consistently sticks to his beliefs.

RANDALL L. HOLDEN, JR.
Scarsdale, N.Y.

● Stewart Alsop said the only issue on which Senator Goldwater equivocates is civil rights. However, the senator is also extremely fuzzy about the Radical Right, feigning ignorance of the whole movement. He has said what worries him is the "Radical Left." Perhaps one cannot expect a man who states in public that Earl Warren is a Socialist and unfit for the Supreme Court, as Goldwater has, to see that the Birchers who call Warren a Communist and deserving of impeachment are a threat to our country.

JOEL M. FISHER
Oakland, Calif.

● Mr. Alsop's speculation on the G.O.P. eastern internationalist "Establishment" and its conditional opposition to Senator Goldwater made fascinating reading. As publisher of a bill-plagued progressive Republican magazine that should be right up the "Establishment" alley, I am desperately interested in making contact with this group. I keep hearing about them from spokesmen of the far right and far left, but I can't even find out where they meet. Who are these eager civil titans? I'd like them to buy stock and advertising.

BRUCE K. CHAPMAN
Washington, D.C.

● We are for Goldwater because we want a man who will put the welfare of his country ahead of the welfare of his political party and himself. However. I am well resigned to the fact that the U. S. will never have another President who can keep his mouth shut, support the right things, and be as honest with people's tax dollars as Calvin Coolidge was.

C. L. LAWRENCE
Panama City, Fla.

● Senator Goldwater isn't alone when he states that the idea of waking up a President one day "frankly, scares the hell out of me." Me, too.

JOHN B. CASWELL
Marshfield, Mass.

● Frankly, it scares the hell out of me to think that *I* might wake up some day and find Barry Goldwater President of these United States!

JUANITA L. RAY
Sacramento, Calif.

In his excellent piece about our surge backward to the turn of the century [WHO'S THAT TAMPERING WITH MY CLOCK?, Aug. 24–31], H. Allen Smith omitted only one phenomenon—one which you promptly took into account by running Stewart Alsop's Goldwater article next.

CHARLES D. DOYLE
Schenectady, N.Y.

And now a word from . . .

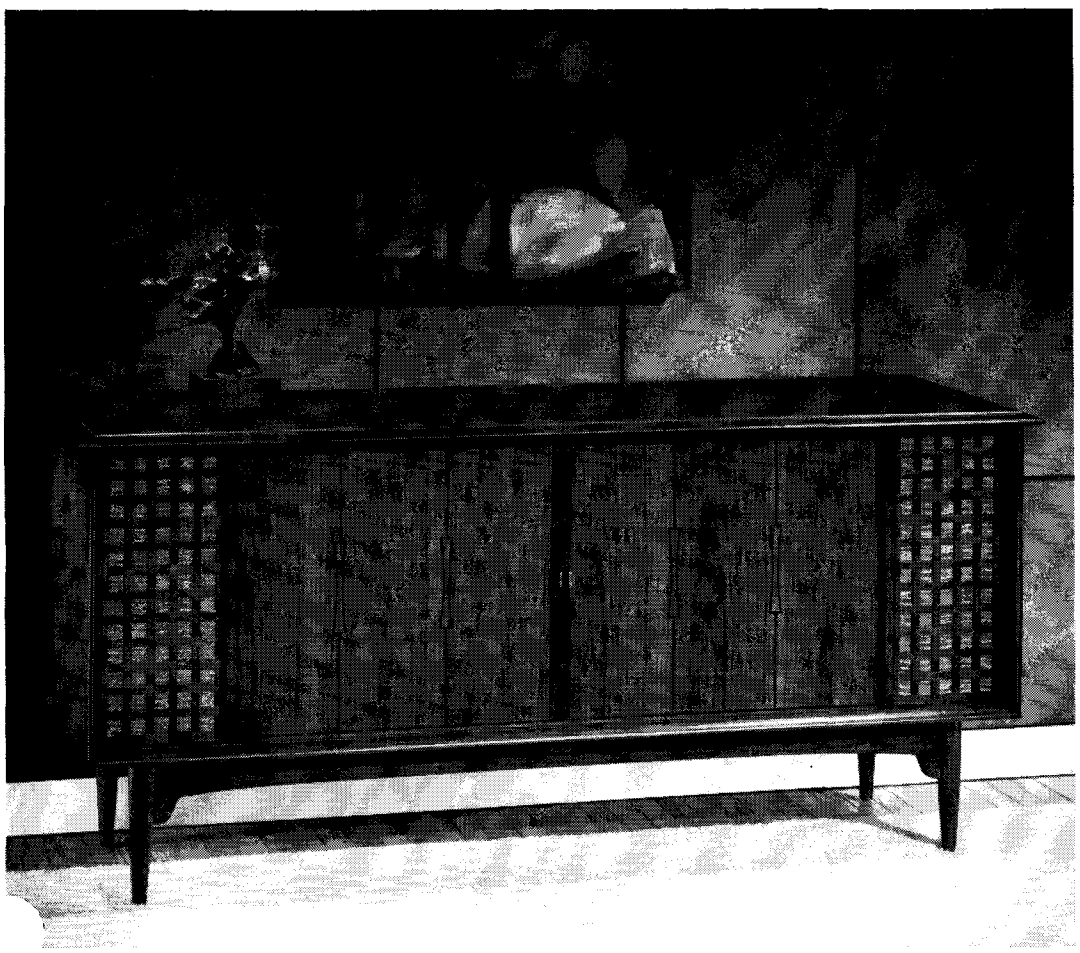
We are chuckling rather wryly over Bill Davidson's naïve assumption [TV's PROSPEROUS PITCHMEN, Aug. 24–31] that it was some sort of accident and "almost by mistake" that payments to performers in TV commercials are based on the number of times the commercial is used and the extent of the geographical coverage. It is a matter of historical fact that, in order to achieve this very fair-payment formul the Screen Actors Guild called its fir. strike in December, 1952.

JOHN L. DALES, *Executive Secretary*
Screen Actors Guild
Hollywood, Calif.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TV sets don't wear out—
they burn out!

Only PHILCO has the patented
COOL CHASSIS.
Beats the heat, major cause of TV breakdowns. Gives greater dependability—longer TV life!

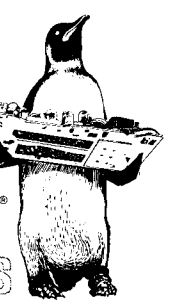


DEL 4936-WA

23" OVERALL DIAG. MEAS. SCREEN, 282 SQ. IN. VIEWABLE AREA.

Philco Home-Theatre. Custom TV, stereo phonograph, "Scratch-Guard" changer, AM/FM/FM-stereo radio. Danish Modern, walnut veneers, pecan solids. Disappearing Curtainwood doors.

Look at the tubes and most other parts repairmen take out of a television set that isn't working properly. They aren't really worn out—they're burned out! Just keep television parts cooler, and they will last longer... it's as basic as that. In fact, lowering the operating temperature of such vital parts as receiving tubes, condensers and transformers as little as 10 degrees can double their life! □ So Philco engineers designed the patented Cool Chassis to automatically ventilate itself. There are no heat traps to build up destructive high temperatures. Cooling currents of air keep vital parts cooler, prevent them from burning out. That's why Philco Cool Chassis sets cost less to maintain, keep their picture performance longer... save you money and bother. All you have to do to get a TV as trouble-free as a TV can be is to insist on a Philco Cool Chassis!



PHILCO®

A SUBSIDIARY OF *Ford Motor Company*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IT'S A HEARTBREAK when you have psoriasis. Heartbreaking, too, if you do nothing about those first signs of crusty patches of scaly skin.

Now! Relief from the itching and scaling that cause the

HEARTBREAK of PSORIASIS

New fast-acting formula works 3 ways to relieve these symptoms of PSORIASIS

IT'S A HEARTBREAK when psoriasis leaves your skin rough and scaly. A heartbreak when medications fail to bring even temporary relief!

Guarantees relief or your money back. Today, for the first time, comes the promise of new relief for millions who suffer the heartbreak of the itching and scaling of psoriasis. It's a new formula called TEGRIN.™

Unique triple-action cream

TEGRIN is a fast-acting cream that can be used as often as needed, even on the scalp! It's pleasant, easy to use—no lingering medical smell or stain. It's extra effective because it works three ways:

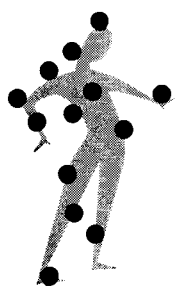
1—Special soothing action speeds relief of that persistent and tormenting itch.

2—Special de-scaling action works fast to remove embarrassing scales, without harmful skin irritation.

3—Helps control recurrence of new scales with continued use on the affected area.

Dramatic relief reported

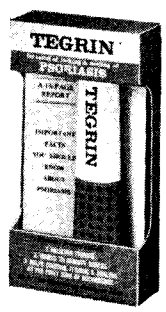
Tests prove TEGRIN's unique triple-action formula is so effective—brings such pronounced relief in so many cases—that we guarantee TEGRIN will leave your skin cleaner, clearer, smoother or we will refund every penny you paid. So why suffer from the itching and scaling that cause the heartbreak of psoriasis? Whenever these symptoms appear, get new TEGRIN!



Psoriasis symptoms—
13 common trouble spots:

(1) scalp
(2) neck
(3) shoulders
(4) elbows
(5) arms
(6) hands
(7) chest
(8) back
(9) mid areas
(10) knees
(11) thighs
(12) legs
(13) feet

No matter where itching and scaling of psoriasis may strike, new TEGRIN brings guaranteed relief.



LETTERS

The spell of genius

I must congratulate *The Post* on the fine article about Ray Charles [by Alfred G. Aronowitz, Aug. 24–31]. You have presented what, to my knowledge, is the most complete and honest piece yet printed concerning that unique person. And it was very much welcomed by those of us who have been under Ray's musical spell for some time now.

JAMES D. MARSDEN
North Dighton, Mass.

● Ray Charles is the Slayer of the Giant of Mediocrity and, in the final analysis, a true musical genius.

MIKE BUTTERS
Jacksonville, N.C.

● This is the last straw. Elvis Presley is too great a performer to be put in a class with anybody, *including* Ray Charles.

ANNE BRITT
Tucson, Ariz.

(Okay, we're willing to leave Mr. Presley in a class by himself.—ED.)

Laotian tragedy

I would like to commend *The Post* and author Jerry A. Rose for the Aug. 24–31 story on Laos [THE WAR THAT NEVER STOPS]. It illustrates perfectly the frustration and bitterness of those caught up in the web of Communist treachery. I served with the U.S. Special Forces in Laos and feel personally responsible for what is happening there, in that it was through the influence of my government that such an obviously hopeless situation developed.

Everyone acquainted with the situation knew the coalition could not work; yet our policy-makers made this the key to the "solution" of the Laotian problem. It is heartbreaking to see such patriots and leaders as Prince Souvanna Phouma and Gen. Kong Le destroyed piecemeal while their hands are tied by asinine policies.

NORMAN E. JOHNSON
San Francisco, Calif.

Thankful parents

Because of your article NEW HOPE FOR THE NEAR-BLIND [by Theodore Irwin, May 25], our little daughter can now read. Legally blind since birth, the only reading materials she has been able to use up until this time were large-print editions, of which very few are available.

Eleven years and five ophthalmologists had told us she would always suffer this limitation and, at times, educators impressed upon us the fact that she was eligible to go to an institution for the blind.

Now, thanks to your magazine—and, of course, to the wonderful, devoted Dr. Feinbloom for his help—our child, too, can see.

MR. AND MRS. JOHN B. ABERNATHY
Dallas, N.C

COMING SOON...in The Post

The crisis in Vietnam

SUPERMARKETS:
Why you buy what you buy

The tough guy:
YANKEES' RALPH HOUK

Fiction by
Carson McCullers

NEW:
A weekly column by Stewart Alsop

Post Picture Credits *Reading across pages, then down:*

12–Marvin Lichtner (Pix). • 19–Ernest Reshovsky. • 20–2 by Larry Fried; Ernest Reshovsky. • 21–Larry Fried. 22, 23–Larry Fried. • 24, 25–Ernest Reshovsky. • 26, 27–Jim Marshall. • 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34–John Zimmerman. 38, 39– Leo Rosenthal (Pix). • 43–Vytas Valaitis. • 47–John Howard. • 49–David Passalacqua. • 71, 72–Ollie Atkins. 74, 75–Larry Fried. • 81, 82, 83, 85–Bill Bridges.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Capitol ®REG U S PAT. OFF.

From the Record Club of the Stars . . . Discover how

MUSIC MAKES THE DIFFERENCE!

TAKE **FIVE** 12" L.P. HI-FI ALBUMS

ONLY **97¢** plus a small shipping charge

when you become a trial member of the Capitol Record Club and agree to buy only six future selections, from the several hundred available Capitol and Angel Albums to be offered you, during the next 12 months.

14-39. JACKIE GLEASON. LAZY, LIVELY LOVE. *Because Of You, On The Street Where You Live, Speak Low, It Had To Be You,* 8 more.

16-71. PEGGY LEE. BLUES CROSS COUNTRY. *Basin Street Blues, St. Louis Blues, Goin' to Chicago, N.Y. City Blues, Los Angeles Blues,* 7 more.

16-34. FARON YOUNG. THE YOUNG APPROACH. His most popular hits: *Backtrack, Goin' Steady, I Fall to Pieces, Trail of Tears,* 8 others.

15-96. WANDA JACKSON. RIGHT OR WRONG. Six songs on the sentimental side, six on the "rockin'" side. 12 sugar 'n spice performances!

15-46. FERLIN HUSKY. WALKIN' AND A HUMIN'. *Alone and Forsaken, There'll Be No Teardrops Tonight, Undesired,* 9 other country ballads.

17-50. GEORGE CHAKIRIS. The singing discovery of West Side Story sings *Maria, One Girl, Ill Wind, By Myself, Tonight, I Believe in You,* more.

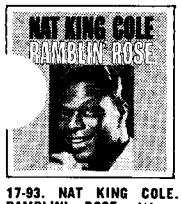
17-95. KAY STARR. JUST PLAIN COUNTRY. *Crazy, 4 Walls, Don't Worry, I Can't Help It, My Last Date, Walk On By,* many others.

17-04. FABULOUS HITS OF DINAH SHORE. Especially recorded. *Jim, Blues in the Night, I'll Walk Alone, The Gypsy, Buttons & Bows,* 7 more.

6-94. CAROUSEL. Movie sound track, with Gordon MacRae and Shirley Jones. They sing *If I Loved You, Mister Snow, You'll Never Walk Alone,* others.

15-38. SINATRA. ALL THE WAY. Frank's greatest hit singles. *High Hopes, Witchcraft, Talk to Me, Sleep Warm, Ol' MacDonald,* 7 more.

17-05. THE BEST OF THE KINGSTON TRIO. Now—all their great hits in one album! *Tom Dooley, Tijuana Jail, Everglades,* 9 other best-sellers.



17-93. NAT KING COLE. RAMBLIN' ROSE. Warm and wonderful country music! *The Good Times, Skip to My Lou, Your Cheatin' Heart,* 9 more.

14-72. GEORGE SHEARING. THE SHEARING TOUCH. Superb stylings of *Nola, Misty, Bewitched, Honeysuckle Rose,* 7 more. With Billy May strings.

JACKIE GLEASON

5-09. JACKIE GLEASON. MUSIC, MARTINIS AND MEMORIES. Backgrounds to love: *Once in A While, I Remember You, I Can't Get Started,* 9 more.

17-03. MEDLEYS IN THE MORGAN MANNER. RUSS MORGAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA. *Baby Face, Liza, Thou Swell, Deep Night,* others.

14-07. THE KINGSTON TRIO. STRING ALONG. America's favorites in 12 imaginative stylings. *South Wind, Leave My Woman Alone, Tomorrow,* etc.

13-39. WEBLEY EDWARDS. HAWAII CALLS: GREATEST HITS. Authentic songs of the islands. *Hiilawe, Aloha Ohe, Mama's Muu-Muu,* many more.

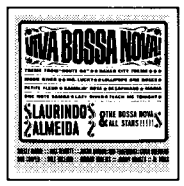
17-62A, 17-62B, 17-62C

SINATRA: "THE GREAT YEARS"

Huge, 36-hit collection of "The King's" all-time BIG records—now in one limited-edition, souvenir album! Thrill again to *Lean Baby, All of Me, Hey! Jealous Lover, Witchcraft, Learnin' the Blues, One for My Baby,* many more. Sinatra "in his prime . . . compelling . . . he swings!"—*Hi-Fi/Stereo Review.* Send for this giant collector's item now. **(3-record set counts as 3 separate selections.)**

17-20. FERLIN HUSKY. SOME OF MY FAVORITES. Songs with a sound as big as America. *Willow Tree, My Adobe Hacienda,* 10 more.

10-53. FRANK SINATRA. ONLY THE LONELY. *Ebb Tide, Spring Is Here, Goodbye, What's New, Blues In The Night,* 7 more great hits.



17-59. VIVA BOSSA NOVA! LAURINDO ALMEIDA, his fiery guitar and band swing the new dance rage. *Lazy River, Mr. Lucky,* 10 others.

15-25. JEAN SHEPARD. GOT YOU ON MY MIND. Western gal sings country hits: *Big Midnight Special, One White Rose, Another,* 9 more.

16-09. STAN KENTON. WEST SIDE STORY. Jazz version of stage and screen hit: *Maria, I Feel Pretty, Something's Coming, Cool,* 7 more.

85-56. SALLI TERRI. I KNOW MY LOVE. *He's Gone Away, The Cuckoo,* 12 other folk songs with guitar, lute, recorders, piano or accordion.

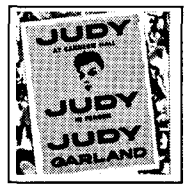
16-93. THE BEST OF JUNE CHRISTY. Misty One's big hits: *Midnight Sun, Willow Weep for Me, Something Cool, How High the Moon,* 8 more.

16-89. JACKIE GLEASON. LOVE EMBERS AND FLAME. 2 string orchestras ignite romance with *Would You, Lover's Waltz, How About Me,* more.

3-52. JACKIE GLEASON. MUSIC FOR LOVERS ONLY. Relax, let romance take over. *Body and Soul, Some Day, Little Girl, Alone Together,* 8 others.

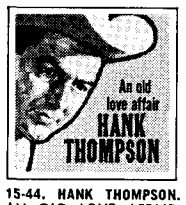
16-96. JO STAFFORD-GORDON MACRAE. WHISPERING HOPE. Duets on songs of faith: *Rock of Ages, A Perfect Day,* 10 others.

JUDY GARLAND



15-69A & 15-69B. JUDY AT CARNEGIE HALL. "Garland at her greatest." *Hi-Fi Stereo Review.* 28 exciting songs from the greatest evening in showbusiness history: *Man That Got Away, Trolley Song, Chicago, San Francisco,* 24 more encores, recorded *live.*

(2-Record set counts as two separate selections.)

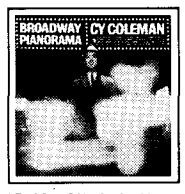


15-44. HANK THOMPSON. AN OLD LOVE AFFAIR. *My Old Flame, I'll be Around, Just A Little While, It's My Fault,* 8 more torch numbers.

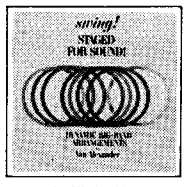
17-67. NANCY WILSON. HELLO YOUNG LOVERS. *Sophisticated Lady, Miss Otis Regrets, Nina Never Knew,* 9 more. "Remarkable" — *Down Beat.*

7-56. TENNESSEE ERNIE FORD. HYMNS. 12 cherished songs, including *Rock Of Ages, The Old Rugged Cross, Sweet Hour Of Prayer, My Task.*

16-58. THE KINGSTON TRIO. COLLEGE CONCERT. Live at U.C.L.A. *Little Light, Laredo?, M.T.A., 500 Miles, Oh Miss Mary, Chilly Winds,* others.



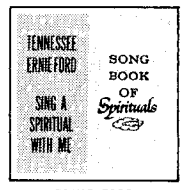
17-40. CY COLEMAN: BROADWAY PIANORAMA. B'way show hits: *Old Devil Moon, Lonely Town, Lost in Loveliness,* 9 more.



16-35. SWING! STAGED FOR SOUND. Van Alexander's big-band sounds in highest hi-fi: *I Won't Dance, In a Mellow Tone,* 10 more.

16-75. NAT KING COLE SINGS/GEORGE SHEARING PLAYS. Their first meeting on records is an event! *September Song, Lost April, Serenata,* 9 more.

8-59. JACKIE GLEASON PRESENTS VELVET BRASS. Plush interpretations of favorites. *The Man I Love, September Song, Out of Nowhere* — 13 more.



14-34. ERNIE FORD. SING A SPIRITUAL WITH ME. *Steal Away, Old Time Religion, Roll Jordan Roll, I Want to be Ready, Go Down Moses,* many more.

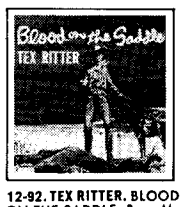
17-91. BOBBY DARIN. OH! LOOK AT ME NOW. His smash first Capitol album. *Blue Skies, Always, My Buddy, The Party's Over,* 8 others.

16-86. BIG BEAT HAMMOND. JACKIE DAVIS! Jazz rocks the organ with *Honeysuckle Rose, Stompin' at the Savoy, The Song Is You,* others.

11-99. THE KINGSTON TRIO AT LARGE. Here's the Kingston Trio in a vivid folk festival: *Blow Ye Winds, Scarlet Ribbons, Getaway John*—9 more.

10-84. NAT KING COLE. THE VERY THOUGHT OF YOU. Timeless love songs in his intimate style. Hear: *The More I See You, For All We Know,* 10 more.

12-75. LATIN AFFAIR. The George Shearing Quintet plays *Juana Palangana, Mambo Balahu,* also American favorites with a Latin beat.

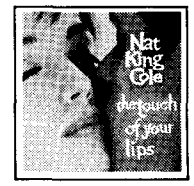


12-92. TEX RITTER. BLOOD ON THE SADDLE. *Bury Me Not On The Lone Prairie, Billy The Kid, Streets of Laredo* sung by the favorite of the West.

15-93. GUY LOMBARDO. DRIFTING AND DREAMING. 12 ocean voyages to enchanted places: *Harbor Lights, Isle of Capri,* others.

16-32. HANK THOMPSON AT THE GOLDEN NUGGET. Recorded "live" at Las Vegas! *Honky Tonk Girl, John Henry, Nine-Pound Hammer,* 9 more.

18-06. THE SOUL OF COUNTRY & WESTERN STRINGS. Rich orchestrations of *Any Time, Tennessee Waltz, He'll Have to Go,* others.



15-74 NAT KING COLE. THE TOUCH OF YOUR LIPS. Dreamy musical memories: *Not So Long Ago, Illusion, I Remember You, Funny,* 7 more.

15-20. PEGGY LEE. BASIN STREET EAST. Catch her club performance of *Fever, The Second Time Around, Them There Eyes, Yes, Indeed,* 11 more.

NAT KING COLE

8-24. NAT KING COLE. LOVE IS THE THING. 12 silk-smooth love songs. *It's All In the Game, At Last, Love Letters,* more of your favorites.

THE KINGSTON TRIO

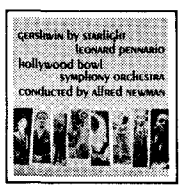
12-58. THE KINGSTON TRIO. HERE WE GO AGAIN. Guitars, banjos and bongos going like crazy. *Haul Away, A Worried Man,* 11 more.

ERNIE FORD

10-05. TENNESSEE ERNIE FORD. NEARER THE CROSS. Inspiring hymns—*Now The Day Is Over, Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me,* ten other favorites.

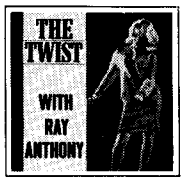
17-53. THE FOUR FRESHMEN: THE SWINGERS. 12 jazz sizzlers: *Li'l Darlin', Taps Miller, Satin Doll, Lullaby of Birdland, Lulu's Back in Town,* more.

15-48. ROSE MADDOX. A BIG BOUQUET OF ROSES. A dozen country-western beauties. *Gotta Travel On, Jim Dandy, Lonely Street,* 9 more songs.



85-81. GERSHWIN BY STARLIGHT: Leonard Pennario, pianist; Hollywood Bowl Symphony. *Cuban Overture, Second Rhapsody,* etc.

58-35. BRAHMS. SYMPHONY #1, C MINOR. Giulini, Philharmonia Orchestra. "... deserves tremendous success ..." —*The Gramophone.*



16-68. RAY ANTHONY. THE TWIST. *Let's Twist, Bunny Hop Twist, Bookend Twist, Mexican Hat Twist, Peter Gunn Twist, Night Train Twist,* 5 more.

56-18. BIZET. L'ARLESIENNE SUITES NOS. 1 & 2; CARMEN SUITE NO. 1. Von Karajan, Philharmonia. A performance filled with power.

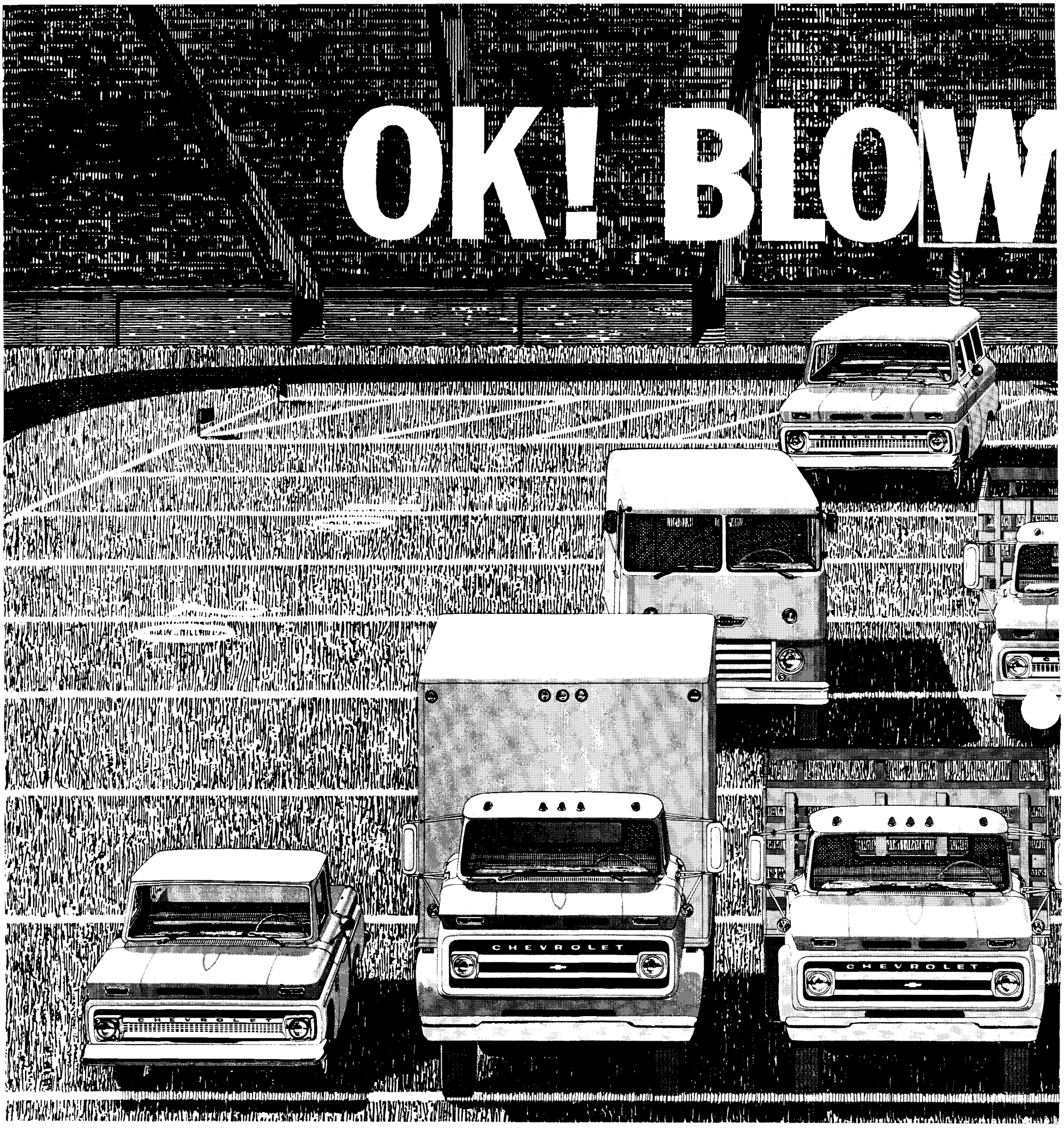
17-10. JUDY GARLAND. THE GARLAND TOUCH. Stunning performance by Miss Showbiz! *I Don't Care, Lucky Day, Sweet Danger,* 10 more.

16-69. THE LETTERMEN. A SONG FOR YOUNG LOVE. *I'll Be Seeing You, In The Still Of The Night, Dreamer, Valley High,* 8 more romantic ballads.

WHEN FILLING OUT POSTCARD PLEASE USE COMPLETE ALBUM NUMBERS

CAPITOL RECORD CLUB
Dept. 5448, Scranton 5, Pennsylvania

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



***Front row,** l. to r.: Fleetside pickup, low-cab-forward model, 60 Series stake,*

NEW 1964 CHEVROLET TRUCKS ARE READY TO GO TO WORK!

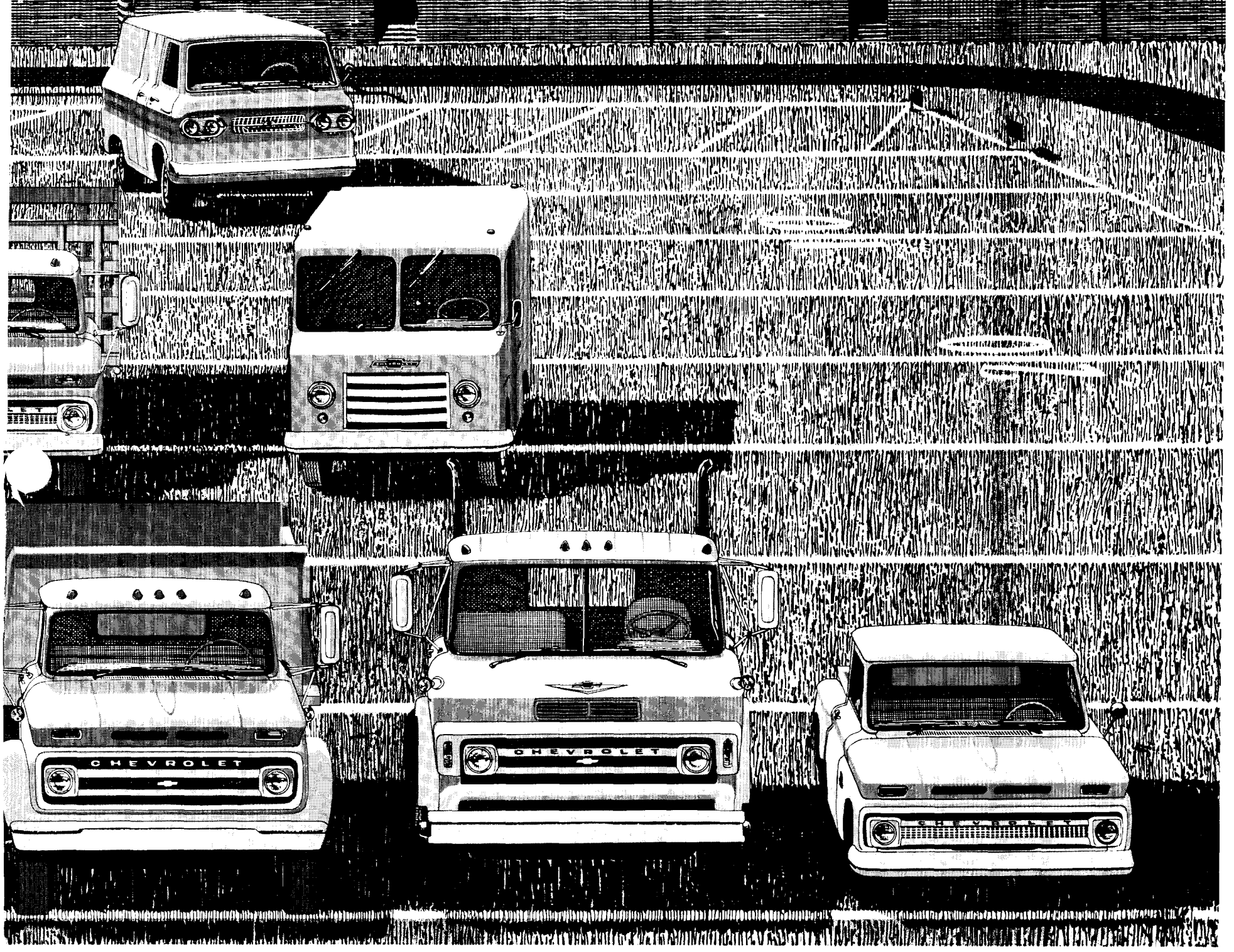
Bring it on! If you have a new 1964 reliable Chevrolet truck waiting to go to work, you're ready for it.

This is a lot more truck than your money bought the last time. Bodies, cabs, engines, frames, suspensions—everything's been improved to keep Chevrolet first in value.

It's a lot easier to pick the best type of truck for your work this time. We now have three different kinds of covered delivery vans: regular panels, air-cooled rear-engine Corvans (which have more power this year), and eleven sizes of ready-made walk-in vans, some with full-width rear doors.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WHISTLE!



80 Series tandem, diesel tilt cab, Stepside pickup. ***Middle row,*** *l. to r.: Step-Van delivery, light-duty stake, Step-Van 7 delivery.* ***Back row, l. to r.:*** *Carryall, Corvan.*

In addition to the two kinds of pickups shown in the picture, there's the rear-engine Corvair 95 Rampside with its exclusive side loading feature.

In a few weeks we are going to show you a brand-new El Camino deluxe pickup. There have been some good looking commerical vehicles turned out in years past but this is it. Words can't do it. Wait for the picture.

For dump truck operators, a new tandem with diesel engine is available this year for the first time.

A functional cab design change was made on all conventional and low-cab-forward models. Door openings are larger. It's easier to get in and out.

Some of these things are important to some people. What's important for all truck users is Chevrolet quality. It's always been high but right now it's giving you the best built trucks in Chevrolet history—and that goes back to 1918.

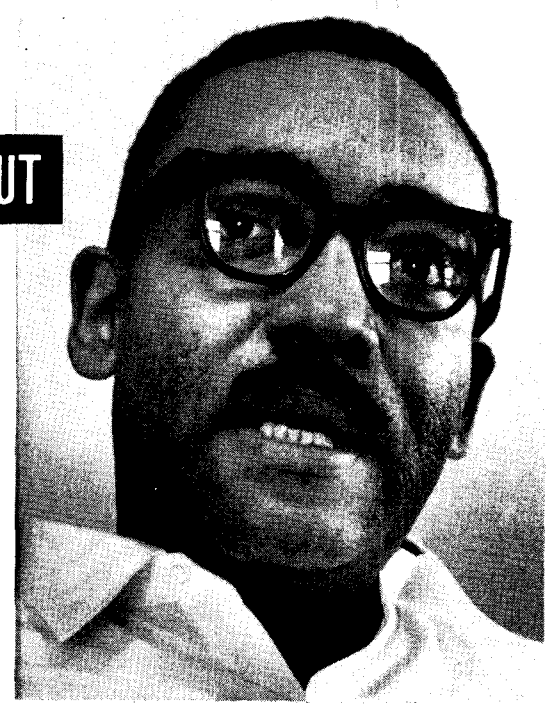
Telephone your Chevrolet dealer for information about the type of truck you need or for a demonstration. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

CHEVROLET

QUALITY TRUCKS COST LESS!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SPEAKING OUT



Louis Lomax is best known for his books The Reluctant African and The Negro Revolt. He was graduated from Georgia State College, where he served as assistant professor of philosophy, and did graduate work at American University and Yale. Now a free-lance writer, he lives in New York City.

Young negroes aren't ready

By LOUIS E. LOMAX

A noted Negro says lack of training, not discrimination, cheats Negro youths of job opportunities.

The generation of young Negroes that is doing so much to win new opportunities for itself is ill-equipped to use those opportunities. With splendid courage these youngsters are breaking down barriers of prejudice. Yet they are not qualified for the new jobs in industry and government now open to them. Even worse, Negro students often fail to show even a desire to get ahead.

Consider these disturbing facts:

- The National Urban League, an organization concerned with finding jobs for Negroes in industry, has more job openings than qualified Negroes can fill. This lack of qualified Negro workers has plagued the League for five years.
- Only four of the 208 students from Negro colleges who took the State Department's Foreign Service entrance examination in the past four years made passing grades—one passed in 1961, three in 1962.
- Despite an honest and intensive search, the Civil Service Commission has been unable to find as many qualified Negro law students for work in the Justice Department as the Administration would like to employ there.
- The Chrysler Corporation's New Orleans division recently gave a clerk-typist examination to 50 Negro girls; all 50 failed the test. The New Orleans Urban League then invited each of the girls to take a free course in typing with the understanding that they could reapply at Chrysler once they achieved the minimum rate of 40 words a minute. Only one of the girls took the free course.
- At least two national foundations dedicated to giving grants to Negro students complain that they are unable to find students who can satisfy the minimal requirements for the grants.
- Several Ivy League colleges not only are searching for Negro students but are ready to offer full scholarships to them. The students cannot be found.
- The American Telephone and Telegraph Company has hired a Negro, Raymond Scruggs, to recruit qualified Negro workers. A. T. & T. is but one of the major firms to take such a step in recent months. But the harvest has been meager.
- Finally—and this is the most disturbing fact of all—spokesmen for both the Urban League and the United Negro College Fund frankly admit that, as things now stand, this general lack of readiness among Negro-college students will get worse, not better. "Unless there is a rapid change in many of our academic institutions," says Otis Finley Jr., associate director of education of the Urban League, "we may find ourselves in the odd position of having more welfare dependency—in effect, more economic enslavement—at the very time when job opportunities free of racial restrictions are more prevalent."

The threat to the national labor market as well as to Negro progress is so acute that in late November Secretary of Labor Willard Wirtz appointed a committee of Negro educators, headed by Hampton Institute's president, Dr. Jerome Holland, to determine just what Negro colleges must do to prepare their students for today's job market. Everything depends on how these colleges respond. While more and more white colleges are desegregating, for at least another decade the majority of trained Negroes will be graduates of Negro colleges.

The need is crystal clear to any Negro who is courageous enough to be honest about our problem: The Negro community must launch crash programs—which might be called "study-ins"—that involve both vocational guidance and academic preparation. These study-ins must be soul meetings; like the sit-ins, they must become an article of faith, a folk covenant between the students and their teachers, and they must be carried out with the same new and inspired militancy that ushered legalized segregation to its belated death.

There is a basic reason why our students are so academically unprepared. Today's Negro-college students are the products of 300 years of slavery plus an additional century of life in a virtually separate and totally unequal socio-economic structure. Apartness and inequality involve more than the broad denial of opportunities and freedoms. They prescribe the inferior standards exacted of us by white people, and they serve as excuses as we Negroes fail to demand higher standards of ourselves. Thus our students, on the whole, are unready for competition in the general American marketplace. This is the precise reason for our new militancy, to establish our right to compete on an equal footing with others. But having won at least the legal right to compete, we must stage study-ins to catch up.

Doomed, not dedicated

Another vital step in preparing students for the reality of today's job market is to overhaul the curricula of Negro colleges. Born during Reconstruction and nurtured under segregation, Negro colleges have graduated teachers, preachers, social workers and—all too infrequently—doctors for service in the *Negro community*. One has but to take a hard look at the 20,000 students graduating from Negro colleges each year to realize that they are still afflicted by *Negro education*, that peculiar concept of the liberal arts that dooms, rather than dedicates, students to service in the Negro world.

This course of study is much too narrow for today's job demands. Personnel officers from the nation's major industries visit Negro college campuses each year in search of talent. But their visits are largely in vain, because Negro students have neither been motivated toward nor trained in the sciences, an area beyond the limits of the exclusively Negro world. Otis E. Finley Jr. put it this way: "Our job now is to help students leapfrog over generations neglect and frustration into the age of astronauts, automation, cybernetics and mass communication. If I could find them," Finley concluded, "we could place thousands of Negroes in decent-paying, integrated jobs."

This would mean much more than merely placing thousands of Negroes in good jobs. Thousands of Negro families would have higher incomes, better housing and an enlarged social experience. Their children would be exposed to better schools and a more typically American upbringing. And thousands of white people, wrestling with the problem of race, would encounter a growing number of Negroes who are their intellectual peers.

Of course, many white students lack the qualifications that employers find lacking in Negro college students. Yet companies that will take white students into their in-service training programs and prepare them for specific jobs are often unwilling to do this for Negroes. But even if industry were to welcome all Negro graduates into in-service training, most—because of the unrealistic nature of their college training—could not meet even these basic requirements!

Not only must the curricula of Negro colleges be overhauled but also academic standards must be raised. Evidences of this burning need are abundant. Many Negro students cannot cope with the Graduate Record examination. Several Negro-college administrators are disturbed because white students who withdrew from Ivy League schools and enrolled on their campuses in order to participate in the sit-in demonstrations have walked away with practically all the academic honors. Even more Negro-college administrators are disturbed over

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We built a better mousetrap!

10-15-even more shaves per blade!

Fits all double edge razors perfectly!

SCHICK SAFETY RAZOR CO., DIVISION OF EVERSHARP, INC.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the fact that their students failed the State Department's Foreign Service entrance examination while Negro students from integrated colleges passed with little difficulty. All of us became concerned in 1961 when two of the three prizes awarded in the *Reader's Digest* writing contest for Negro-college students went to Africans studying on Negro campuses. But the most disturbing failure of the Negro colleges is the alarming number of graduates who cannot think clearly, speak properly or work effectively in the fields they are alleged to have mastered.

The cause lies in the training of both the students and faculty on Negro campuses. The teachers themselves, by and large, are products of Negro colleges. They went on to graduate schools in the East and Midwest where often they were exempt from the rigid standards demanded of the white students. There is no more dismal practice in American education than that of major universities allowing Negro graduate students to receive degrees on the basis of inferior scholarship and provincial research because these students would only return south and teach in Negro colleges.

Now we are reaping the wild winds of that laxity and indifference. Many Negro colleges, particularly state-supported schools, are populated with professors who can neither speak, read nor write clear English but who are fountainheads of the murky lava known as "teachers education"—the art of teaching people how to teach without demanding that they first master the subjects they propose to teach. Then there is the Negro professor who is qualified but who resents teaching at a Negro school and thus is contemptuous of his students. He is equally the bane of Negro education. There are qualified and dedicated Negro-college teachers. They are the ones who first urged that I write this article. But they are a minority, and they are depressed by their inept colleagues and despair of their poorly prepared students.

The students entering these Negro colleges are already crippled. For the most part they come from substandard homes and segregated-public-school experiences. The Negro home can be strengthened only through the creation of better economic and cultural opportunities for the average Negro breadwinner. Negro elementary and high-school students suffer from poor instruction and the lack of worthy Negro images to emulate. For this reason I am sympathetic to the Negro-college administrator's argument that he is expected to weave a superior garment out of inferior material. I am equally sympathetic to the students' argument that in these days of civil-rights advances, studying at a Negro college deters incentive.

I am sympathetic, but I am not completely convinced. If, during visits to Negro-college campuses, I had observed students and faculty working at anything approaching maximum potential, I would be more inclined to say our schools are doing the best they can under the circumstances. But, with few exceptions, I found just the opposite.

At a Texas college I saw students lounging, and necking, in the student union all day long and until ten at night. Nobody called them to a halt during the seldom-enforced study hour. The same thing may go on at white colleges, but the Negro undergraduate is the hope of his people for the future. At a Georgia college several students admitted to me that they had never read a book, other than required texts, in their lives. Otis Finley Jr. tells of being unable to find a daily newspaper on a North Carolina Negro-college campus.

These are but some of the reasons why I am unwilling to blame all of the failures in Negro education upon segregation and discrimination. Yet I refuse to abandon this generation of Negro-college students to Negro mediocrity. These are the young people who staged the sit-ins and the freedom rides. They are neither stupid nor irreparably mangled. These students *can* be taught, they *can* be inspired. In the words of the sit-in theme song, these students will overcome one day—*provided* their teachers do some overcoming themselves; *provided* these teachers set proper standards and demand good performances of the students; *provided* both teachers and students enter into a covenant of good scholarship for the sake of the race and the nation as a whole.

One additional burden

This again involves study-ins—remedial courses to correct high-school deficiencies, vocational guidance to broaden the professional horizons of Negro students, accelerated and expanded academic courses to prepare them for competition in general American society. It is not a disgrace for a Negro student to arrive at a Negro college poorly trained and limited by narrow ambition. It is a disgrace, however, for him to emerge, four years later and with a bachelor-of-arts degree, only having grown sophisticated about his intellectual shortcomings and crippled by lack of ambition.

Study-ins, of course, mean hard work for both students and faculty. But, although you wouldn't suspect it while walking through some of our Negro-college campuses, this is what a college is supposed to be about. Study-ins mean that the American Negro must take on yet another extra burden. And although you wouldn't suspect it by observing some Negroes' lack of understanding of our role in the evolving American scene, this is what being a Negro in America in 1963 is all about.

Strange as it may seem, study-ins are the way out for the Negro college. As *Negro* schools they cannot survive much longer than another decade or so; but if they launch study-ins—crash programs calling for better instruction, broader curricula and higher academic standards—they will take their places among the centers of learning where students of all races prepare for life and labor in the general American society.

Some corrective steps are now being taken. The United Negro College Fund is administering a $300,000 Faculty Fellowship Fund which assists Negro-college teachers—particularly those working in the sciences—to earn their doctorates. Both the Fund and the Urban League are seeking money for vocational-guidance programs on Negro-college campuses.

These steps are but a beginning. The entire Negro community, and the white community as well, must now become involved in an all-out effort to prepare our youth for life and work in the American mainstream. The sit-ins demonstrated our concern for freedom. Study-ins will demonstrate our concern for responsibility. And both must be pursued with more-deliberate speed than they have been in the past. THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"...no special occasion, really. Just enjoy sending her flowers. Yes, the H-10 bouquet. Be a good chap and write 'Happy Tuesday' on the card..."

"...H-1, and have it on my desk when I get back to the office next Thursday. Sign it 'Your ardent admirer.' Then maybe he'll stop taking me for granted..."

"...is that all? Then send two! H-14, that's right. And be sure they're in Atlanta by tonight..."

FTD'S NEW 1964 SELECTION GUIDE: JUST PLANT IT BY YOUR PHONE AND PICK FLOWERS ALL YEAR LONG

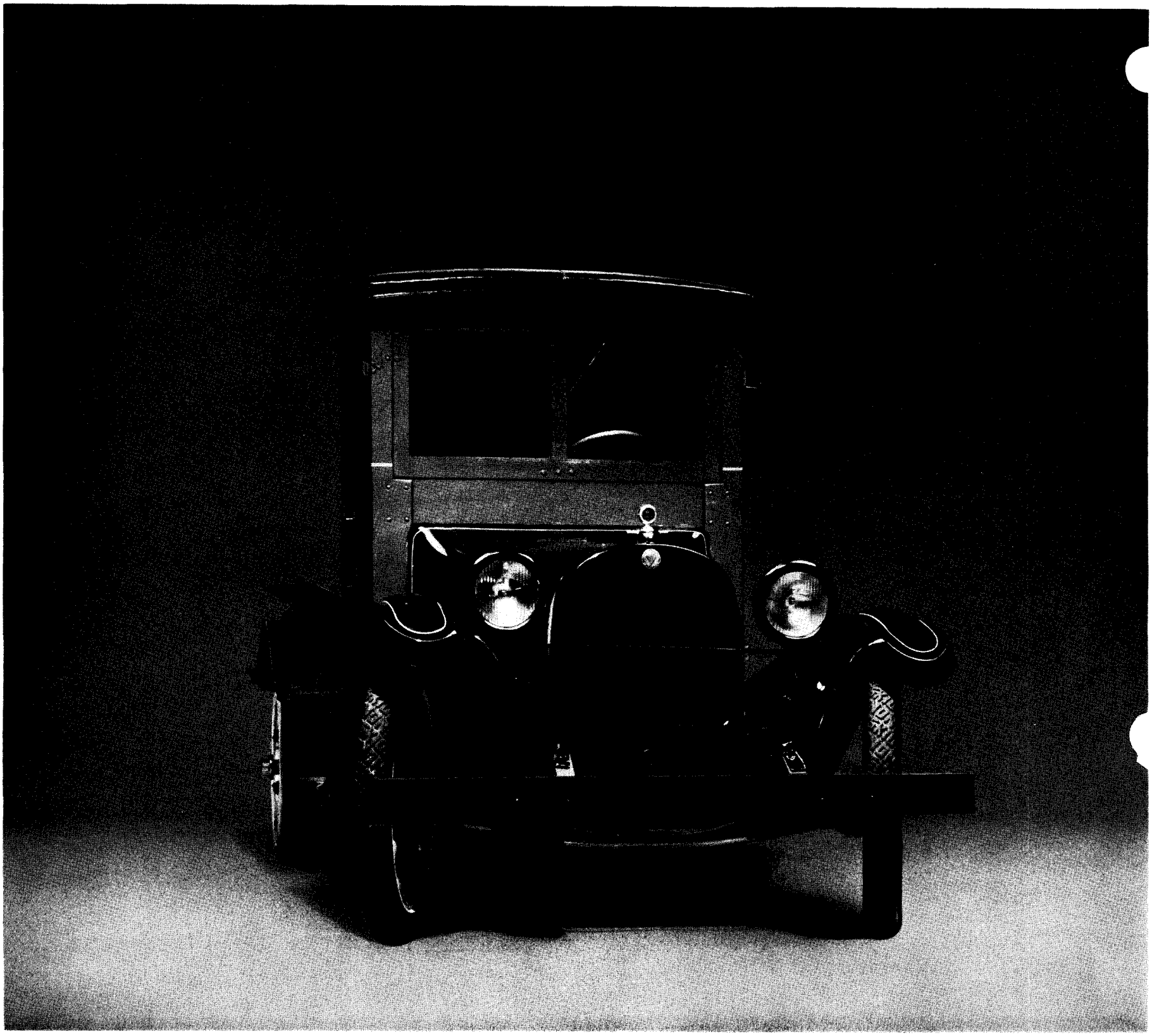
Above are five of the 26 floral creations in the brand-new FTD Selection Guide. Gift suggestions for any occasion to send anywhere in the U.S.A. or Canada. The guide shows pictures and prices, so that even when you order by phone you know just what you're sending—and how it will look when it arrives. Get a free copy from your FTD florist.

FLOWERS BY WIRE: SO EASY, SO THOUGHTFUL, SO BEAUTIFULLY RECEIVED

FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY FTD INTERFLORA WORLDWIDE

Only FTD member florists display this emblem. Your guarantee of quality and delivery or ... your money back.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



IN ONE WAY,

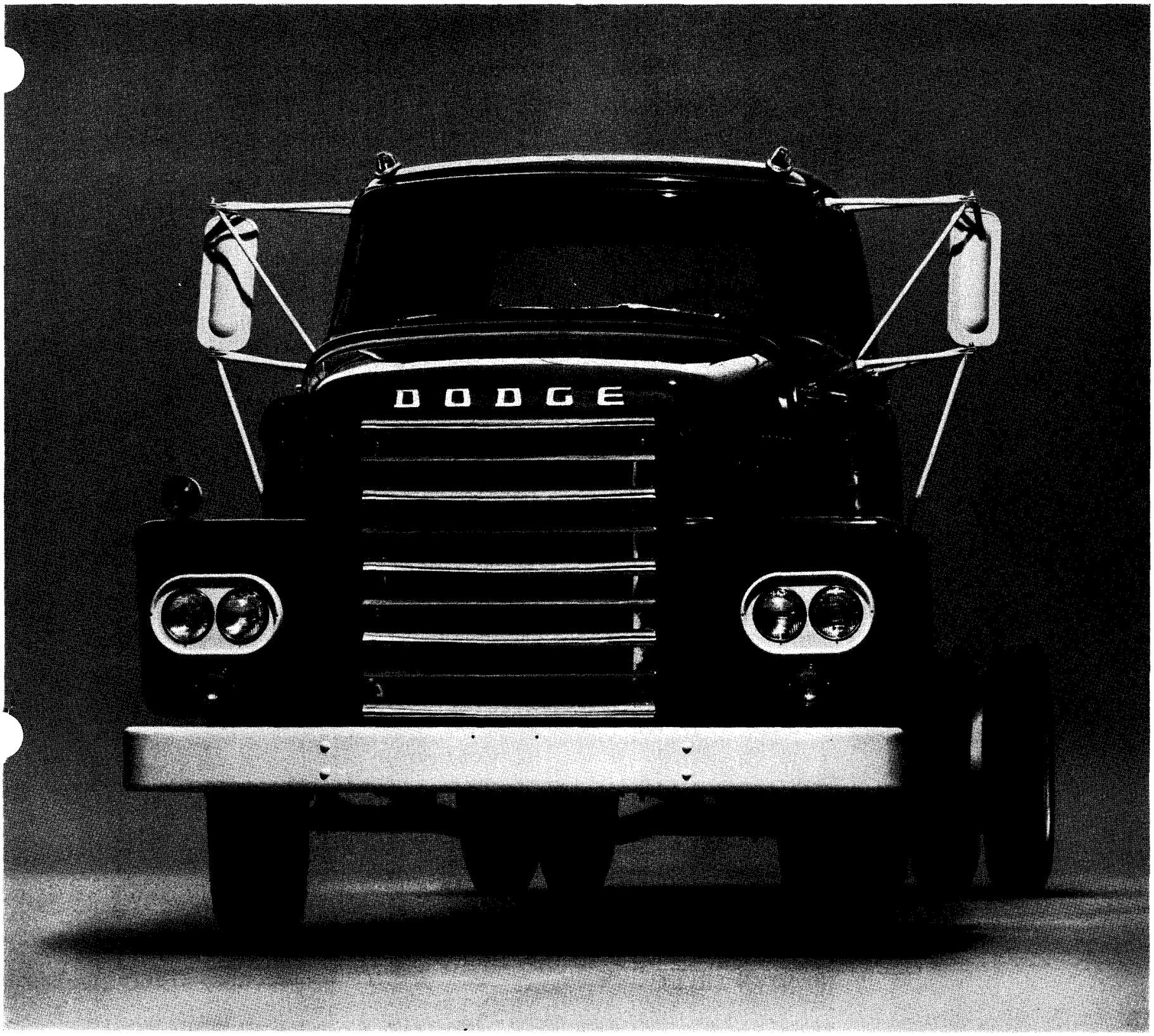
Naturally, there have been a great many changes since our first truck came off the assembly line almost a half-century ago. What hasn't changed is the toughness built into every Dodge truck.

The Dodge on the left was one of the earliest. It had an L-head 4-cylinder engine that developed from 35 to 40 horsepower at a modest number of rpm's. Its body is a style you still see more of than any other truck body style . . . the versatile pickup. Its driver rode on a seat that was stuffed with horsehair and covered with genuine leather. To help him operate his vehicle he had a cone clutch and a three-speed transmission with a peculiar shift pattern. The brakes were external contracting and operated on the rear wheels only, and his hands grasped a wood-rimmed steering wheel. That Dodge was a very adequate and remarkably dependable vehicle for its day.

And so is the Dodge truck on the right. It's a Cab Forward model, and it's one of

Dodge Builds Tough Trucks

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



WE HAVEN'T CHANGED A THING

Dodge's present-day lineup of 38 basic gasoline- and diesel-powered models. (These include conventional, cab forward, four-wheel-drive, forward control and school bus chassis models.) Pick any model in the Dodge truck line and you've got up-to-the-minute toughness, dependability, and economy built right in. That's because of our practice of making running improvements. When an improvement is tested and proved, it is added to our trucks, right now. There is no holding back of improvements for "announcement time" at Dodge truck. Every truck we build today is the very latest we can offer you.

Talk to your dependable Dodge truck dealer. Discuss running improvements. There have been well over 50 in the past year. Ask about his truck prices. They're lower than most of the competition, right in line with the rest. And find out about his liberal new finance plan. You'll be quite surprised to learn how easy it will be to put a Dodge Job-Rated truck to work for you.

DODGE DIVISION CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"POLAROID" AND "POLACOLOR"®

Now–get color pictures in 50 seconds with the world's most advanced camera

Everywhere, reaction to Polaroid 50-second color film has been exciting. The colors are rich and clear. Skin tones are remarkably accurate. And it's difficult *not* to get excited about seeing color pictures 50 seconds after you take them.

Now Polaroid introduces a camera designed to take maximum advantage of the astonishing new Polacolor film. The Polaroid Color Pack Camera is the most advanced camera in the world. Because it has a transistorized shutter, it can do things no camera could ever do before. You can shoot color indoors without special settings or flash guides (the electric eye reads the flash and sets the exposure automatically). You can shoot black and white in low light levels (a candlelit dinner table, for instance) and the shutter will automatically make the correct setting for a time exposure.

The camera is easy to use. It's also lighter than many 35mm cameras. The film comes in a pack that loads in 7 seconds. Let your dealer show you how the world's most advanced camera makes picture-taking more fun than ever.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Why new houses cost too much

By Arthur M. Watkins

The high cost and shoddy quality of new houses burden our economy, and the simple cures are overdue.

California house, buckled and abandoned, is jacked up for replacement of skimpy slab foundation installed by a jerry-builder.

Anyone planning to buy a new house in Mt. Vernon, N.Y., a suburb just north of New York City, ought to know about George C. Grimm, because George C. Grimm can cost him money. Like many towns all over the country, Mt. Vernon has an obsolete building code which requires the use of inefficient, labor-consuming construction techniques. As a result, contractors estimate that a house which can be built for $26,000 in neighboring towns that use the modern New York State code will cost about $30,000 in Mt. Vernon. That's all right with George Grimm, because he's the square-jawed chief of Plumber's Local No. 86, and he argues that using their work-saving code would violate "local autonomy." With the help of certain local contractors, Grimm has successfully fought against changes that would save every house buyer thousands of dollars.

Nothing illustrates the rule quite so pungently as the exception. When the Mt. Vernon High School required new storm-water and sewage drain connections recently, architects estimated that installing the piping according to the New York State code would save $5,000. Budget-strapped school officials howled for the saving; Grimm had to back down and permit the more-efficient installation, which will perform just as well. Immediately afterward, however, the door was closed, and the Mt. Vernon code was back in all its dictatorial force.

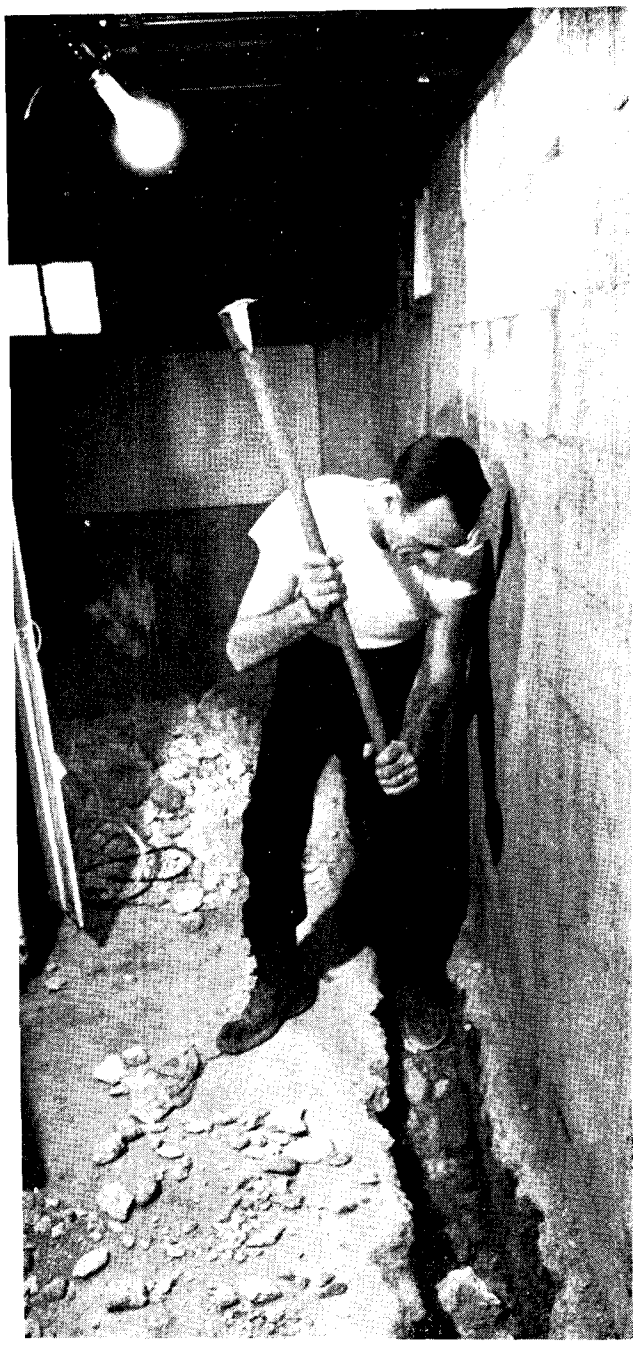
A home buyer, needless to say, lacks the political leverage of a school board. And he rarely knows about such matters in the first place. Real-estate men and builders selling houses may talk of kitchen space, woodsy views and low down payments. But they never mention the inefficiency and bureaucracy which make houses needlessly expensive to buy and needlessly expensive to keep up in every part of the United States.

The U.S. housing industry is a $23 billion annual business which has a potent influence on the whole economy. It provides jobs for five million workers and a vast market for dozens of other industries; when it falters, business everywhere feels the effects.

And housing has been faltering, largely because of the industry's incredible inefficiency. Most of the nation's 125,000 home builders are forced to use wasteful and obsolete techniques and materials, do little or no research, and are largely cut off from new technology which could sharply reduce the cost of housing. The industry is hobbled by a maze of outdated local building codes which rule out the benefits of mass-production methods. The effects on the cost and quality of housing can be gauged by imagining what automobiles would be like if local laws decreed that they had to be assembled in local garages rather than built on factory production lines.

The system—if it can be called that—is perpetuated by a combination of powerful national pressure groups, including local craft unions

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Soaked with a shoddy basement, Valley Cottage, N.Y., homeowner digs a drain.

Pricing out half the population.

(particularly the plumbers, electricians and masons), and certain manufacturers of old-line building products like iron and steel, masonry and plumbing fixtures. Some home builders, real-estate dealers and mortgage bankers oppose reform for fear it would cut into their local domination of the housing business or reduce commissions. Organizations like the United States Chamber of Commerce oppose it for fear that reform would involve government "meddling."

The situation is exacerbated by corrupt building inspectors, builders whose ethics are no stronger than their foundations, and local "craftsmen" who couldn't care less about craftsmanship. While the proportion of honest men in home building is probably as high as in any other industry, corner-cutters account for a disproportionate share of the business. The muddle in housing encourages cheats, and even gives them competitive advantage.

The end result is evident in spiraling construction costs, which have risen 192.6 percent since 1930, or two and a half times the increase in the overall cost of living. "Twenty years ago I could build a good small house for $7,000," says a Cleveland builder. "Today approximately the same house must sell for $17,000."

It is perhaps more painfully evident in the household budgets of homeowners such as Frank Stahl, a 28-year-old college graduate who moved his wife and baby into a $23,000 development house in New York's Rockland County early this year. The Stahls (not their real name) bought the house partly out of desperation, after 15 months of house hunting, to escape from a cramped apartment. "It was absolutely the lowest-priced suitable house around," Stahl says. "I had just gotten a raise to $9,100 a year [which puts him in the upper-25-percent wage bracket]; so we figured we could swing the deal."

Stahl isn't so sure now. His taxes were just raised and he finds that total housing costs take an unexpectedly large chunk out of his income. The chunk includes $183 for mortgage, insurance and taxes, another $42 for heating, utilities and ordinary house upkeep. Thus housing swallows nearly 40 percent of Stahl's $540 a month take-home pay, leaving a lean $73 a week for everything else. The Stahls have to skimp on some essentials, and are hoping that no home-repair emergencies will confront them with bills they cannot afford. The odds are against them there.

"Most families tread on thin ice if housing takes more than twenty percent of their income," says Henry Freeman, executive director of Pittsburgh's Family and Children's Service Agency. "But more and more families in the suburbs are paying thirty or forty percent, and are just one step ahead of a judgment." Many, in fact, have passed the breaking point. Voluntary bankruptcies have soared to record heights, and home foreclosures are at a postwar peak, exceeded only by the vast numbers of people who lost their homes during the great depression.

The ultimate impact of housing costs falls upon tens of millions of people who can't afford even to consider buying a house. Fully half of the nation's families have been effectively squeezed out of the market for private housing—used as well as new, since the price of new houses automatically sets the scale for used homes. Basing his figures on a government study of typical urban areas, Pennsylvania Sen. Joseph Clark says that as many as *two thirds* of all families don't earn enough to afford the absolutely low priced minimal new housing in such places Boston, Atlanta, Indianapolis and Portland, Oreg.

How much social and psychological suffering this squeeze causes can only be guessed—although social workers say, for example, that housing problems are a chief cause of what they call "family trouble cases." But the debilitating

Some Brooklyn builders used piles of trash like this as fill. Predictable result: cracked walls and sinking homes.

Californian shows floor cracks caused by settling.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

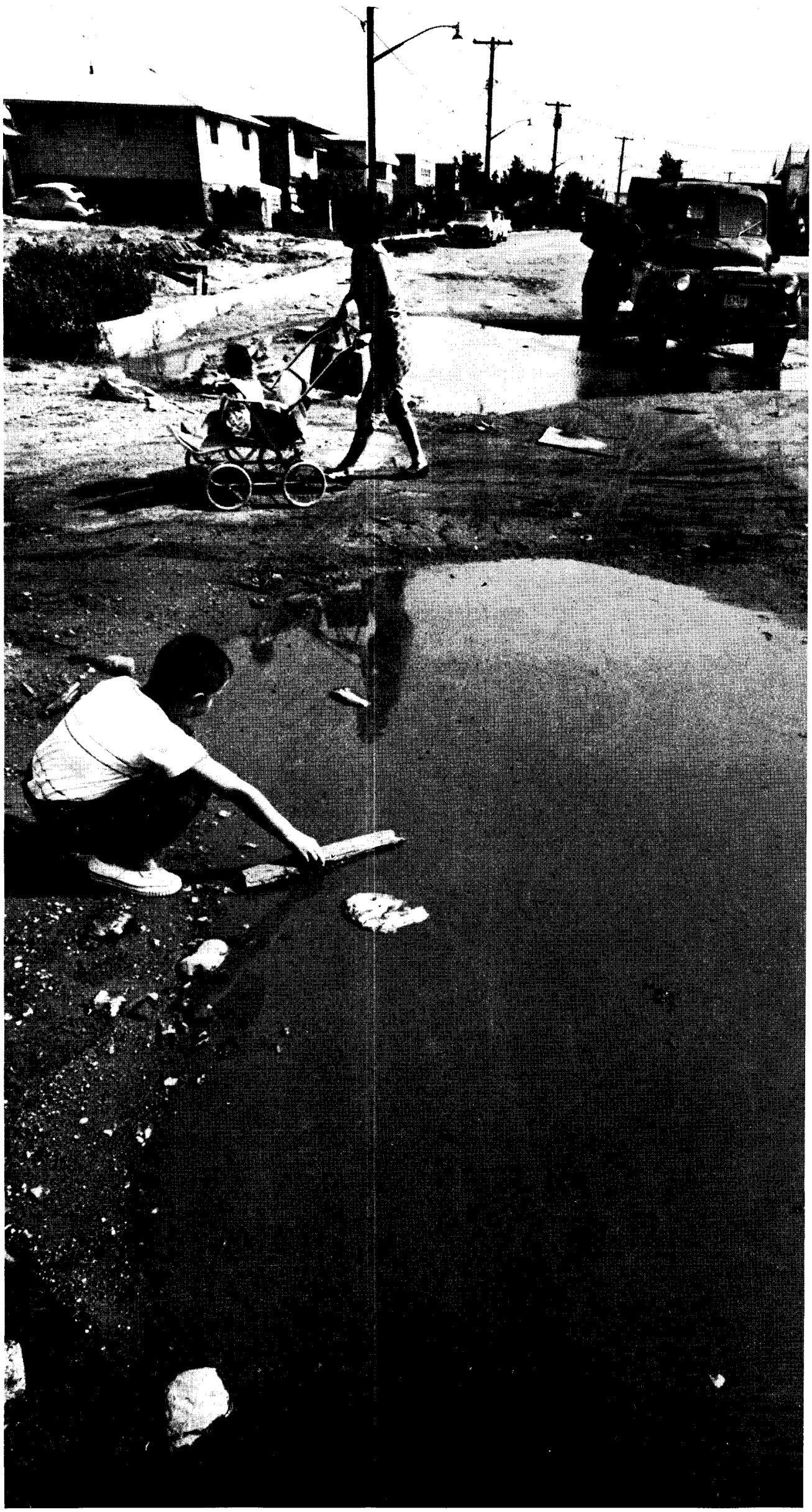
.ound which it inflicts on the U.S. economy is all too plain, and measurable. Harvard economist Douglas Dacy thinks that the slowdown in housing sales and construction since 1956 may account for most of the lately lamented decline in the national growth rate, with its legacy of widespread unemployment.

And cost is the root of the trouble. Each $1,000 reduction in the price of the average new house would make an additional 75,000 American families eligible to buy, according to estimates by the National Association of Home Builders. That many more houses a year would call for an additional 150,000 tons of steel, 350 million bricks, 1.5 million gallons of paint, 895 million board feet of lumber, 90,000 bathtubs, and proportionately greater sales of other products. And each $15,000 house sold generates some $15,000 of related economic activity, such as furniture sales, electricity installations, and new stores and streets to serve the homes. The $23 billion worth of houses which will be put up this year will have a total impact of more than $50 billion on the economy. There would be a lot more housing and a lot more stimulus if houses were cheaper.

This does not mean "cheaper" quality. The ultimate irony of the housing muddle is that the same reforms which would reduce prices would produce better houses. Forced to use inefficient materials and methods, to hire construction labor on a local catch-as-can basis, to contend with inflated costs at every turn, builders are under enormous pressure to cut corners—and even to chisel. In return for high purchase prices, home yers are likely to get shoddy merchandise and gh home-repair bills to compound their financial troubles. Some examples:

Spare the rods, spoil the houses

- In Ventura County, Calif., a developer used skimpy three-inch floor slabs—permitted by the local code—for his $15,000–$25,000 houses. Result: An epidemic of cracking floors, broken pipes and buckling foundations. A Chamber of Commerce survey showed that 159 of the 249 families in the "Weathersfield" tract had bought defective homes. Some were virtually beyond repair; others had to be jacked up, at a cost of $2,200 per house, so that a new concrete slab could be placed underneath. The homeowners—not the builder—paid.
- A couple were having coffee in the living room of their new $24,000 development house in Rockland County, N.Y., when the room began to shudder. The chimney broke off the house and came tumbling down with a crash. After much acrimony, the builder rebuilt the chimney at his expense—but only, says the husband, "because he couldn't sell more houses while people saw the bricks on the ground."
- Whole subdivisions in the Houston area are plagued by shifting foundations, which cause floors to crack and doors to stick shut. "Jerry-builders put down steel reinforcing rods before pouring the cement, and then call the building inspector," says a local contractor. "After the inspector leaves, they remove the rods to the next ndation. One set of rods will do for a whole odivision."
- Engineers of Home Inspection Consultants, Inc., checking out houses for prospective buyers in Indianapolis, Philadelphia and northern New Jersey, report "inexcusably low-grade quality" in



After a rainstorm, the "street" furnished these Brooklyn residents by their builder turns to mud and potholes.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New kinds of homes waiting to be constructed.

custom houses priced as high as $80,000. The most common defects include improper lot grading, poor foundation waterproofing, low-grade heating, skimpy insulation, green lumber and sleazy paint jobs.

All these defects are difficult and expensive to repair after a house is finished. A good many builders refuse to make amends, and generally can duck their responsibility even when homeowners haul them into court. One homeowner, for example, won a hands-down, $6,100 judgment for repairs but never collected a dime. The builder had cannily drained his corporate till of all its assets in advance and set up a new company which was not legally liable, a ploy known as "corporation folding." The aggrieved homeowner was stymied—yet through his front window every morning he could see the builder throwing up a new tract of houses at full steam.

Many homeowners have tried to bring criminal charges against builders who refused to make justified repairs, but in almost all cases district attorneys have given them the brush-off, explaining that it is hard to prove criminal intent.

Nor do the Federal Government's much-touted housing laws give real protection. It is true that federal rules require higher construction standards for houses with government-insured FHA or VA mortgages than are normally encountered in privately financed houses. But the FHA and VA can't really enforce their standards.

Consider the case of 55 families who purchased FHA-insured houses in a development at Valley Cottage, N.Y., a few years ago. It shortly became evident that the houses, priced at $16,000 and $17,000, suffered from grievously inadequate waterproofing. Roofs began to leak and rot, wall shingles popped off, and basements became soaked as the insidious water vapor spread through the houses. "All my rooms and clothes closets are constantly damp," says Mrs. Margaret Warshaw, one of the residents. There have also been cracked foundations and driveways, sinking carports and peeling bathroom tiles. An architect consultant called in by the residents found a total of 37 violations of the FHA's minimum standards.

"The builder [Philip Shapiro] kept stalling and would make no repairs," says Mrs. Warshaw. "Though I made three trips to Washington, we got no real help from our representative, the FHA or anybody else. FHA officials tried to persuade the builder to make repairs, but he laughed at them. Sure, the FHA finally blacklisted him, so he can't build any more houses with FHA mortgages. But that's no help. I'm sick about the whole thing. It will probably cost $3,000 to $4,000 apiece to put our houses in decent shape."

A top FHA official explains the situation this way: "Under the federal housing law we can try to persuade the builder to make justified repairs, but that's all. If he refuses, we cannot force him to correct defects. We can only cross his name off our list of builders who are eligible for FHA-insured mortgages."

In a few cases, however, authorities have taken a hard line—and got results.

In an outlying residential section of Brooklyn, N Y., there was an epidemic of cracking foundations and sinking walls in hundreds of houses priced from $25,000 to $50,000, due to flimsy support and poorly filled land. The builders had promised paved streets but supplied nothing more than dirt roads. Basements were often flooded with raw sewage backed up from the street; it turned out that drainpipes had been hooked up to the street lines in a flagrantly illegal manner.

The buyers squawked to a series of city building-department officials to no avail. In desperation they finally went to Kings County District Attorney Edward S. Silver. Appalled at what he saw, Silver three years ago launched an investigation which is still in progress and has produced these results to date:

Builder Richard Powell and his Donven Realty Corp. were convicted last March of first-degree grand larceny. (It was probably the first successful criminal prosecution of a U.S. builder for shoddily built houses.) Five other builders have been indicted, and charges may eventually involve as many as 40 builders and houses sold to as many as 10,000 families. A city plumbing inspector has been indicted for taking bribes. Eight FHA inspectors and a VA construction analyst have been indicted on bribery charges brought by the Federal Government, apparently based in part on leads developed by the Silver investigation. "These things don't happen in a vacuum," notes Assistant D.A. Irving Seidman, who helped track down the evidence. "Shoddy construction goes hand in hand with corrupt inspectors."

One unexpected benefit is the "cleansing effect" on other builders, says Aaron Koota, chief of the Brooklyn Rackets Bureau. "After our indictments, the builders realized we meant business. Now it's amazing how fast they make repairs." The case has also brought a stream of calls to Silver from D.A.'s in other cities.

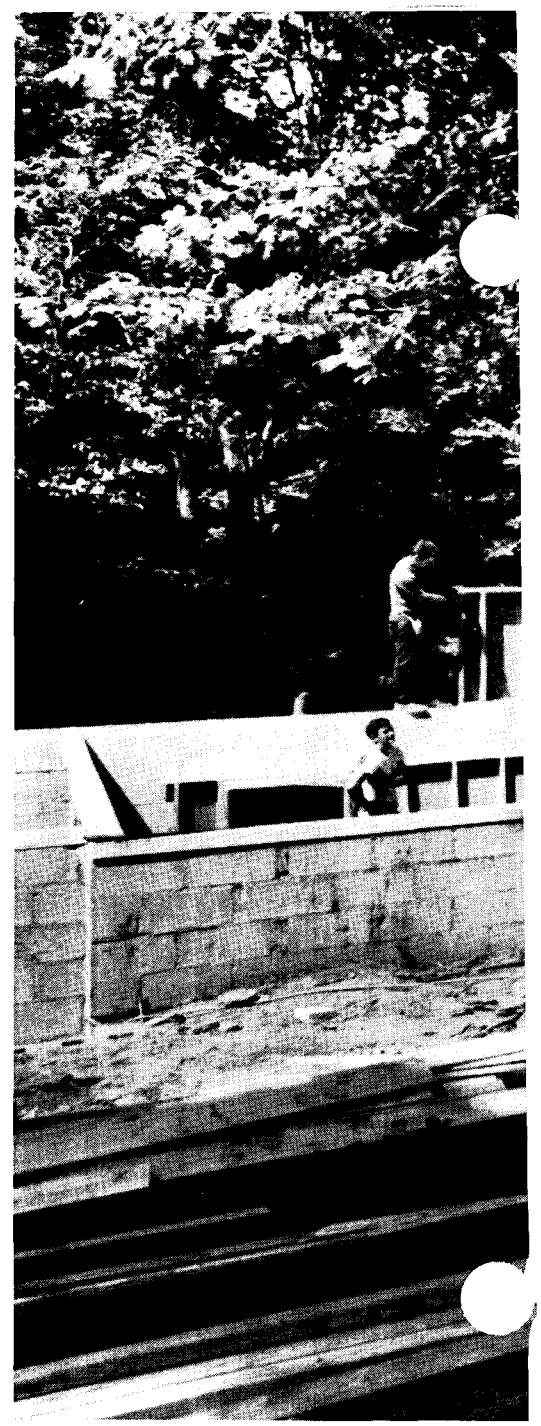
Another official who took outraged action is Sen. Ernest Gruening of Alaska. Houses purchased by 47 families near Anchorage were so full of defects that interior temperatures hovered at 32 degrees in the winter and icicles formed in the attics, even with furnaces working full blast. Though the houses were built with FHA mortgages, the owners complained futilely to the builder and to local FHA officials. Finally, Senator Gruening contacted top FHA officials in Washington, who put pressure on the builder. Fortunately the builder was a big U.S. construction firm which could not risk an FHA blacklisting; the firm reluctantly repaired the houses at a reported cost of more than $100,000—for quality that could have been provided in the beginning at one quarter this price.

To *guarantee* protection against flaws in all FHA houses, Senator Gruening has proposed a bill to put teeth in the FHA housing law. It would require builders to post a performance bond, and the FHA would use this money to repair any major defects which appeared within three years after a house was sold.

But neither Gruening's bill nor criminal prosecutions strike at the fundamental troubles in housing. As a five-man committee appointed by President Kennedy to survey the housing situation reported last year, the real problem is "the commercial structure of the industry itself . . . its fragmented and local character." From fragmentation comes inefficiency and lack of professional know-how. In many cases, key people associated with local building—the banker who puts up the capital, the builder, and the work crew—have appallingly narrow knowledge of what constitutes really good design and construction. Only a small minority of houses are designed by architects; most home builders, pressed by inflated costs, consider such services as frills.

One basic medicine needed can be expressed in a word: prefabrication. The widespread introduction of efficiently made, mass-produced structural assemblies would produce better houses, because each part would be designed by a factory staff of architects and engineers, instead of—as is too often the case—by local stumblebums. Each part would be produced under factory-controlled conditions which would sharply reduce the possibility of flaws. If there were serious flaw, an established factory would not likely to try to duck responsibility by changing its corporate name.

We already have the know-how to mass-produce whole floor, wall and roof sections,



Factory-made door assembly is unloaded a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ridgefield, Conn., homesite. Code changes permitting large-scale use of prefab methods could bring sizeable reductions in homebuilding costs.

which can be swiftly lined up and locked in place. Interior partitions, also shipped in sections, can be dropped in place. Complete plumbing can be prepackaged and sealed into bathroom-wall sections, a technique which, in itself, would cut the cost of houses by 5 to 10 percent. Drop-in-place techniques used throughout the house would not only produce a better house but also ultimately cut costs as much as 50 percent.

Even short of Detroit-style "house factories," mass production can produce astonishing results. Take the case of builder William Levitt, who builds some 3,000 houses a year—a large number for the housing industry, but still small-scale production. Selecting areas for his "Levittowns" where building codes do not hamper efficiency, using a permanent, trained work force, Levitt builds substantial houses for $9 per square foot vs. $13 a square foot for the average house. He also tosses in appliances, air conditioning, schools and community swimming pools, the dollar equivalent of at least 10 percent more house.

But the hodgepodge of wildly differing building codes in most cases prevents builders from tandardizing components or achieving the mass narkets necessary for mass production.

Here is what confronts a builder in just one state—Connecticut—and in just one part of a house. The FHA allows $\frac{5}{16}$-inch-thick wall plywood, a perfectly safe demand, but the Avon, Conn., code insists on half-inch. Bridgeport, Fairfield and Trumbull also specify half-inch, but only if it is nailed horizontally. Still other town codes, such as Easton's, demand extra-thick $\frac{5}{8}$-inch plywood—which adds $200 to the cost of a small house. Yet the thickness of plywood is a totally obsolete gauge; the type and grade are the key to soundness. (Here, incidentally, is an example of why so many local codes fail to safeguard the buyer.)

Connecticut codes are studded with other idiotic variations. Even the kind of nails allowed varies depending on which side of the town line a house is located. And Connecticut is not exceptional. The fact is that in cities and towns all across the country the local code is a front that serves to preserve the profitable status quo for a few local groups at the expense of everybody else. Their pressure, compounded by public officials' ignorance of building matters, keeps out new products and new techniques. Archaic plumbing-code requirements are a notorious example in such cities as New York, Pittsburgh, Chicago and their suburbs, where they outlaw the efficient use of copper and non-metallic pipe in favor of iron or steel pipe. Powerful suppliers combine with local contractors and plumbing unions to keep it that way. In one apparently pure little picture-postcard New England village, the plumbing code is administered by an inspector czar who is also the largest local plumbing contractor. Needless to say, he faces little business competition.

Miamians pay $100 to $200 per house in excessive wiring costs because of a code that dictates the arbitrary use of heavy, old-fashioned wiring. A builder says, "This was sensible fifteen years ago when our code was written and nonmetallic wiring conduit had not been invented. The new wiring is far superior, but local contractors, suppliers and union men fight tooth and nail against changing the code." In Cleveland the electricians' union blocks the new wiring on the grounds that it is a fire hazard, according to a spokesman for Local 38 of the Electrical Workers union. Yet nonmetallic wiring has the blanket approval of the National Board of Fire Underwriters, and more than 1.5 *billion* feet of it is installed in the United States every year.

In Philadelphia the brick people have long fought against modern wood-frame construction by permitting few or no changes in the masonry-slanted code. In Chicago the plasterers keep out economical plasterboard. A Chicago housing expert says people there are victims of "old, obsolete code rules that are often unwritten and operated out of the building inspector's hat."

The "in" groups can block new cost-cutting products and techniques because of what are called *specification* codes. Often written years ago, they stipulate exactly which materials and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Angry residents of "Weathersfield," a California development, show contempt with bumper stickers.

methods are allowed locally. They do not cite many modern materials and techniques, because such innovations were unknown when the codes were written. A product that is not specifically mentioned is therefore outlawed.

Nearly all impartial building experts agree that specification codes should be junked and replaced by *performance* codes. A performance code merely spells out the desired goal—a floor that will hold a 40-pounds-per-square-foot load; a pipe that will withstand, say, 50 pounds of water pressure; a wall that will not quaver in hurricane winds, whether it is built of wood, brick or synthetic palm fronds.

Performance codes are easier and less expensive to administer, enforce and keep up to date. They would open the door for new products now waiting in the wings, including rugged new lightweight aluminum-, steel- and plastic-skin wall panels, rigid new corrosion-free plastic pipe—used to handle corrosive sulfuric acid in chemical plants but barred for house water pipe by obsolete codes. Experts hold that new lightweight structural assemblies are our best hope for sharply cutting construction costs. But many manufacturers will not even earmark research money to develop new products, because the present code curtain would bar whatever they developed.

Also needed is code *uniformity—a national performance code*—the same flexible but nonetheless uncompromising rules for everybody. It would be a model code for voluntary adoption by any city or town. It could easily embody regional modifications to allow for geographical differences in building requirements.

How much would house prices come down with a national performance code? A top manufacturer of prefabricated houses recently said that if a national performance code were introduced, he could slash his selling prices—less land—by at least 25 percent. Within a year or so, additional economies could bring down prices by about 50 percent. A handsome three-bedroom house he now must sell for $16,000, could, by January 1, 1965, be priced at about $8,000.

Another house manufacturer, paying $45 apiece for his bathtubs, figured he might cut costs by turning out tubs with his own giant press. His engineers said yes, but only if he could attain a volume of 40,000 houses a year. Then the cost would nosedive to $13 a tub.

Painting a house by hand costs from five to ten cents a square foot today. It is often done hastily with the cheapest paint, leading to stiff repainting bills in three or four years. By contrast, notes architect Carl Koch, complete wall sections can be roller-painted on a factory assembly line for less than a penny a square foot, giving "infinitely better, longer wearing, cleanable surfaces."

Far from producing look-alike houses, a uniform national code would open the door to far more design flexibility. Mass-produced wall sections could be fitted together in a huge variety of shapes and patterns, just as the 18 parts of a Tinker Toy set can form thousands of assemblies. A Midwestern maker of prefabricated houses not long ago demonstrated this by building three totally different-looking house models, a Cape Cod, colonial and contemporary, using the same structural components, except for the facing.

Many union leaders block the introduction of modern performance codes because they fear loss of jobs. Yet they probably would be better off. Craft unions in St. Louis—together with certain suppliers and contractors—fought a bitter seven-year battle to stave off a new performance code. The new code was finally pushed through in 1961, and local construction costs have since come down 16 percent, setting off a building boom which has given union members more work than ever.

More jobs in the long run?

Although a national performance code might cause some initial job shrinkage, experts are convinced that in the long run it would generate more jobs. They think it would spark an unprecedented surge both in new construction and in the rehabilitation of existing homes—an estimated two out of three homeowners want to fix up, remodel or expand, but most simply can't afford the current stiff prices for things like extra rooms and modernized kitchens.

More factory production would also provide year-round job security in an industry that is notorious for part-time work. Because of the seasonal nature of building and weather delays, workers are paid top hourly rates, but many can count on only 30 to 40 weeks of work a year. The rest of the time they collect unemployment checks—another bill paid by the public.

In addition to a model national performance code, housing people mention two other urgent needs. The industry spends peanuts on research and development compared with the average growth industry. Yet research is essential to set up basic industry-wide performance standards for building products. Such criteria, lacking today, are necessary to implement our building codes, to evaluate new products and protect consumers against shoddy products. Another need is a frontal attack on soaring land and development costs—that is, sewers, water lines, and so on—which requires a fresh reappraisal of discriminatory and inefficient zoning laws.

Such problems may take time to remedy, but a big start can be made by two virtually self-evident solutions:

1. A National Building Code Commission to develop a uniform national building code for houses, as recently accomplished in Canada and in various European countries. (The biggest impetus behind the current surge in the West German economy is a housing boom set off by code reform permitting widespread use of prefabrication.) The code would be administered by a joint government-industry-labor panel, and its acceptance by cities and states would be voluntary, just as cities in New York voluntarily adopt that state's pioneering performance code.

2. A National Institute for Building Research, as recently proposed by a blue-ribbon committee of the National Academy of Sciences. It would be, in effect, a baby National Bureau of Standards to do for building what the NBS now does in setting up standards for 15 other branches of private industry. (A top West Coast banker has said, "Regretfully I have come to the conclusion that the Federal Government alone is capable of undertaking the kind of research and development necessary.")

These proposals would involve a relatively small federal investment, and both could be made self-sustaining—much like the FHA, which pays its operating costs through its one-half percent service charge on loan guarantees and has, in nearly 30 years has not cost taxpayers a cent.

To date, the Federal Government has produced a profusion of studies and reports on the housing mess, but little direct action. In particular, some housing experts think the record of Robert Weaver, chief of the Housing and Home Finance Agency, has fallen far short of his initial promise. Preoccupied with urban-renewal problems, Weaver has not provided the executive stimulus needed to get Congress moving on code reform or home-building research.

The need for more housing is going to get more and more critical as the millions of World War II babies begin getting married and creating unprecedented new housing demands. Simultaneously there is a growing demand for economical, compact housing by record numbers of people reaching retirement age. Between now and the year 2000 the United States will need 40 million new housing units just to keep abreast of population growth, plus tens of millions of new units to replace old houses that wear out. There is, too, an incalculably vast worldwide demand for low-cost housing which could provide more business and jobs in the United States if housing could be mass-produced here for those markets.

"Private industry will be unable to do this job unless we sweep away the 19th-century restrictions that now hold it back," says Nathaniel Keith, head of the National Housing Conference. "Some may object to federal 'meddling' in local and private affairs. Yet the ultimate effect would be to impose *less*, not more, government up the industry, to get rid of the tangle of regulatio. that breeds inefficiency in housing and slows the progress of the whole economy." THE END

A "Weathersfield" family decorated a crack in the dining-room floor with plastic flowe

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bright new comic clowns toward success

WOODY ALLEN

Comedian Woody Allen, a self-confessed booknapper, returns batch of overdue volumes to his friendly library.

By William K. Zinsser

About 12 years ago a number of people who had never been regarded as funny—Arthur Murray, Guy Lombardo and Sammy Kaye, among others—suddenly started being funny. Jokes attributed to them began to appear regularly in newspaper columns that print jokes attributed to people like Arthur Murray, Guy Lombardo and Sammy Kaye, and there was every reason to suspect that these apparently humorous folk were about to launch new careers as comedians.

Actually, the only new career then being launched was that of a Brooklyn high-school boy named Heyward (Woody) Allen, who hated schoolwork and spent his spare moments submitting jokes to columnists. The jokes were printed with such frequency that when Woody was 15, a public-relations firm hired him for $25 a week to manufacture them on a wholesale basis. Every day when school was out, he took the subway to the firm's New York office and wrote 50 jokes, which his employers would then plant in the newspapers to publicize their clients. Allen kept this up for two years, or 25,000 jokes. "I was utterly thrilled by the job," he recalls. "I thought I was in the heart of show business."

All of which may or may not answer the question so frequently raised, "Where are the new comedians coming from?" In any case, this is where Woody Allen came from, and nobody in the business seems to have any doubt that he is here. Now 27, he is booked steadily at $1,000 a week in nightclubs; has worked for such TV shows as *Candid Camera* and *Hootenanny* and the programs of Jack Paar and Merv Griffin; and record companies and Broadway producers are avidly pursuing him.

Allen's act consists simply of telling the story of his life, and to hear him tell it, that life has always been—and continues to be—a tissue of minor accidents.

"As a boy I was ashamed to wear glasses," he will say. "I memorized the eye chart, and then on the test they asked essay questions."

There was a time when he wanted to be a spy, "but spies have to swallow microfilm, and my doctor says I can't have celluloid."

He thought he was in love, "but it turned out to be benign," and then he couldn't get a divorce. "The Ten Commandments say you can't commit adultery, and the state of New York says you have to," he explains in reference to New York's stiff divorce laws.

With such fragments of autobiography, each combining a wistful truth and a solid boff, Allen has built within the past year a devout body of fans who identify so closely with his problems that they phone him frequently—he makes a point of keeping his name in the book—to tell him about their own. "We don't think you're unloved," they tell Allen, whose monologues leave no room for any other impression, or "I just took forty sleeping pills, and can I talk to you?"

To think of Allen achieving such devotion requires an act of the imagination. He is a person who walks out onto a stage and immediately makes his presence unfelt. This is partly because of his height, which is five feet six inches on a good day; partly because of his weight, which is 115 pounds; partly because of his clothes, which are so casual, so aggressively unpressed, that he appears to have wandered in from a cut-rate prep school; and partly because of his manner, which is that of a born loser. He peers out through black-rimmed glasses with the startled gaze of a deer caught in the headlights of a car, uncertain of what is going to happen next, but certain that it is going to be bad. Even his lank red hair looks defeated.

When he starts to talk, in a voice that is nothing if not weak, he seems to be just another comic purveying his private troubles, for the talk is of mishaps with girls, of a dismal education ("I went to schools for emotionally disturbed teachers") or of a marriage that didn't last ("I mentally placed my wife under a pedestal").

As a basic of humor this is not, obviously, a thing new. One of comedy's oldest pillars is the little man at odds with organized society. Allen, however, has found a fresh way to express the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

plight of the underdog—or at least a way that speaks to the anxious 1960's.

He doesn't mutter at the enemy, like W. C. Fields, or tilt at it, like the Marx Brothers, or banter with the fate that has made him a bad violinist as does Jack Benny. He doesn't deal in political comment, like Mort Sahl, or rummage in the inner mind, like Shelley Berman.

What he does is sock his listeners with jokes and, at the same time, cater to their emotional needs. As therapy, this is hard to beat—it is psychiatry made entertaining.

His style is deceptive because the sentences sound almost improvised. Allen will ramble down some autobiographical trail that seems to be leading nowhere, except that it *does* seem to be leading to trouble. "A huge dog came after me," he might say. "It was the kind of dog that chases automobiles—and brings them back." Gradually he fills in a portrait of himself as a helpless figure menaced by the world. "One day a lot of cars pulled up around my house," he may announce, "and they shined in searchlights, and I heard a voice over a loudspeaker say, 'We have your house surrounded—this is the New York Public Library.' They wanted me to throw out *A Tale of Two Cities* and come out with my hands up. They drove me down to the main branch and took away my glasses for a year."

Thus Allen embroiders the events of his daily life—and the embroidery is not as fancy as might be supposed. "I feel that the library will go to that extreme to get me," he explains privately, and with good reason, for "they" have threatened him with lawsuits, and their agents have even turned up at his door in search of missing editions. "That's my main vice," he says. "I lead a very quiet life. I don't smoke; I almost never drink. I keep books out of the library."

Woven into his routine is a thread of social comment, though Allen insists he doesn't put it there consciously. Occasionally he talks about a telephone service called Dial-a-Prayer, "which you can call if you believe very deeply and have ten cents—and I believe in the telephone company. If you're an atheist you don't hear a voice on the other end, and if you're an agnostic you're not sure whether you heard a voice or not."

Or he might talk about the condensed courses that he took to repair his neglected education. "I learned Spanish from records, but at the wrong speed. The course on the great art of western man was on stamps. *The Last Supper* is on a tiny little stamp—it seats two. I also took a course in rapid reading. For the final I read *War and Peace* in twenty minutes. It deals with Russia."

Or he might describe an evening in an art movie house in Greenwich Village, "where they show foreign films and serve pre-Colombian coffee, and bearded types follow the bouncing ball on the screen and sing Gregorian chants."

Allen's boyhood reveals few signs pointing to a performer's career. "The emotional terror of getting up in front of people has always been gigantic," says Allen, who remembers that in the first grade he wanted to be a comedian, but gave up the idea immediately because of fright.

His journey through the public-school system, he insists, has few parallels for sheer uselessness. "My teachers all loathed me," he says. "I never did homework—I mean I never *ever* did homework. I'm amazed to this day that they really expected me to go home and work on those sleazy projects that they had outlined.

"My father and mother were called to school so often that my friends still recognize them on the street. Even now my parents would feel much better if I had lived up to their dream and been a pharmacist. There's tremendous pressure where I come from—a middle-class Jewish neighborhood—to be an optometrist or a dentist or a lawyer, and that's what my friends have become. They exhibited at an early age an ability to get along at summer camp."

To find "some semblance of excitement," Allen taught himself to be a practicing magician at 13. He also entertained other bizarre notions. "I wanted to be a cowboy, and learned how to handle a rope," he recalls. "I wanted to join the FBI, and I sent away for their brochure and learned how to count the ridges in fingerprints. I wanted to be a jazz musician, and even now I could eke out a meager living playing clarinet."

The gag made even him gag

The latent comedian finally broke through in his junior year when he had a joke printed in Earl Wilson's column: "Woody Allen says he ate at a restaurant that had O.P.S. prices—over people's salaries." He is the first to admit that it is a terrible gag. But one joke led to another, and soon he was not only producing gags for the public-relations firm, but for Peter Lind Hayes's radio program and Herb Shriner's TV show.

By now the burdens of education no longer hung upon him. Two colleges, N.Y.U. and C.C.N.Y., successively severed him in his freshman year. "I never actually failed a college course," he says. "It was always a very indefinite 'D.' It meant you seemed to know what you were talking about, but they didn't really want to pass you."

In his late teens he graduated to writing comedy sketches for Sid Caesar, Art Carney and other giants of television, and at 21 won a Sylvania award for a Caesar special that was voted "best comedy show of the year." Since then he has been one of the best-paid writers in comedy.

Thus Allen's present success is no freak. Though newly fledged as a performer, he is an old pro at making people laugh. But while he is not likely to run out of jokes, he may well run out of nerve. He still considers himself a writer—his heroes are Samuel Johnson and James Boswell—and has not fully banished the terrors of speaking aloud what he has written.

He had to be literally pushed on stage for his first appearance, several years ago, at a tiny Greenwich Village nightclub called the Duplex. It paid him nothing, but his manager thought it was a good platform for his material.

"I doubted myself then and I still do," Allen says, "and it's still painful to get out there. But the act began to snowball, and it got to a point where I thought it would be foolish to stop and throw the whole thing away."

While his own style is highly personal, Allen has studied other comedians and has distinct feelings about them. He regards Mort Sahl as an "original genius who revolutionized the medium.

"Sahl's whole approach was different," he points out. "It wasn't that he did political comment—as everyone keeps insisting. It was that he had genuine insights. Without him we wouldn't have *Beyond the Fringe* here today, or Bob Newhart, or Vaughn Meader. He made the country receptive to a kind of comedy that it wasn't used to hearing."

To Allen the "comment" of a good comedian is not in the material but in the man himself. "All good comedians," he believes, "are men that we relate to. America is involved in the life of Jack Benny and Bob Hope. Put them in any standard comic situation—say, a roomful of pretty girls—and you know how they're going to react.

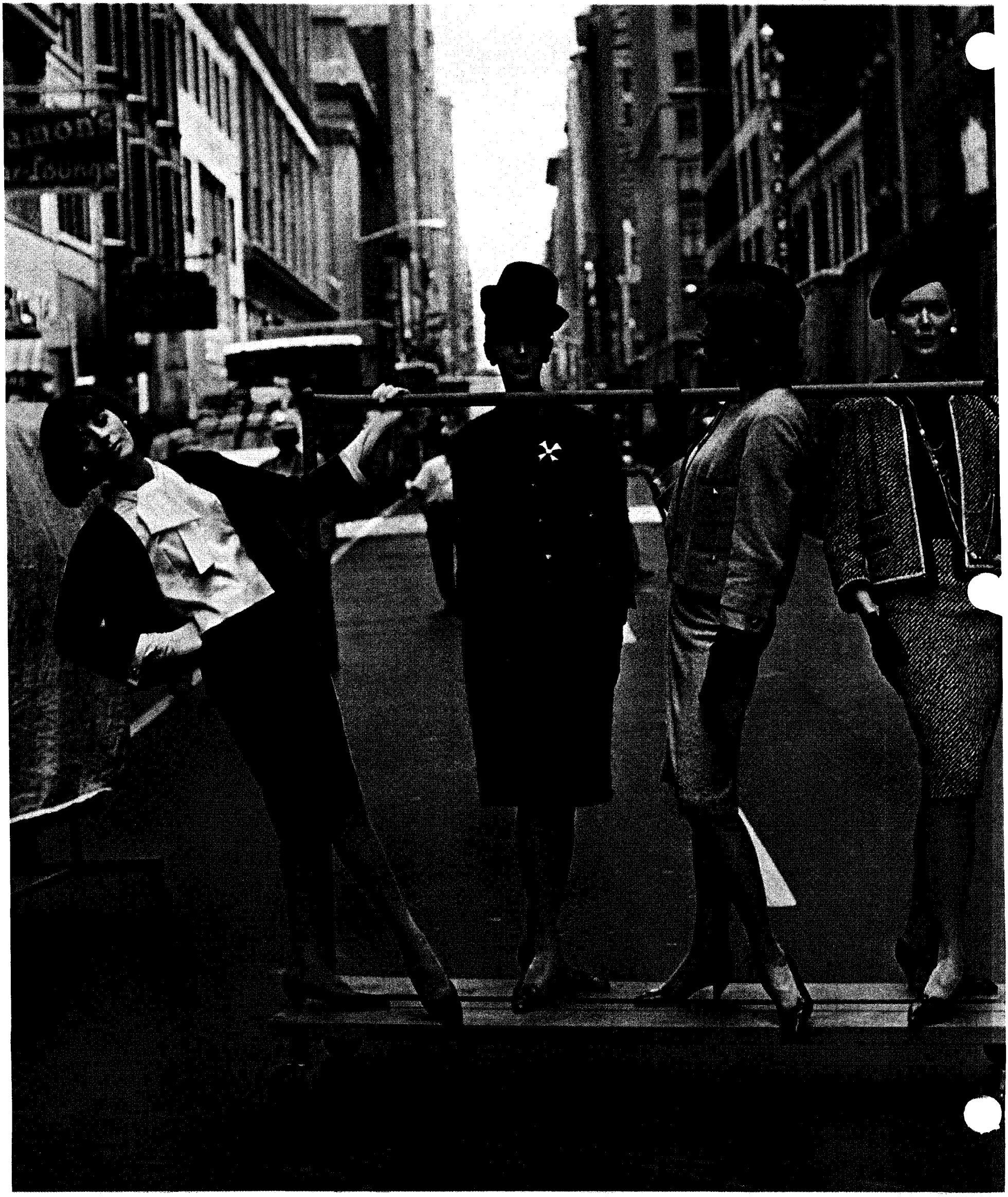
"If people come away relating to me as a person, rather than just enjoying my jokes; if they come away wanting to hear me again, no matter what I might talk about, then I'm succeeding."

Judging by the returns, he is. Yet Allen does have a problem all his own—unshared by, unrelated to, the rest of America. "I'm obsessed," he says, "by the fact that my mother genuinely resembles Groucho Marx." THE END

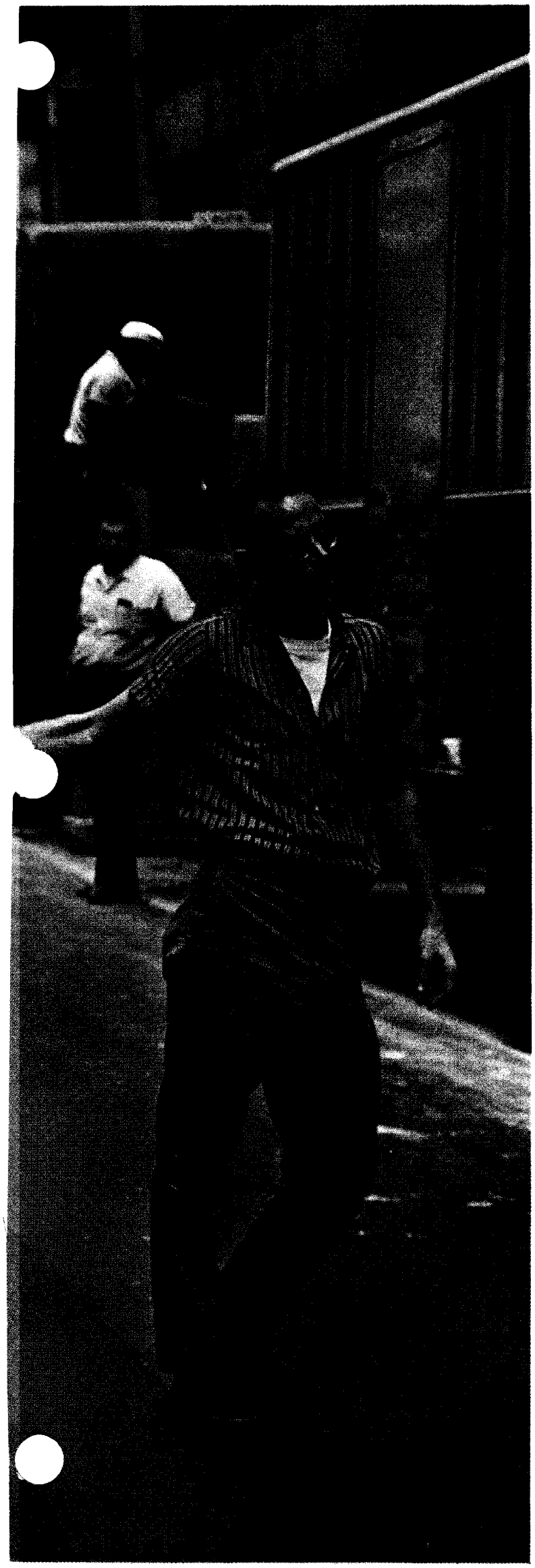
Allen, who as a child aspired to a career as a magician, a cowboy, an FBI agent or a musician, displays his customary adult attitude of intelligent bewilderment during break from work in a Washington, D.C., night spot.

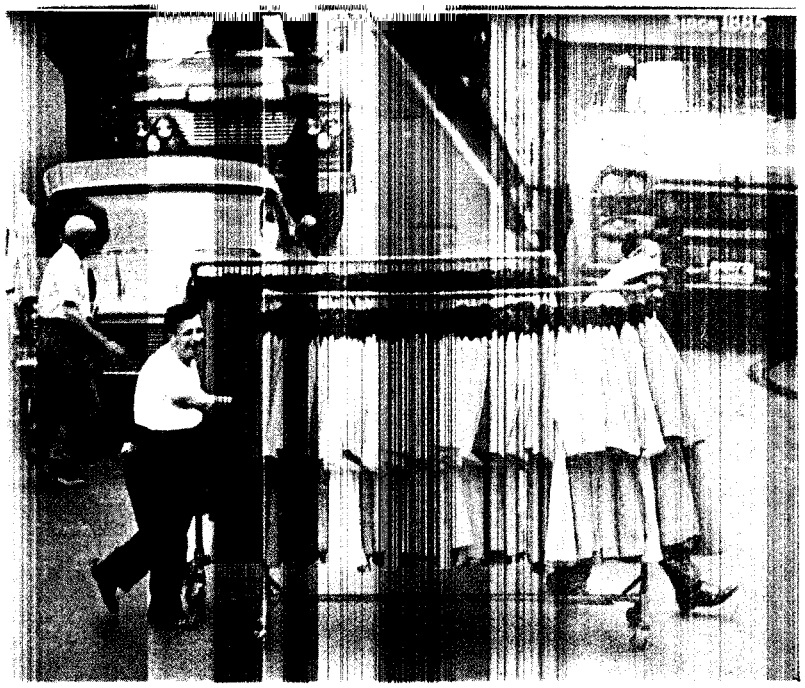
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dress rack carries four Chanel-inspired suits: garnet velvet by Leslie Fay ($45); tweed by Arkin ($90); classic wool by Handmacher ($75); copy by Davidow ($250). Emme hats.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





Fall coats on way to the nati[illegible]'s buyers jam traffic in [illegible]ation, New York.

Piracy on 7th Ave.

HIGH-PRICED FASHION DESIGNERS ARE CONSIDERED A WASTE OF MONEY IN AN INDUSTRY WHERE THE RUNNING GAG IS, "AT LEAST I CHANGED THE BUTTONS."

To the world of fashion, "Seventh Avenue" is not a street but a self-contained, unblushingly larcenous world within a world in the center of New York City. Formally known as the Garment Center, it is an enclave of 22 blocks of drab skyscrapers, cluttered lofts and traffic-choked thoroughfares running from 34th to 40th streets, between Sixth and Eighth avenues. As the heartland that produces one third of the nation's 12-billion-dollar garment business, it is the city's major industry, housing 300,000 workers employed by some 3,000 firms, about half of them dress manufacturers.

Because of Seventh Avenue's excellent publicity, the names and designs of the great Parisian and American couturiers are almost as well known in the nation's hamlets as they are on Park Avenue. The ubiquitous fashion press is spreading its paeans to costly "sportive look" designs. Yet, of the 254,300,000 dresses manufactured in this country last year, only 13½ million were made to sell for over $25. Thus 94 percent of the avenue's output is almost entirely unheralded. And what the fashion press is not telling the customers is why so many manufacturers have gone "sporty" at the same time. Why is nearly every garment man making some version of a jumper, a coat with belted back or a suit with vest? In what they call "the rag business," the answer is simple: "If the other guy builds a better mousetrap, steal it."

This is particularly true of the dress manufacturers. While they boast that they annually "create" some 150,000 new dress designs, a high percentage of their dresses always display a remarkable similarity in line, even in detail. This can be attributed in part to the way in which all clothes inevitably reflect prevailing trends in fashion. It is largely due, however, to the fact that there is no practical way to copyright a dress design in this country. Our copyright laws are written to protect "works of art" like *Peyton Place*, nude calendar paintings, and ballads such as *I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus*. By the present copyright office definition, dresses lack the essential aesthetic qualities.

By James Poling *Photographs by John Zimmerman*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Two versions of St. Laurent's fisherman suit: Christian Mann's gray wool for Marquise ($200); check by Handmacher ($75).

American designer Norell showed vests, others followed: plaid suit by Arthur Jablow ($275); pinstripe by Robert Sloan ($52).

"OVERNIGHT A GUY WITH A BAGEL AND A QUARTER SUDDENLY BECOMES A GIANT."

A fast-moving manufacturer has the fashion world at his mercy. A dress designed by Norell, Balenciaga, Chanel, or any other fashion artist is his for the taking. It can be copied with impunity, which is why the majority of dress manufacturers don't even hire a designer.

Phil Cantor, president of a sportswear house called Antics, Inc., explains the system this way: "Designers are a waste of time and money in an industry where the running gag is, 'Well, at least I changed the buttons.' With most of us this is just a manufacturing and selling operation. In manufacturing you change the buttons. But you never change your selling pitch. Your spiel to the buyer has got to be something like, 'Look, Trigère's original would cost you $69.95, but I'm knocking it off for you for a mere $19.95.' That's the only language most buyers understand, and it's the only one most manufacturers speak, believe me."

"Knocking-off" is trade slang for copying a competitor's dress, cutting corners to sell it for a lower price, then marketing it to harvest dollars that might otherwise go to the dress's creator. (On the avenue it is considered bad form to use the verb "to steal." Dresses are "copied," "adapted," "translated," even "pirated," but never "stolen.")

Knocking-off takes two forms. A line-for-line version of the pirated dress is sold as a copy, say, of a Mollie Parnis or a Luis Estevez. Or if you are in a creative mood, you change the neckline and move a bow from the left to the right side, thereby producing an "original" creation.

There are many ways to obtain a dress design. Until recently, sketch services specializing in bootleg Paris fashions openly sold subscriptions. But the style-piracy law that France passed in 1952, carrying penalties of up to $4,000 in fines and two years in jail for design theft, has had a crippling effect on this business. Last year, for example, it helped force New York's dress-copying Milton Fashion Service out of business.

Useful designs are easily obtained by subscribing to a newspaper, *Dressvertising Weekly*, which carries nothing but reproductions of ads selected with an eye to the details of the dresses sketched in the ads. The industry's trade paper, *Women's Wear Daily*, also publishes sketches of all the new clothes that its peripatetic reporters can find. In addition, anyone can "walk the avenue" on Thursdays—in this case, Fifth Avenue, where stores like Lord and Taylor, Saks, Bonwit Teller and Bergdorf Goodman customarily change their window displays in the first half of the week. And anyone who walks along the sidewalk can pause to sketch.

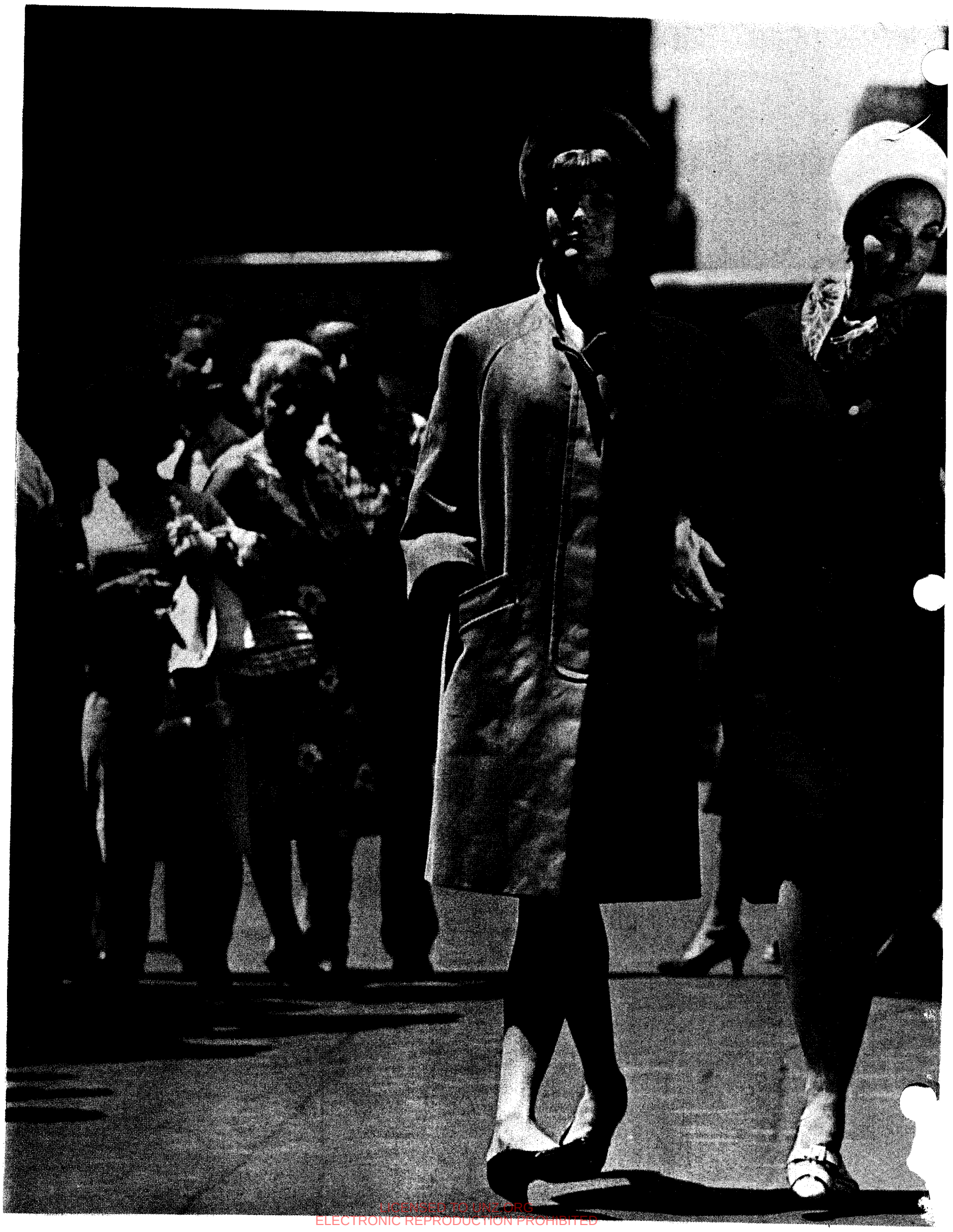
Piracy is by no means restricted to dresses in the higher price ranges. Murray Meisner, a specialist in $5.98 cotton dresses, recently had a $3.98 house knock off one of his best-selling items. Even worse, the pirate sold the dress to Meisner's own best customer, a chain store, thereby doing him out of about 20,000 sales, by his own estimation. (An avenue sage says, "With two ears you're hearing it said, so divide by two.") Yet this act of piracy doesn't seem to annoy Meisner. He says, "What's to get sore about? A $3.98er has to get his styles someplace, and where's he to look but up? I'm always looking up too."

Puritan Company cutters annually slice through 40 million sections of fabric, 180 layers at once, to make approximately three million garments.

Sportiest, and most copied, look for fall is St. Laurent's jumper Junior Sophisticates version in oyster and black sells for $6(

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IT TAKES TWO YEARS FOR A TREND TO TRICKLE DOWN TO LOWER PRICES.

Meisner's attitude is typical of the avenue. There is no hypocrisy about piracy, no apology for it, no attempt to conceal it. On the contrary, the absence of ethics is a source of cynical amusement to much of the industry. One of the avenue's classic stories, endlessly repeated to the outsider, tells of two partners in a small dress firm, Max and Irving. One day Max's son asks him for a definition of ethics, and Max replies, "A customer once paid me cash for an order with a $100 bill. When I went for change, I discovered he'd given me two $100 bills, stuck together. With such a situation you reach the heart of ethics . . . namely, should I or should I not tell my partner?"

The pirates' chief victims see little humor in the practice. Herbert Sondheim, of the high-fashion house of the same name, says, "Piracy is the cancer of the industry." Norman Norell, whose designs are among the most expensive in New York, says, "I've grown numb to it over the years. Now I only get angry when I'm knocked off by a rich, successful house that boasts of its own designer—and it often happens." Pauline Trigère says, "It makes me furious. These people get the products of our labor for nothing."

Piracy is not the exception in the industry; it dominates it. Isidore Agree, executive director of the National Dress Manufacturers Association, says, "It's my guess that in one way or another ninety percent of the industry engages in style piracy. In fact, only about forty firms live by their own original designs or by those they've legitimately purchased from French designers. But piracy has its virtues. If we weren't so skilled in knocking off a $600 Dior dress, say for $69.95, we wouldn't have the best-dressed women in the world, which ours unquestionably are." Charles Zimmerman, vice president of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union and general manager of the Dressmaker's Joint Council, echoes Agree almost word for word, adding only, "I think of piracy as a trickling-down process—like Robin Hood, taking from the high-fashion rich to give to the poor. Incidentally, it's done with equipment that's about as antiquated as Robin Hood's longbow too. You never saw such a backward industry."

By today's corporate and technological standards the needle trade is in the Stone Age. The average number of employees per firm is a mere 40, two thirds of the companies gross less than a million dollars a year, research is practically unheard of, and a company is automated if it removes loose threads from a finished garment with a small vacuum cleaner, instead of by hand. For decades the industry didn't even know the average dimensions of the women it was clothing. The change, including the introduction of junior and petite sizes, was brought about by the armed forces' conducting an exhaustive study during World War II to design uniforms for WAVES, WAC's and SPARS.

Fabric is wheeled to manufacturer as finished clothes start for stores.

Balenciaga details, raglan sleeves and scallops, show up in these copies: raincoat lined in nutria by Marquise ($525), scallop suit ($90) and camel coat ($139) at Ohrbach's; scallop by Puritan ($14.98).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One buyer's face silently announces, "It won't sell," at Junior Sophisticate show.

"PIRACY IS LIKE ROBIN HOOD—TAKING FROM THE HIGH-FASHION RICH TO GIVE TO THE POOR."

Broadly speaking, there are three categories on the avenue. The couturiers, who line the upper reaches of Seventh Avenue, are the tailors of high-fashion dresses ranging in price from $125 to $2,000. The mass-production houses, with offices on Broadway, are known as the "cookie cutters." "Chinatowners," located at the lower end of the district, are the manufacturers of cheap apparel.

In Chinatown—where Chinese have never been employed—the working conditions are more congested, the cigar smoke is heavier and everything is a little shabbier. The cramped showrooms are frequently covered with grimy linoleum, their walls with smudged hospital-green paint, their chairs with garish, sometimes torn, synthetic fabrics.

Despite the general shabbiness of his surroundings, however, the Chinatowner is a more carefree individual than his uptown counterpart. He is less plagued with uncertainty, less anxiety-ridden, and with good reason. It usually takes two years for a high-fashion trend to trickle down to the bargain basements. Consequently, the Chinatowner can afford to wait for a high-fashion style to prove itself in the marketplace before copying it.

But Chinatown has its own unique, self-generated anxieties. It creates the low-fashion fads that frequently sweep the country, then has to weather them. Last year's great "Liz Taylor look" debacle is a case in point. Following her highly publicized throat operation, Miss Taylor reappeared in public in a ruffled blouse with a high neckline, designed to hide her surgical scar. Chinatown's blouse manufacturers quickly copied it, to retail at prices from $5.98 to $1.98. Possibly because its ruffles exaggerated the bosom line, the blouse caught on, and sold in the hundreds of thousands.

Then, recalls Gil Christian, a buyer for the Independent Retailers Syndicate, "The bubble burst. In mid-April, it was like between 11:00 and 11:01 one morning, every girl in the country suddenly decided to stop buying the blouse. From that moment on you couldn't give it away. Why? All I know is, a lot of Chinatowners were caught with so much stock on hand that all of their profits were wiped out, and a couple of houses even had to go out of business."

Farther uptown, in the paneled executive suites of the affluent cookie cutters, the mass-production giants are beginning to use modern merchandising techniques to avoid such catastrophes. They are hiring cost-control experts and conducting market surveys. At least one firm, Jonathan Logan, Inc., computes the daily market demand with the aid of a Univac.

These, too, are the firms—35—that have recently "gone public"; i.e. sold shares on the nation's stock exchange to raise capital for even greater expansion. The giant among giants is Jonathan Logan, a firm which grossed $82 million last year and recently purchased R & K Originals to become the first garment manufacturer to top the $100 million mark in sales. Among the other giants are Puritan Fashions Corporation (which boasts of selling 400,000 copies of a single dress), Bobbie Brooks, Leslie Fay, Originala, Russ Togs, Devonbrook, and L'Aiglon. All of them are convinced that they are trend setters, and that mass production is the avenue's inevitable wave of the future.

The couturiers who nourish the industry's Robin Hoods are almost all clustered together in just three buildings, 550, 530 and 498 Seventh Avenue. Here can be found Norell, Sarmi, Trigère, Scaasi, Mollie Parnis, Arthur Jablow, and some 25 other high-fashion houses. And although they account for only $75 million of the avenue's annual revenue of four billion, they produce 90 percent of its news. To the fashion press, 550, 530 and 498 *are* the garment district.

In these buildings, too, outright piracy is the exception rather than the rule. For as Norman Norell says, "A few of the couture houses descend to copying. But the top ones don't, that I'd swear. It's true of course, as Dior said, that even the best of us influence each other. But outright copying, no. It's a matter of pride, if nothing else."

A contrived elegance characterizes the showrooms that dominate the three couture buildings. Gold-leaf trim, wall-to-wall carpeting and floor-to-ceiling mirrors prevail, and everything is done in neutral tones against which a dress of any color can be displayed. Even the pencils supplied to the buyers are an inoffensive white or gray. These are the rooms into which thousands of out-of-town buyers swarm, three times each year, to learn what the new look will be for the coming season.

These buyers decide the fate of a collection. A few are men, the vast majority are women, and they come in large, small, stout, petite, misses and junior sizes. They are deafeningly vocal among themselves, yet with an order blank in front of them their vocabulary often shrinks to just 11 words, "How much will you come down if I take another dozen?"

In a showroom, buyers of all sizes and shapes will be jammed together on little gilt chairs. Fans are sometimes distributed as the air fills with cigarette smoke dense enough to choke a back-room politician. The designer is usually offstage; with an investment of perhaps $200,000 riding on his shoulders, he may be in a back room trying to quiet his nervous stomach with a Bloody Mary. But a commentator's voice drones on, describing each dress that the models parade; "This is No. 502, a lithesome silk seen through amber-tone glasses. It packs like a hankie, just won't let you be a stay-at-home." Not all of the dresses shown go into production. Those the buyers ignore are discarded.

The models are usually thin, flat-chested, with wide shoulders, long legs and no hips—it seems that the trade's best minds have ordained that a hipless, breastless configuration best reveals the fine points of a garment designed to be worn by women with hips and breasts. In season, models are booked for as many as six to eight showings a day, which seldom allows them enough time between shows to get into their street clothes. "It makes the going pretty hectic," says Gillis McGill, one of the avenue's top models and also head of her own business, the Mannequin Agency. "You're forced to rush half nude from showroom to showroom carrying your own dress in a tote bag along with your lunch. Maybe you can understand why some of us are a lot less interested in clothes than might be assumed."

The cheap, sexually promiscuous Seventh Avenue model of fiction and gossip is a thing of the past. Grinning broadly, Miss McGill says, "We've got the boys tamed. Lord, you don't even hear of bottom-pinching anymore." Moreover, the records of Miss McGill's agency, and those of its competitor, the Model Service agency, show that a high percentage of today's models are married, many of them mothers, even more working to help husbands through college.

The changed quality of the avenue's models may well reflect the change taking place in their employers. The stereotype of the boorish garment manufacturer with his flashy clothes and jewelry, his fat cigar, and his year-round sun-lamp tan is rapidly disappearing. In his place you find, in the main, men as conservatively dressed as Wall Street executives, sharing many of their interests. They have succumbed to golf and cabin cruisers, learned to read books, begun to collect French Impressionist paintings.

Yet in at least one respect the avenue's merchant princes refuse to change. They still cling to the business code born of the early days in the sweatshops on the lower East Side, when a man had to fight with no holds barred just to exist. In other words, anyone is free to finagle to the best of his ability. If you order 84 gross of four-cent buttons from one salesman, for example, you can still place the same order with a salesman who shows up later with the same button for only three cents. You then reject the first order on the grounds that the buttons fail to meet the color specifications you laid down. There is no ethical question involved. It is just arithmetic. You save $120.96.

Or, as was classically demonstrated by the late Maurice Rentner, founder of the firm still bearing his name, no holds barred means that you are forever free to outwit buyers. Buyers from two highly competitive Boston stores, Filene's and Jordan Marsh, once attended a showing of his line, then failed to place orders. This hurt Rentner's feelings; he was proud of his line. So he sent a large shipment of dresses to each store, after carefully seeing to it that Filene's bill was inserted in the Jordan Marsh shipment, the Jordan Marsh bill in the Filene shipment. In return he got a check from both stores. As he had anticipated, the reaction of both buyers had been, "Ha, we've got our hands on something our competitor wants. Let's keep it."

In broader terms, the avenue's no-holds-barred philosophy means protecting that style piracy is the cancer of the industry while refusing to do anything about it, even though an excellent opportunity now presents itself. Last year the senate passed a style-piracy bill that would give 10 years protection to any "ornamental design of a useful article." The bill is now in the House of Representatives' committee on the judiciary, for consideration and public hearings. But Seventh Avenue has given it little support.

Commenting on this lack of support, John Fairchild, publisher of *Women's Wear Daily*, says, "The situation is all too obvious. The very, very few people who set the fashions in this country are the only ones concerned about piracy and, it follows, the only ones willing to fight it."

The industry doesn't want the knock-off outlawed. "I'm an individualist," says Anthony Blotta, president of one of the most distinguished firms and a continual victim of piracy, "and I don't want anyone telling me what I can do."

If rags to riches is still the American dream, it seems obvious that the rag business offers an opportunity to make this dream come true. But as one elderly dress cutter in a West 38th Street loft put it, "It's a very nervous industry. Seventh Avenue is where overnight a guy with only a bagel and a quarter has an item get hot and suddenly becomes a big enterprise, while a guy who's tremendous suddenly becomes a nothing. With dresses you can drop a bundle in no time at all, or maybe produce a very quick dollar. The avenue is always blood, sweat and tears, with a little polite piracy and maybe sometimes a laugh. For a fast-moving young man with no bashfulness, the rag business is his oyster. Me, I'm a creeper. For my family's sake, no names. For a creeper, it's an ulcer." THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
July 2, 1921
"3-minute" men
About three minutes' preparation, and the biggest part of your meal is ready to eat—the best part too. Quickly prepared, delightful, wholesome, this splendid food is a favorite in the modern household.
Campbell's Tomato Soup
A puree of luscious red-ripe tomatoes fresh from the vines, daintily prepared in Campbell's famous kitchens, with choice creamery butter, granulated sugar and other savory ingredients. There are many tempting ways to serve it. Order a good supply and keep it handy.
12 cents a can
Campbell's
CONDENSED
TOMATO SOUP
This ad appeared 42 years ago...
Campbell's
CONDENSED
TOMATO SOUP

Have you checked the price of Campbell's Tomato Soup lately?

Anyone that goes to the store or pays the bills knows what's happened to prices over the years. That's why we thought you might be interested in this advertisement that ran for Campbell's Tomato Soup on July 2, 1921.

It shows that the price was 12¢ a can. If you have a grocery store advertisement handy—or if your memory is really good, we think you'll be mildly amazed to find that this is just about the same price you pay today . . . same size can, of course.

The same kind of price story—though in varying degree—can be told about the other Campbell's Soups.

Of course, we can't take all the credit. The happy reason that Campbell's has been able to buck the tide of rising prices is partly you, partly the grocer and farmer, and partly us. You, because there are so many more of you these days, and because you seem to like our soups more and more as time goes on. And it's the grocer and farmer, of course, because each has become increasingly efficient . . . the farmer in producing, and the grocer in serving you.

As for us, we just naturally like to make soup. We like to make it as good as we can and bring it to you for as little as we can. And we find ways to do this better as we go along.

This seems like a good time to tell you that we find this a very pleasant relationship, indeed—and we thank you.

CAMPBELL'S
SWANSON
V-8
FRANCO-AMERICAN
RED KETTLE
BOUNTY

. . . all made by Campbell

"We blend the best with careful pains
In skillful combination,
And every single can contains
Our business reputation"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Engineered better...backed better than

MOVE UP TO CHRYSLER '64

The '64 Chryslers are here. We say "Chryslers" because there are three of them; the luxurious New Yorker; sports-bred 300; and the surprisingly easy-to-own Newport.

Clean. Crisp. Handsome. Bold but not brassy. Engineered by men who have accounted for more "firsts" than any automobile makers. So well built the vital moving parts are warranted for 5 years or 50,000 miles. (Details below.)

The '64 Chryslers are full of news: There's an optional steering wheel you can adjust to seven different positions. Bucket seats are standard on 300 models (the passenger's reclines). V-8 engines range from 361 cubic inches to a huge 413.

Inside there's real luxury: sill-to-sill carpeting; padded dash; foam rubber seat cushions; trip odometer; magnificent fabrics.

See your Chrysler Dealer today. Move up to Chrysler '64.

5-Year—50,000-Mile Warranty. *Chrysler Corporation warrants, for 5 years or 50,000 miles, whichever comes first, against defects in materials and workmanship and will replace or repair at a Chrysler Motors Corporation Authorized Dealer's place of business, the engine block, head and internal parts, intake manifold, water pump, transmission case and internal parts (excluding manual clutch), torque converter, drive shaft, universal joints, rear axle and differential, and rear wheel bearings of its 1964 automobiles, provided the owner has the engine oil changed every 3 months or 4,000 miles, whichever comes first, the oil filter replaced every second oil change and the carburetor air filter cleaned every 6 months and replaced every 2 years, and every 6 months furnishes to such a dealer evidence of performance of the required service, and requests the dealer to certify (1) receipt of such evidence and (2) the car's then current mileage.*

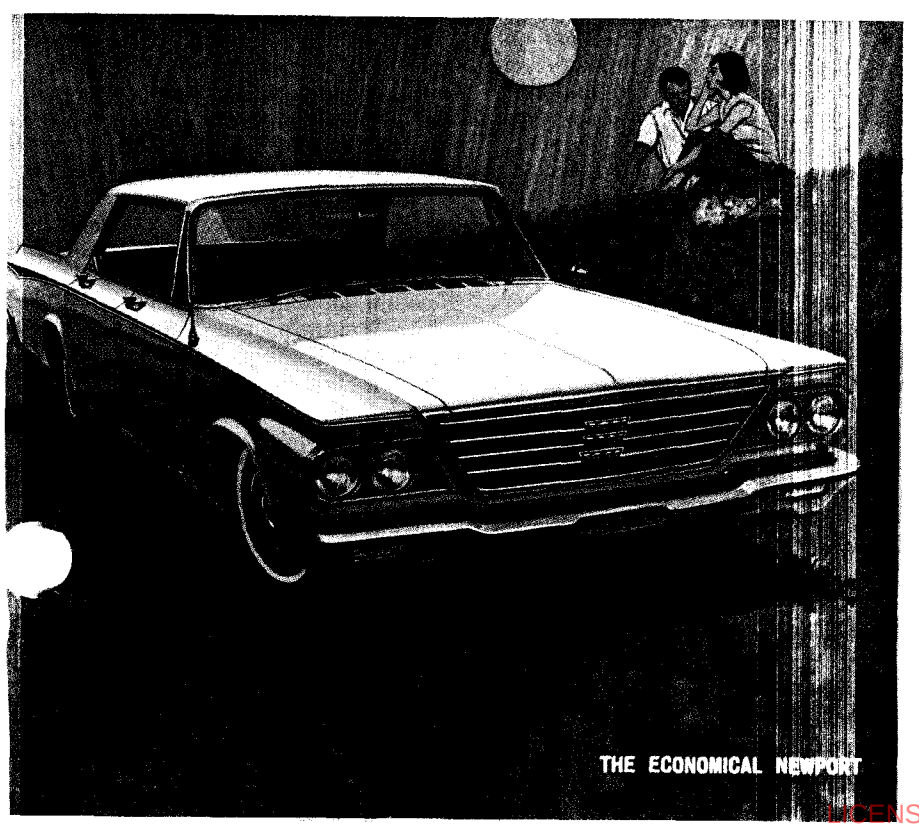
BE SURE TO WATCH "THE BOB HOPE SHOW," NBC-TV, FRIDAYS, 8:30 PM EST

CHRYSLER DIVISION CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

...in its class

THE LUXURIOUS NEW YORKER



THE ECONOMICAL NEWPORT

THE SPORTS-BRED 300

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By RICHARD H. ROVERE

"THE WORLD IS IN HIS DEBT"

As 111 nations gather to find ways of keeping the peace, the international spotlight turns on a quiet little Burmese who skillfully fills "the world's most impossible job."

It has often been said that there is something about the American Presidency which makes a good man better, bringing out qualities of mind and character that had not previously been observed. Something of the same sort evidently can be said about the office of Secretary-General of the United Nations. It is entirely possible that no man of tested strength and established wisdom could obtain the office at all, that no such man could satisfy the West, the Communist bloc and the "unaligned" powers. Yet the very circumstances that deny the investiture of greatness in office demand greatness of the occupant. And the world has been fortunate, over the past 18 years, in finding three men sufficiently lackluster to be elected and sufficiently endowed to meet the requirements of office.

Trygve Lie, who held the post from 1946 until 1953, seemed little more than a moderately skillful Norwegian bureaucrat until the Korean War proved him to be a figure of enormous strength, energy and dignity. The Soviet Union, enraged by his leadership of the U.N.'s first great test of purpose, set out to destroy him. When the war in Korea had been liquidated, Lie was succeeded by Dag Hammarskjöld, a seemingly withdrawn and frail-spirited man, who had to face not only a challenge to his courage but tests of improvisation and ingenuity. He did not meet them to everyone's satisfaction. No one, however, denied his greatness when he died.

U Thant, the Burmese teacher, journalist and civil servant who succeeded Hammarskjöld in 1961, was, like his two predecessors, a dim and politically shapeless figure. Today he remains little known, a compact man of 54 with fine, regular features, generally composed in a grave, almost melancholy fashion. His speech—English is the only European language he knows—is cautiously dry and unstressed; to get any sense of emphasis one must look to the movements of the cigarette that is almost always in his hand. What he says is usually a platitude of mid-20th-century internationalism and social liberalism. Yet this placid Burmese has already won the admiration of the critics and skeptics who thought no one could replace Dag Hammarskjöld. "If there are reasons for optimism, as indeed I think there are," Adlai Stevenson has said, "two of the reasons are the Secretary-General's intelligence and his integrity." The President of the United States has said that U Thant "has put the world deeply in his debt."

This week the organization which U Thant heads is reconvening for its 18th annual assembly. The meetings will not, probably, be as stormy as some in the past. There will be fewer tirades by American and Soviet delegates than there were at the height of the Cold War. There will, however, be something more than a seasonable chill in the air—and some quite chilling prospects. Thirty-three African members, with plenty of support from the Communists and from Asia and Latin America, consider the U.N.'s principal task this year to be the smashing of Portuguese rule in Angola and Mozambique and a crusade against apartheid in the Union of South Africa.

'Tough,' but no bite

Scarcely anyone but the Portuguese and the South African whites cares to uphold either Portuguese colonialism or South African racism, and the United States has already cast its lot with the Africans on the principle of the thing. But if a serious effort is made to expel the offending governments, as now seems likely, we and our allies will resist it—on the ground that no good will come of it. One can already hear Adlai Stevenson pleading that nations must face reality and carry on a dialogue with the powers of darkness. After much talk, no doubt, a "tough" resolution will be passed with American support, but it will turn out, upon examination, to be lacking in bite, to change nothing.

The real problem of the U.N. in this period of its history is not political but financial. The organization is on the brink of bankruptcy. Its operations in the Congo and on the Arab-Israeli frontier have helped put it $181 million into debt, largely because the Soviet bloc, the French and a number of poor nations refuse to pay their assessed share of the costs. Late this year or early next year the U.N. will pull its forces out of the Congo—not because its mission will have been accomplished but because the funds and the credit will have been exhausted. The Congo may or may not survive the withdrawal. If the federation holds together, the U.N. will deserve and probably get much credit, but the credit will not be of the kind that it needs just now. It needs credits that will pay for arms and airlifts. If a crisis of the first magnitude should arise in the next few months—that is to say, one similar to that which erupted in the Congo three years ago—the U.N. would be unable to respond. In Geneva last month, U Thant announced that he could "neither initiate nor support program proposals involving additions, however modest, to existing levels of expenditures."

Things could, to be sure, be bleaker. The delegates may take a certain amount of comfort from Nikita Khrushchev's recent proposal that the 20th session of the General Assembly, scheduled for 1965, be made the occasion for a spectacular celebration, to be attended by the chiefs of state or heads of government of all the member nations—111 by the latest count. The proposal has its depressing aspects for diplomats (as well as its downright appalling ones for members of the New York police force). Wise men may hope that nothing ever comes of it, as in all probability nothing ever will. Terrible landslides could be caused by a hundred chiefs of state clambering to the summit all at once. But there is good news in the fact that the proposal has been made by Chairman Khrushchev, who as recently as early summer threatened to walk out of the organization if it kept hounding him with bills for its missions in the Congo and the Middle East, and who threatened three years ago to decapitate the U.N. by forcing the Secretary-General to give way to a trio of secretaries. For the moment, anyway, Khrushchev is keeping his shoes on and behaving like a satisfied member—though remaining heavily in arrears. His proposal seems to be a way of saying he intends to stay on for at least another couple of years. Two years is a lot in the life of an international organization, and a 20th anniversary is an occasion for at least a modest celebration.

If years are a measure, 18 is itself a number with a certain magic to it. Consider the fact that 1963 is the 18th year of the cold, uneasy peace whose protection was sought in the 1945 accord at San Francisco, and consider that the corresponding year of the peace after World War I was 1936. In 1936 no one was proposing that the 20th anniversary of the League of Nations be celebrated with a gay global bash. In fact, some historians

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

During Cuban crisis U.N. served as a safety valve. Here Adlai Stevenson (at far side of circle) addresses Security Council.

hold that the Second World War actually got under way when Spain caught fire in 1936, which was also the year in which Hitler remilitarized the Rhineland and when Mussolini conquered Ethiopia. In this last affair the League of Nations revealed its total incompetence. It could do nothing except counsel economic sanctions against the aggressor, and its counseling went unheeded. The U.N. has not proved itself on the continent where the feebleness of the League was finally demonstrated. Before the year is out, the plastering job in the Congo may have cracked in a dozen places. But at the very least, the U.N. bought precious time in Africa. It saved the former Belgian colony from becoming a Cold War theater. It showed itself capable of carrying out—as long as revenues sustained it—a vigorous strategy for peace.

To say that the U.N. is more sturdily built than the League is, of course, to say rather little. The question now is what its value is in 1963. From an American point of view, the criterion of "value" is peculiarly relevant. Over the years very close to one third of the U.N.'s costs of operations has been met by the United States, and there have been times when our share has been larger than that. If the percentage seems high, the sums, really, are not. The U.N. bite on the American taxpayer's dollar is no more than a fraction of a penny, and the annual U.N. budget is smaller than the annual budgets of the state of Wyoming, the city of Toledo, or Harvard University. But this is a case in which the percentages are important. It is not a healthy thing, either for the United States or for the U.N., that this country bear so disproportionate a share of the costs. That share, moreover, is likely to increase before it diminishes. If the U.N. is to be made once more capable of useful interventions, there will have to be, for a while at least, still larger American subsidies—if not directly to the U.N. itself, then indirectly through our paying for some of the smaller, poorer nations.

In the center of power

An American balance sheet on the U.N. drawn up in the fall of 1963 should have separate entries on the executive and legislative branches—on U Thant's Secretariat, on the one hand, and on the Security Council and General Assembly on the other. Though the U.N. is not a government, it is designed like one; in theory the legislative branch proposes and the executive disposes. In practice, things are different. A strong and active Secretary-General can both propose and dispose, looking to the legislative bodies mainly for consent in the form of enabling resolutions. Without an effective and respected Secretary-General, the U.N. would be little more than a theater featuring ordeals by rhetoric. The real effectiveness of the U.N. depends very much on the small Burmese with the fastidious taste in dress and the fondness for cheroots. In his office on the top floor of the U.N. Secretariat building—Wallace Harrison's stunning slab on the East River in Manhattan, with a matchless view of the Sunshine Biscuits building and other monuments to the industrial prowess of Long Island City, Greenpoint and Astoria—U Thant maintains a manner that is unfailingly proper and reserved. He keeps his comment well within the framework of received ideas and diplomatic usage. His mind is clearly less prosaic than his speech. He keeps it well stocked by widespread reading, listening and observation.

U Thant holds office largely because of the accident of being an Asian and a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

First in Quality!

NUNN BUSH

ANKLE-FASHIONED SHOES

Superior Living Fit

Innovations in lasts and patterns, plus a whole series of extra operations, make Nunn-Bush Shoes *responsive* to foot action. Firm but gentle muscle girding comfort results. We call it *Ankle-Fashioning* . . . and we believe sincerely that it makes present-day Nunn-Bush Shoes better than anyone has ever made shoes before. Because the fit is better, style lasts longer!

ANKLE-FASHIONED
NOT ANKLE-FASHIONED

from $19.95 *to* $39.50

Edgerton Shoes from $12.95

UPPER: Style 1120 — Black Vicuna Grain. Gore Slip-On. Also in Brown. *LOWER:* Style 2147 — Dark Brown Antique Amall Grain. Also in Black. *Write for Catalog.* Nunn-Bush Shoe Company, Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin. Also made at 430 McGill St., Montreal, Quebec, Canada. Progreso 172 Mexico City 18, D. F. Mexico.

AGAINST BIAS, "A SENSE OF FAIR PLAY."

THE U.N. AND ITS LEADER

Burmese. After Dag Hammarskjöld's death, three delegates were considered qualified and available: Frederick Boland of Ireland, Mongi Slim of Tunisia and U Thant of Burma. The process of selection involved not a clash of ideologies but a clash of continents. The case against Boland was that he is a European. The Afro-Asians had the votes and felt that their turn had come. The Europeans and North Americans had a veto power, however, and they used it against Mongi Slim, an able man, but one too much identified with the Arab world in the Arab-Israeli conflict. U Thant was the least known of the three. In terms of experience he was perhaps the least qualified. He survived.

Thant is not only the first non-European to head the world organization; he is, in a sense, the first partisan. As Scandinavians, Lie and Hammarskjöld were, to be sure, Europeans, but it has been a long time since any Scandinavian country has had a vital interest on one side or another of any world problem except the maintenance of peace. U Thant cannot put aside his status as a statesman from a former colony. He is and must be the Afro-Asians' man. As Winston Churchill did not become the king's first minister to preside over the liquidation of the British Empire, this Burmese nationalist did not become the Secretary General of the U.N. in order to uphold Portuguese hegemony in Angola. Asked recently if he thought a man could strip himself of bias (see interview on page 42), he said that he felt that "a sense of fair play and a devotion to duty can be a salutary antidote to any intolerant attitude." One man's "intolerant attitude," however, may be another man's truth, or justice, or pure reason.

In fact, though, the United States and many of its European allies have adopted as their own truth and justice most of the Afro-Asian outlook for which Thant speaks, and he shares, in general, the western views of the function of the U.N. In the period of the Afro-Asian emergence, it would be hard to picture a man better qualified by background and temperament to serve the U.N. He is more characteristically Asian than most of the Asian leaders of the day. Nehru and Krishna Menon, Chiang Kai-shek and Mao Tse-tung are products of experience and education and ideology that are largely alien to their own cultures. Within their cultures they have, throughout most of their lives, been part of an élite distant from the masses. U Thant, unlike so many of his contemporaries, did not go to Europe for his education—though it may be assumed that his schooling in his native Pantanaw and at the University of Rangoon was highly influenced by European teaching. He belonged to no glamorous élite, and until a decade ago he was exclusively concerned with the internal problems of his country, most notably education and communications. He led no mass movements and promoted no global gospels. He held such lackluster offices as secretary for projects in the office of the prime minister, executive secretary of the Economic and Social Board, director of broadcasting, and secretary of the Ministry of Information. It was only in 1957 that he became Burma's *permanent* delegate to the U.N.

Bureaucratic experience may wither a man and strip him of all but the narrowest of ideals. Those who are not diminished by it, however, may grow in suppleness and in a hard-won sense of the possibilities and limitations of life. U Thant is a Buddhist, which means, among other things, that he adheres to a view of the world which leaves ample room for skepticism, for hospitality to doctrines of diversity, and for pragmatic improvisation. From the point of view of Americans like John F. Kennedy and Adlai Stevenson, Thant's outlook is probably easier to grasp than was that of Dag Hammarskjöld. Unlike Hammarskjöld, whose intelligence was moral and literary, U Thant's mind is essentially political, and his instincts are sure and shrewd.

A stake in survival

He can address an American audience in language that Hammarskjöld would almost certainly never have used. "The United Nations to me," he said at Johns Hopkins University a few months back, "does not represent a vague ideal of universal peace and brotherhood, which has its appeal only to idealists and moralists. Far from it. It is the enlightened self-interest and the stake that all humanity has in peace and progress, and, most important of all, in survival, that dictates the need for a United Nations as a practical, institutional embodiment of the needs of nations (and) as an organ for pragmatic executive action on behalf of the world community."

From the current American view of the world and of the U.N., U Thant's position is merely axiomatic. All of the last three American governments have seen the U.N. as an instrument of clear but limited value to us in the major diplomatic conflicts of the last 18 years. By what seemed an almost providential stroke of luck—the walkout of the Russians from the Security Council in the winter of 1950—the U.N. made the resistance to Communist aggression in Korea an international undertaking. It was the first and last time the organization was of any particular value to us—or, for that matter, to our antagonists—in the Cold War. In such theaters as Berlin, Hungary, Cuba, Laos, and South Vietnam, the U.N. has served virtually no useful purpose. The mere existence of the U.N., however, is of immense importance: Even in times when it is revealed that sanity cannot govern, it stands as a symbol of the need for sanity in human affairs. U Thant, whatever his shortcomings, is a splendid manifestation of that symbol. THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lucky Strike separates the men from the boys...

but not from the girls.

CIGARETTES

Smoking is a pleasure meant for adults. And Lucky Strike's fine tobaccos are blended for adult tastes. If you're an adult smoker, remember: L.S./M.F.T.—Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Get all the taste you could ask for. Ask for Lucky Strike.

©A. T. Co. Product of *The American Tobacco Company* — "Tobacco is our middle name"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

U THANT SPEAKS HIS MIND

In his first exclusive interview, the Secretary-General supplies his answers to questions ranging from a personal triumph to the state of the cold war.

By DAVID SURECK

Q. What do you foresee for the future of East-West relations?

A: I am optimistic about the future, which does not mean that I believe that the easing of tension in an ultimate climate of understanding and harmony can be achieved either easily or swiftly.

The world political climate is more relaxed and favorable than it has been in many years. . . . To further improve this climate which is conducive to fruitful negotiation is a responsibility that falls upon every nation in the world and particularly, of course, upon the two major world powers. In this respect, the United Nations can make a positive contribution.

Q: What do you say to skeptics who argue that the United Nations is pie in the sky—that there always has been and there always will be war?

A: Most ancient societies had as their economic bedrock the institution of slavery, and if most of their prominent statesmen had been interviewed at the time, they would probably have said that they could conceive of no organized society without slavery, and that there would always be slavery. Today, as we know, this despicable institution has been almost completely eradicated, and the civilized world is on record against it through the United Nations Declaration of Human Rights. Similarly, religious wars raged for several centuries in Europe, leaving in their wake what appeared to be insurmountable barriers of bitterness and hostility. Most religious and political leaders of those times, if interviewed, would probably have said that there would always be religious conflicts unless their own religion came to dominate the world. . . . Just as mankind was able to eliminate, through the centuries, the blight of slavery and of religious persecution, likewise the scourge of war can be eliminated. Such an old aspiration of men has now become of a deadly urgency in view of the cataclysmic nature of thermonuclear war. For this we need a dynamic and effective United Nations. In this sense, I would subscribe to the saying: If the United Nations did not exist, it would have to be invented.

Q: What is the single most important cause of world tension?

A: I do not believe it is possible to speak of one single most important cause of tension in the world of today. I am, of course, aware that there are those who speak of the Cold War, or more narrowly of the antagonisms between the United States and the Soviet Union.

In my view, existing tensions of a political nature cannot be thus oversimplified; one should rather think in terms of different aspects of political tension not only between the two giants but broadly between the two blocs which they lead. Indeed, it should be added that within both the western and Communist blocs there are tensions among some of their members which seem to have been somewhat exacerbated in recent months, and this renders the picture even more complex in the political field.

In my opinion, world tensions today cannot be ascribed solely to political and ideological differences. I consider that in the economic field a situation has been developing which is perhaps even more fraught with danger—namely, the widening gap between the industrialized nations and the developing countries of Asia, Africa and Latin America. I consider this widening gap in economic progress and prosperity between the wealthy and the poor nations as more dangerous and ultimately more explosive than political or ideological differences.

Q: You stated recently that the West does not understand the thaw in the political climate of the Soviet Union. Would you amplify?

A: There has been accumulating evidence that the Soviet Union not only does not want war but wishes to have the entire concept of the inevitability of war between the capitalist and socialist systems eliminated from their current political thought. The Soviet Union has been moving toward the realization of the compulsive need for coexistence—competitive coexistence, it may be, but coexistence, nevertheless.

Q: What special significance do you attach to the United Nations action in the Congo?

A: The United Nations experience in the Congo has demonstrated the ability of the United Nations, on short notice, to provide quickly a substantial armed force, and to use that force in carrying out mandates defined by United Nations organs responsibly, effectively and with restraint.

Q: A good deal of misunderstanding exists about the purpose of the United Nations. Some Americans claim that the U.N. is part of a "Communist conspiracy," while extremists in the Soviet Union refer to the U.N. as a "tool of western imperialism." How does one dispel the confusion about what the U.N. is, and what it is not; what it can do, and what it cannot do?

A: Much of the misunderstanding about the United Nations arises from the concept, in the minds of most people, of the United Nations as an entity outside of, and different from, its constituent members. This, of course, is a misconception. The United Nations is not only the Secretariat or any of its other organs—it is primarily these 111 member governments. The United Nations thus reflects the differences and divisions in the world today. If it is deemed imperfect in one sense or another by the advocates of one or another line, it is because it mirrors the imperfections and diversity of the world around us.

Q: The first U.N. Secretary-General, Trygve Lie, has described your job as "the most impossible job in the world." What did you think about it on the day you were sworn in?

A: A feeling of humility and an overwhelming sense of responsibility, to which was added a dawning hope that the unanimous support which has so generously been accorded to me would make "the most impossible job in the world" a little less impossible.

Q: What has given you the greatest measure of satisfaction?

A: I can recall two moments of deep satisfaction. The first was when it became apparent that the United Nations, through the office of the Secretary-General, had played a useful role during the most crucial and dangerous days of the Caribbean crisis last October. The other, when the military phase of the United Nations operation in the Congo was brought to successful and almost bloodless conclusion with the end of secession in Katanga, so that the Congolese government and people, with the assistance of the United Nations and the bilateral cooperation offered to them by several governments, can now devote their energies to the development of their country. It may be added that the compromise solution of the West New Guinea crisis, with the United Nations acting as a temporary executive authority for the transfer of administration of that territory, was most gratifying to me.

Q: Your greatest disappointment? Ever despair?

A: I have never despaired and I sincerely hope I will have no reason to.

As to disappointment, it does not come in one big package but usually in small doses. These disappointments should be taken philosophically, since they are the inevitable companions of our daily work and our daily striving for positive solutions. They should also be met as a challenge to make us strive even harder for progress.

Q: Some people say it is impossible to be free of ideological ties or to be completely neutral. Is this true?

A: If a man of integrity joins the United Nations Secretariat . . . there can never be any basic contradiction between his convictions and the purposes and principles of the United Nations. If he has some prejudices, a sense of fair play and a devotion to duty can be a salutary antidote to any intolerant approach.

Q: Do you consider it fair that a small member state—such as Cyprus with half a million population or Togo with less than two million—should have the same vote in the U.N. as the U.S. with its 180 million?

A: The charter is based on the principle of the "equal rights" of "all nations large and small." . . . This is merely a restatement of the democratic principle of the equality of all citizens under a national constitution.

Q: As a former journalist, do you believe that the world press covers the U.N. adequately and honestly?

A: On the whole, it is not adequate. At times the coverage suffers from an overemphasis on the sensational and controversial aspects of the news. Conversely, not enough attention is given to the slow but genuine progress the world organization is able to make toward the peaceful solution of potentially dangero situations. And as to nonpolitical ne emanating from the United Nations a its family of specialized agencies, I feel that it is still regrettably inadequate and fails to give world opinion a day-to-day picture of the modest but effective assistance which the United Nations can give.

Q: What is your political credo?

A: I believe in democracy and in its institutions . . . based on free elections and the essential freedoms as outlined in the U.N. Declaration of Human Rights. I am aware, however, that there are millions in the world who adhere to other political credos and whose views should be taken into account and respected, as long as they are not in contradiction with the basic principles of the U.N. charter and the Declaration of Human Rights.

Q: Despite undersecretaries and advisers, there are certain decisions—momentous ones affecting the delicate balance of war or peace—that can be made only between the Secretary-General and his conscience. How do you and your conscience get along?

A: It is indeed true that, at times, the Secretary-General is utterly alone when faced with a decision that might affect the outcome of a serious political crisis. In a broader sense, however, he is not ever really alone. Beyond the undersecretaries and advisers on whom he relies, and the representatives of member governments with whom he exchanges views on various subjects, there is in the background an invisible presence which to him is very real and comforting: the yearning f peace and brotherhood of untold milli which increasingly expresses itself in t nonmeasurable but unmistakable existence of a world public opinion. THE END

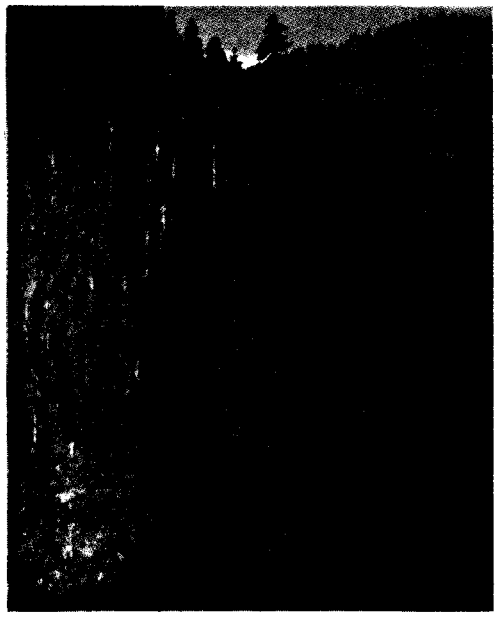
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

U Thant in a reflective mood: "At times the Secretary-General is utterly alone when faced with a decision that might affect the outcome of a crisis."

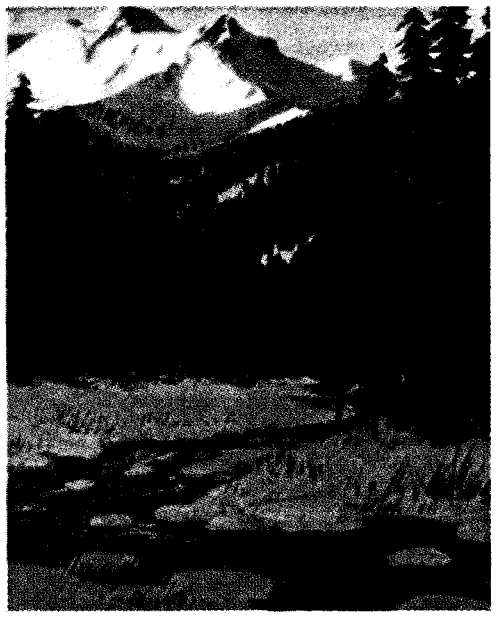
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Guide to the Weyerhaeuser Woods

Here is forestry at its best — tree farms where private industry grows timber like a crop. New growth equals or exceeds the harvest. Research finds the way to grow better trees tomorrow and re-seeding renews the forest, assuring a constant supply of wood, water, wildlife and recreational benefits forever.

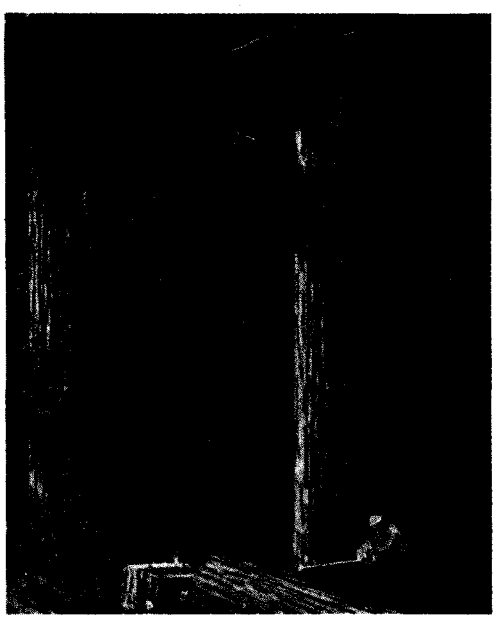


WEYERHAEUSER TREE FARM LAND is ideal for growing timber but has little or no other commercial value. Here, new trees follow the old in a never-ending cycle of growth and harvest.



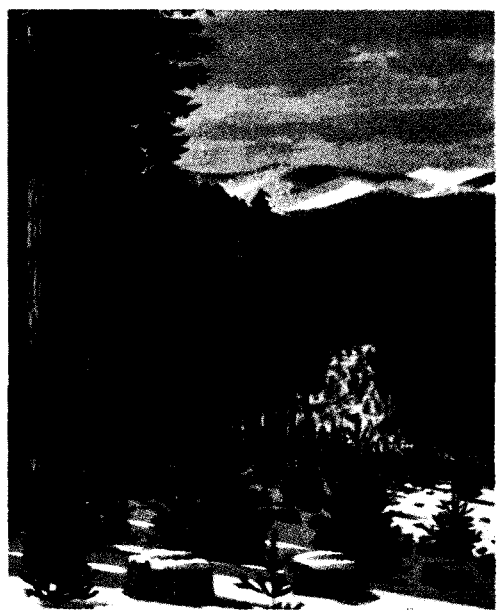
WELL-MANAGED FORESTS store up moisture from deep snows and frequent rain, then feed it naturally into the streams, lakes and reservoirs on which our water supply depends.

WILDLIFE THRIVES, finding forage in open, harvested areas and shelter in the forest, enriching the recreational value of lands managed under the multiple-use tree farm concept.



THE RATE OF NEW GROWTH on Weyerhaeuser lands determines the volume of harvest. This is sustained-yield forestry at work, providing constant renewal of a great natural resource.

PRIVATE INDUSTRY'S REFORESTATION programs include prompt reseeding of cut-over land by both artificial and natural methods, insuring a good start on fresh new growth.



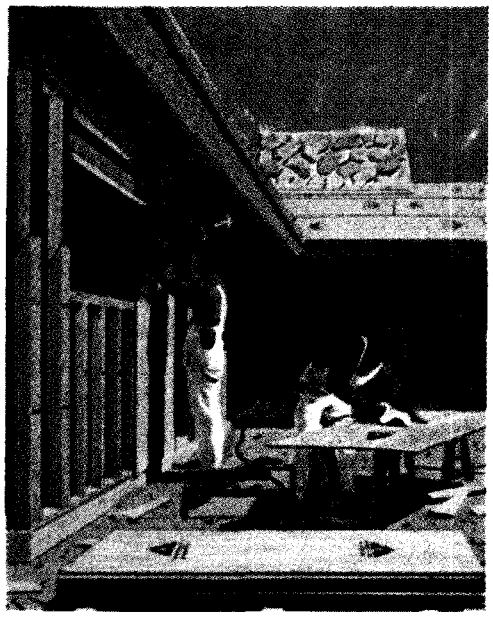
THE FORESTS OF TOMORROW reach commercial value in 40 to 80 years. Heavy investments are needed during this long growing period to protect them from fire, insects and disease.

For more information about Weyerhaeuser forestry programs and Weyerhaeuser products, write Box A, Tacoma 1, Washington

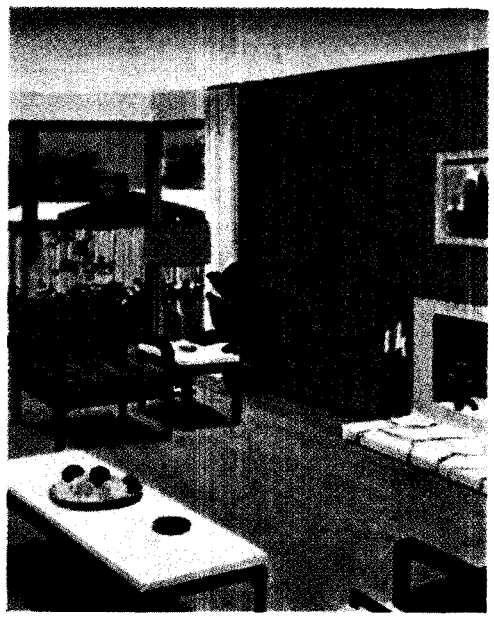
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Guide to Weyerhaeuser Products

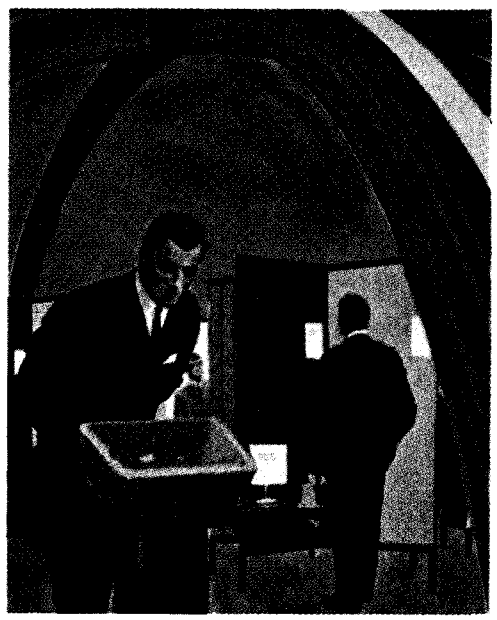
Good things come from wood. More than 5,000 different products. First rate building materials. All kinds of papers. Complex molded fiber shapes. Containers for everything. Weyerhaeuser's exacting quality control assures product excellence in them all, and research finds new uses for wood for a better life tomorrow.



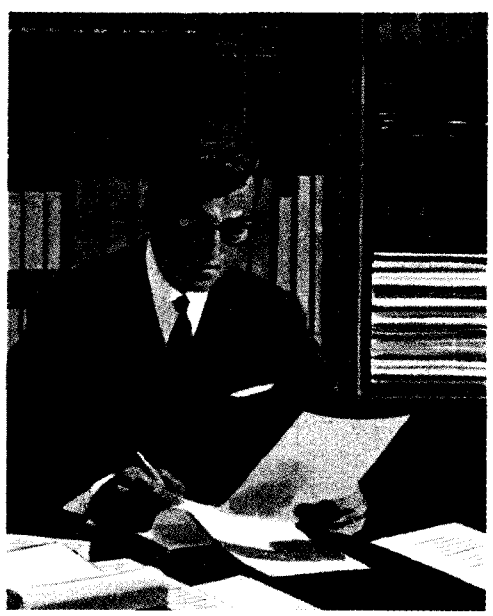
SCIENTIFIC KILN-DRYING of framing and finish lumber insures material that is square and true, adding hidden value to your home. Plywood structural panels help cut building costs.



THE HANDSOME GRAIN of fine hardwood is enhanced by deep, warm color tones in prefinished Craftwall and Forestglo paneling, adding a strong decorative element to any room setting.



WOOD GETS NEW, MAN-MADE DIMENSIONS in great laminated Rilco arches, in complex molded fiber shapes and in practical building panels made from wood particles and fibers.



PAPER, TOO, COMES FROM WOOD. Fine letterheads. Text, cover and other printing papers. Technical papers. Crocker Hamilton, a Weyerhaeuser subsidiary, supplies them all.

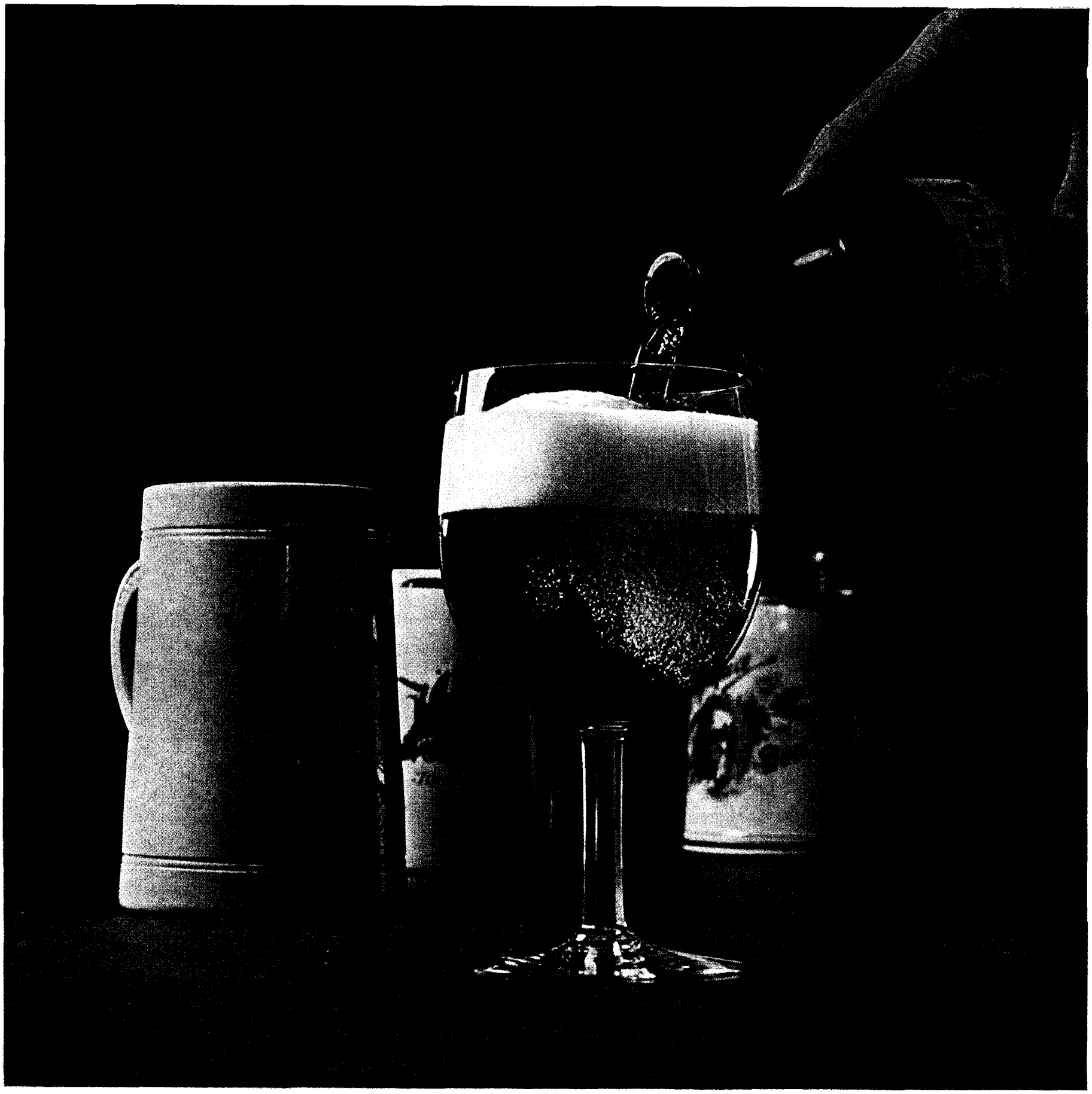
MANY THINGS COME FROM WOOD PULP—made in a variety of formulations. Paperboards for boxes. Cellophane. Pharmaceutical products. Even ingredients for toothpastes.

NEARLY EVERYTHING YOU EAT, use or wear comes to market in attractive containers made from wood pulp. Weyerhaeuser makes them by the millions in its plants across the country.

Symbol of quality in the world of wood

Weyerhaeuser

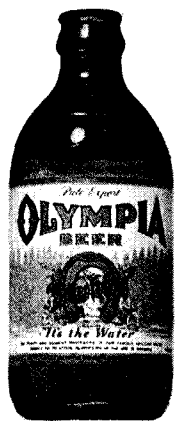
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



...and still, today, "*It's the Water*"

Around the turn of the century, as the popularity of Olympia Beer spread out from the little town of Tumwater, customers would ask what gave the beer such distinctive good taste. The answer, of course, was that the rare water from our deep artesian wells enabled us to capture the most elusive and satisfying flavor from choice hops and grains. In 1902, we placed the answer on every label in this simple form: *"It's the Water."*

Each year many new western friends ask about the secret of Olympia's distinctive quality. The answer never changes. Today, as then, these three words sum up the refreshing story of Olympia's most priceless ingredient—a rare brewing water that flows cold and pure creates the famous good flavor of light Olympia Beer.

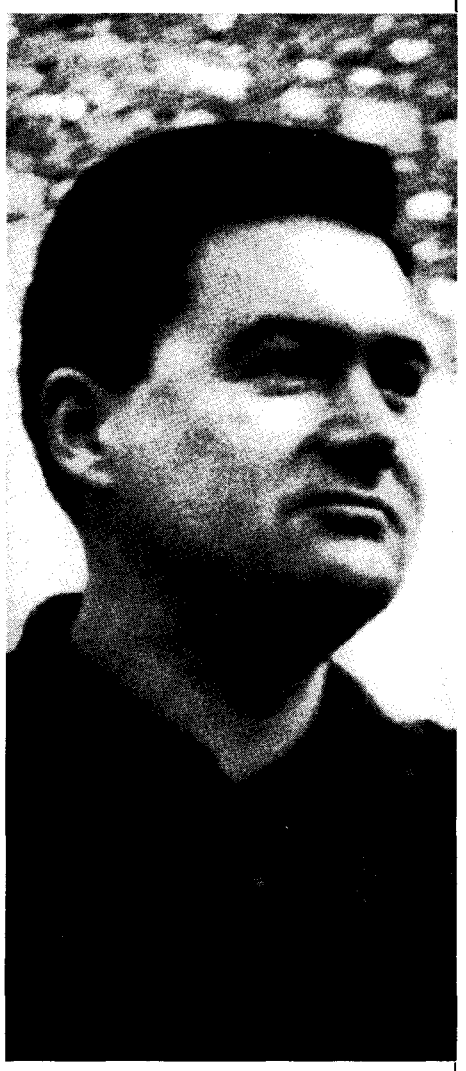


*Visitors are always welcome at the Olympia Brewing Company, Tumwater, near Olympia, Washington, 8:00 to 4:30 every day. *Oly *®*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A significant experience

By GWYN GRIFFIN



"Have you ever read a novel by Gwyn Griffin? If not, you have missed an unusual reading experience unlike any to be encountered in the works of other contemporary writers." *New York Times* critic Orville Prescott thus greeted the publication of Gwyn Griffin's preceding book, *Freedom Observed*. In *A Significant Experience*, surely the most gripping book by a European author since *The Bridge Over the River Kwai*, Griffin reaches a new pinnacle of subtle characterization and nightmare suspense. This is a story of evil unleashed within a deceptively calm and ordered society. The time is World War II, the setting a military barracks in Egypt. A young, bewildered cadet is to be punished for a minor infraction. As tension mounts to an almost unbearable pitch, the dark meaning of the punishment chosen and of the forces compelling the cadet's tormentors emerges with brutal clarity. "It will linger long in your memory," writes John Barkham in an advance review of *A Significant Experience*. "This is masterly narration, make no mistake about it. . . . It is surely a classic."

Well acquainted with military life, Gwyn Griffin served as an officer of the British African Colonial troops from 1941 to 1945. He has traveled extensively on the African continent and has lived in Australia and the Canary Islands. Griffin and his wife now live in Rome. His four previous novels—*By the North Gate*, *Something of an Achievement*, *Master of This Vessel* and *Freedom Observed*—have earned him immense critical and popular acclaim. He frequently has been compared with Conrad, Maugham, D. H. Lawrence, and Graham Greene. "As a storyteller he has few peers in the world today," sums up critic Victor Paul Haas. *The Post* is proud to offer its readers this brilliant author's memorable new novella. *A Significant Experience* is being published as a book next week by Holt, Rinehart and Winston.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The cadet was an upstart, an outsider. But as the staff major sa

"One of the most ardent pursuits of man is finding excuses to persecute other people." —Laurie Lee

Summer—full Egyptian summer—curved its bright bowl of shining speckless blue over the great barracks which lay embedded in the dusty sprawling city, a huge cancerous red sore in the body of a laughing beggar. The sun, blazing out of the noonday sky, struck back in a pale glare of light from the white parade ground, reflecting heat waves which shimmered an aqueous haze over the hard surface. At one side of the square a squad of drill instructors, all sergeants, was going through its paces under the harsh barks and yelps of the chief drillmaster, a brigade sergeant major of cavalry; they turned, stamped, wheeled as one man—a pale khaki ballet mimicking in stylized dance the formal eighteenth-century movements of war.

From the third-story window of his empty classroom Major Seligman watched them for a moment, fascinated as ever by their robotlike precision, and then, turning back to the sand table, he began to arrange the counters for this evening's exercise. He limped carefully round the table, aware that his leg was hurting him more than usual, the iron brace under his cherry-colored trousers itching and rubbing below the knee. Tanks on the forward slopes where they masked the fire of their own batteries (he would see the doctor this evening, or perhaps even after lunch if he was available); L Company trapped between a minefield, green counters and an exposed ridge (though probably he would only be given those pills again and they hardly helped at all, particularly at night); two platoons of M Company pinned down by enfilading fire from the right. Enemy armor, red counters, swinging round to the left in an attempt to outflank the entire position. That was sufficient to start with. On the blackboard he wrote: *What would you do if* (*a*) *You commanded the I tanks or* (*b*) *L Company or* (*c*) *Forward platoon M Company?*

"I know what *I'd* do, all right!" he muttered to himself as he put down the chalk and dusted his fingers. "I'd get to hell out of it—and double quick too!" But this evening when the cadets crowded round the table studying the layout, that was the one solution which none of them would dare suggest; they knew well enough that they could always achieve good marks by saying that they would attack. They were all sand-table heroes. Not that Seligman believed them when they immolated their hypothetical platoons in this way, but he had to pretend to. Continual pretenses on both sides—a rather nauseating game of make-believe in which the class simulated fervent courage and self-sacrifice over the colored counters in order to satisfy their instructors that despite a lack of more formal qualifications they were fit for officers' commissions. But, "God preserve me from ever having to go into action with any of my lot!" Lutwyche, one of the company commanders, had said contemptuously.

Seligman had agreed. It was difficult to feel any liking for the cadets, far too many of whom were rendered servile by their probationary status and the rigid discipline of the training school. Their protestations of heroism were a price they were expected to pay, but the coin was false. Casting a last glance over the completed sand table the major sighed, picked up his cap and stick, and limped from the room.

Heat, dust and the great multiwindowed walls of the old red-painted, vermin-infested barracks towering up on every side—a thousand men lived, ate, worked and slept here, the great majority between the ages of twenty-five and thirty, in conditions at once claustrophobic, tense, unreal and fearful. Death hung in the air—bright, hot, brutal and very open. Death was taught and talked about and feigned continually in mock-ups and exercises and the panting, twisting routine of unarmed combat, judo, bayonet-and-gun-butt. From this place many would be sent to face death.

Seligman crossed a graveled courtyard and entered the officers' mess under the frown of Kitchener, whose portrait, in the uniform of sirdar of the Egyptian army, stared arrogantly across the hall at the inevitable colored picture of the king above the bar. Of the two, Seligman preferred the Kitchener photograph, for at least it was the only one; but George VI, sometimes alone, sometimes with wife and children, was ubiquitous, that blank, blue-eyed stare above the massively gilded and decorated collar of the full-dress uniform met one in offices, classrooms, stores and passages. George VI, *Rex et Imperator*, the Reigning Sovereign, Britannic Majesty, titular Commander-in-Chief—the man for whom, in a theory that was largely accepted as mythical but must nonetheless never be openly questioned, the thousand men in the barracks were sworn to fight and die.

There were two Guards officers in the bar when the major came in: Captain Lutwyche of N Company—a badly built, angular man with long blond hair, horn-rimmed spectacles and a small pouting mouth which was never still—and one of his platoon commanders, a dark, hot-faced young lieutenant named Hood. They were discussing their company as Seligman limped to the bar, and they remained unaware of his presence until he had eased himself, sighing, on to one of the tall leather-topped stools.

". . . that's what he'd get, of course, if this was Sandhurst. But as it isn't —— Good morning, sir! I didn't hear you come in. What can I offer you?"

"Hello, Lutwyche. Well, a beer, I suppose." Seligman took his cigarette case from his pocket, and at once young Hood pulled out a lighter. The junior Guards officers made a point of being particularly deferential to higher ranks in the cavalry—only elite regiments were expected to supply instructors for the training school—but it was a deference which was understood to conceal an aristocratic superiority, a sort of *noblesse oblige* which should never be taken at more than its face value. "By the way, Hood, this morning's report showed five of your platoon put on light duty. Or so the adjutant says. What have you been doing to them?"

Hood grinned. "Assault Course mostly, sir. They hate it."

"I can't say I blame them."

"Good thing. Toughens them up."

"Not if they have to be put on light duty afterward. Do they really hurt themselves?"

Hood shrugged. "Some do—occasionally. It's not supposed to be a fun fair, after all. And half the time it's their own bloody fault. They don't think. Take yesterday, for instance, going over the wall. They have to do it in threes, of course. That's all right if all three are much the same weight, but they never sort themselves out like that. Yesterday, White and Cobden, each of whom weighs over two hundred pounds, I should think, got hold of Van der Haar as third man. So Cobden heaves him up to White, who grabs him, and of course Van der Haar just flies over White's head and the whole thing's a shambles. They just don't use any bloody intelligence."

The major took a long drink of beer and sighed. "That's why Van der Haar's on light duty, then?"

Lutwyche said coldly, "He's malingering. There's nothing wrong with him that the doctor can find, but he says his back hurts. He's discovered that if you go to the M.I. room and see old Cross —— And listen, sir!"—the tall captain's face flushed angrily—"I was there this morning myself to—to see what had happened. Van der Haar was lying on the examination table on his stomach, reading an American comic. Cross was in the dispensary with the door open. When I came in, Van der Haar pretended not to see me. I waited a minute and then said, 'You get up and stand to attention when an officer comes into the room.' Cross heard me, I suppose, and shouted to Van der Haar, 'You stay where you are till I've looked at you!'"

"What did he do?"

"That's exactly what he said. 'What do I do now?' and started giggling."

Seligman laughed, but Hood cut in hotly. "That's typical behavior, what the captain's just said, but he's like that all the time. He doesn't know anything, and when he makes mistakes he just giggles. He—just because he's been sent here for special reasons and has never been in the ranks he thinks it doesn't matter! If this was Sandhurst he'd get a sharp dozen from his cadet officer. In fact, he'd have had them weeks ago. That's just what we were saying, sir, when you came in. If this was Sandhurst ——"

© 1963 by Gwyn Griffin

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Dogs, horses, boys—they're all the better for a taste of the whip."

A Significant Experience

By GWYN GRIFFIN

Illustration by David Passalacqua

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SIGNIFICANT EXPERIENCE

"What if this was Sandhurst?" asked a cold voice from the doorway, and Exelfield, the staff major, entered. He was a tall man, impeccably dressed in the uniform of the 17/21st Lancers—boots, spurs, glinting buttons, and the big silver death's-head badges of his regiment on cap and collar—a pale-haired, pale-eyed man with a long scar across the left side of his face. Though only a comparatively junior major, Exelfield commanded almost as much respect from his brother officers at the training school as the commandant himself. The Guards officers deferred to him because he was an immensely rich man from their own background. They knew that his choice of a lancer regiment was due solely to his passion for horses—he was a fine rider, a steeplechaser of courage and ability—and that otherwise he would have been one of them. What was more, Exelfield was ubiquitous; he placed the widest possible interpretation upon the duties of his position. He rose before dawn to supervise the P.T. sessions; he taught light-armor tactics in the classrooms and he was always to be found beside the Assault Course when it was in use. He had inspected everything in the barracks by ten o'clock each day, was then received by the commandant, and later interviewed the lesser authorities below him—the middle-aged Pay Corps captain who held the post of adjutant, the quartermaster, old Doctor Cross the M.O., then, though more deferentially and in the latter's own office, Major Seligman, the chief tactical instructor.

Now he ordered a brandy and soda from the Egyptian barman, slid onto a vacant stool beside the Hussar major and said again, "What if this was Sandhurst, Hood?"

"I was saying, sir, that if this was Sandhurst one of my cadets would have a very sore behind, and deservedly so."

Exelfield signed the slip of paper which the barman slid toward him and asked, "Which particular cadet?"

"You've probably seen him, sir, on parade. A boy called Van der Haar."

"Ah, yes, yes. . . . Yusef, give me some more ice. . . . Yes. Van der Haar. He's here for Intelligence. They want him in Syria, apparently. They couldn't actually commission him direct because he's only seventeen. He'll be eighteen by the time he leaves here, though." Despite the fact that there were at least 600 cadets at the school, the staff major knew the details of an astonishing number of them, particularly of those who were of some special interest. "And you think that a sound beating would improve him? You're probably right; it improves so many things." He smiled. "Dogs, horses, boys—they're all the better for a taste of the whip."

"And women and walnut trees, or so the proverb says," added Seligman.

Lutwyche frowned. "No, but seriously, sir, Hood's quite right. Van der Haar's attitude's all wrong somehow. I don't quite know how to put it but ——" He paused, glancing away, as if his personal preoccupation with Van der Haar was something he was not eager to advertise. Abruptly, almost brusquely, he said, "He's a boy amongst a lot of grown men; and they spoil him in consequence, that's what it amounts to. But he's a bloody little nuisance all the same; he wouldn't get away with it at Sandhurst, not for twenty-four hours."

Exelfield swirled the brandy round his glass thoughtfully. At last he said slowly, "You could probably cane him if you really wanted to, Lutwyche."

Later Seligman was to remember that moment, was to remember it for the rest of his life. The early-afternoon sun lying in bars across the polished floor of the bar; Yusef, the bar steward, carefully slicing a lemon on a little silver dish; the other three officers, all so different and yet all with one thing, their position as professional soldiers, in common, at ease beside the bar; George VI staring down, smirking at them all from his heavy frame. The whole scene was so calm, so ordinary, so certainly the same as in dozens of other officers' messes at half past twelve on this weekday morning in wartime Egypt. And yet, surely at that moment an odd little flicker of apprehension had passed through him—almost, it seemed later, a premonition, a foreboding of something dark approaching, though still far off.

He had laughed, though, he remembered, and said, "What nonsense, Exelfield! And anyway, that sort of thing's all out, even at Sandhurst, today."

But the staff major had shaken his head. "No, I'm right I think," and had then begun one of those carefully theoretical—surely it had still been theoretical at that stage—explanations of obscure peacetime army regulations of which he was so fond. Seligman had not paid much attention: Peacetime army regulations bored him—he had enough to do keeping abreast of all the new wartime ones—and besides, his leg was hurting him again. It had all been something to do with rules about the age of enlistment: the fact that young Van der Haar, joining at seventeen, must have been taken on as a "boy" rather than as a "man." In the end he cut his fellow major short by ordering another round of drinks.

When they came, Lutwyche said, "Very pretty, sir, but it doesn't add up. Van der Haar may be an army boy under King's Regulations, but he's also a cadet sent here for special reasons. Can't you imagine the explosion there'd be if we caned a cadet? The heavens would fall!"

Exelfield lifted his narrow face, and the light from the high window above the bar caught his pale eyes in a sudden glitter, so that for a moment they appeared transparent, like glass, as if one could see right through them. "It's just because he *is* a cadet that you could do it. For that matter, it's only because Intelligence slipped him in here as a cadet that he's in the army at all. Eighteen's the minimum wartime age for enlistment, as you know. But I suppose the fact of his age was officially overlooked. However, that doesn't alter King's Regulations. By military law Van der Haar is an army boy until he's eighteen and can be treated as such, as I've just explained." He smiled. "I bet his Intelligence friends didn't know that one."

"But even so ——"

"You think there'd be trouble? Why? This is supposed to be a *people's war*, as they say—presumably meaning equality and democracy and no privileges or favoritism—all that nonsense. Well, how could that sort of thing be invoked to protect Van der Haar? 'Boys' who are getting special treatment and privileged safe jobs are *not* the heroes of the people or the popular press."

Despite an instinctive antipathy toward the staff major, Seligman was intrigued by this argument, which had left the uninteresting and, to him, unknown subjects of what could or could not happen in peacetime at Sandhurst and had taken on a political slant. He said, "I see your point as far as the outside consensus of opinion is concerned; and, of course you're quite right."

Exelfield nodded acknowledgment. "But, in fact, there's more to it than that. Cadets have no status while they are here. They are neither officers, N.C.O.'s nor privates. Until they achieve their commissions or revert to their former ranks they have no official status at all, and Van der Haar least of all, I imagine. He's a complete anomaly."

"Intelligence probably don't think so."

"What they think or don't think doesn't matter. While he's here he belongs to us. To Lutwyche, rather."

"Poor Lutwyche!"

"And Lutwyche can do what he likes with him, including caning him. King's Regulations lay down that it's perfectly legal up to the age of eighteen, as I've just explained." Exelfield eased his shoulders under his tight tunic. "But anyway, it wouldn't be necessary to go into all that. Van der Haar wouldn't know whether it was a legal punishment or not. And you know what the cadets are like; they're so slavishly frightened of us that they accept everything we do to them. Van der Haar would never dare go over Lutwyche's head in the matter, because if he tried to we'd throw him out. He's theoretically an infantryman, you know. Do you suppose—when it was explained to him—that he'd prefer to lose his job in Syria and be sent to a regiment he's never even seen as an ordinary fighting private, rather than ——"

Hood said, "You know, I believe we're really on to something! I believe it could be done!" The unconcealed pleasure and excitement in the young lieutenant's voice shocked Major Seligman.

"Really, Hood ——" he began, but Lutwyche cut in.

"He's coming up before me on a minor charge tomorrow. Sir, shall I try it? Or have you been pulling our legs?"

"I never pull anyone's leg," said the staff major coldly. He eyed his empty glass and motioned Yusef to refill it. "Only, check his age first. If he's a day over eighteen, you can't do it; if he's a day under you can." He paused reflectively. "In any case, it will be an amusing tactical exercise in psychology to study his reactions."

Seligman stirred restively on his stool, winced at the pain in his leg and said disgustedly, "What do you want to cane this wretched boy for, anyway? Are you all sadists or something?"

There was a momentary shocked silence, and he felt the attitudes of the other three officers hardening against him. Despite the fact of his field rank—he was more than a year senior to Exelfield—he was not a professional soldier, and they were.

At last, his quiet precise voice holding a coolly offended note, Lutwyche said, "That's hardly the relevant point, sir, is it? And—with respect—I think perhaps I'm in the best position to decide how to deal with Van der Haar."

Dryly Exelfield said, "He belongs to Lutwyche, doesn't he?" He glanced for a moment at the Hussar major, and once more the latter received the impression that those pale eyes were quite transparent, that he was looking through them into the depths of Exelfield's head and seeing only blackness.

With a conviction he did not entirely feel, Seligman said, "They won't let you get away with it in any case. It's out of the question altogether."

"You think so? Will you bet on it?"

"I know so. We live in the 1940's, not the 1840's. You forget that."

"But you aren't prepared to back your judgment?"

"Yes, of course I am. All right, a right! Twenty-five pounds. Fifty if you like!"

"I'll take you." Exelfield scribbled the figure on the bar account pad and looked up. "Tell me," he asked curiously, "were you never caned at school?"

"No, thank God!" Seligman shuddered. "The whole thing gives me the creeps." He rose with a sigh and grunted as his damaged leg took the pressure of his weight. "And now I'm going in to lunch."

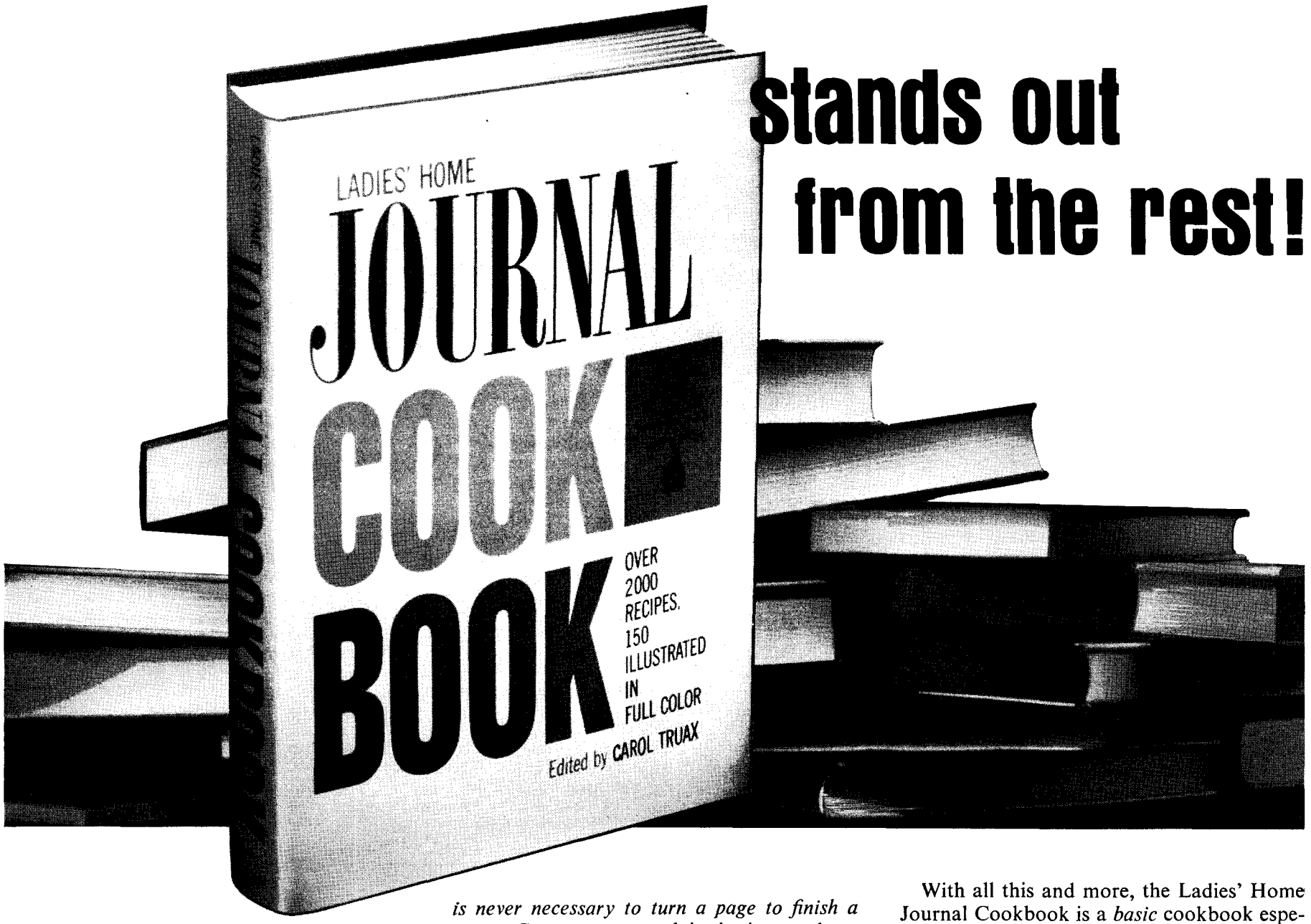
Next day at noon three cadets were standing outside N Company office while Company Sergeant Major Ross waited beside the door for Captain Lutwyche to be ready to deal with them. They were all up on charges for what, by outside-army standards, were offenses so trivial that they would have been dealt with by a brief rebuke from an N.C.O. But under the tensely rigid discipline of the training school, even an improperly rolled shirt sleeve meant a charge on the company report and was punished with at least one exhausting extra hour of drill.

Two of the cadets were husky young men, ex-sergeants in their mid-twenties. Practically all the cadets at the school had been N.C.O.'s, and although they removed their rank badges on entering and replaced them by white bars on their shoulders, most men's shirts still bore in dark outline the mark of noncommissioned stripes. Van der Haar, standing beside the two ex-sergeants, was conspicuous for several things—far too conspicuous, as Captain Lutwyche oft thought—and one of them was the lack of such dark patches on his new sand-colored shirt. And, though it was not his fault, his shirts and trousers should have been of British khaki, not of American beige drill. Yet, since the British stocks had been exhausted and replaced by this cloth at the time he entered the school, there had been nothing else in which to dress him. Now he stood out on parade, a pale beige figure in the lines of faded greenish khaki. Captain Lutwyche disapproved of this too.

Van der Haar had been within a little more than three months of his eighteenth birthday when he entered the training school, and the authorities who wanted him in Syria would have preferred it if his birthday had already been passed. But one of the four-month training courses was about to commence, and the matter of his age, like many other things, was officially disregarded. Now, he had been a cadet for nearly three months and the first harsh shock of army life, and life in an officer-training school at that, had partly worn off. But it had left its mark as Major Seligman and Captain Lutwyche both in their different ways noticed. The thin dark boy who had arrived so surprisingly in civilian clothes at the beginning of the course was still darker now, as heavily bronzed as the other desert soldiers by the fierce sun under which the cadets daily wheeled and stamped across the parade ground; and despite the prediction of Mr. Ulick, the brigade sergeant major, that drilling and plenty of gc plain army food filled a youngster o. wonderfully, he did not seem to have pu on any weight. He was perpetually smi ing, except on parade—Ulick had managed to correct that fault—but it was a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stands out from the rest!



Time is always the final judge—and the Ladies' Home Journal Cookbook *stands out from the rest* as one of the most valued and cherished cookbooks ever published.

Here's why:

❶ **It's big and complete.** The Ladies' Home Journal Cookbook is a one-volume cookbook library; jumbo 7½ x 10½ inches with 728 pages. Actually, it is a collection of specialty cookbooks. Its recipes, *a whopping 2300 of them*, offer unusual variety—with dishes ranging from the quick and easy to the adventurous and exotic, for day-to-day meals, for ordinary entertaining, for special occasions and feasts. Some are old, some are new—all have been adapted to the needs of the modern woman, whether bride or mother of ten.

❷ **It's reliable.** Selected from the very best of the Journal collection of recipes as they have appeared over the past 79 years in "the magazine women believe in," the 2300 recipes offer proven reliability. Under the direction of Carol Truax, well-known contributor to the Ladies' Home Journal, Journal food editors *tested and retested each recipe in the Journal Workshop Kitchens*. The result is a cookbook that is tried and true.

❸ **It's practical.** Concise step-by-step directions are given for each recipe. There are complete recipes wherever the book opens: *it is never necessary to turn a page to finish a recipe*. Common-sense advice is given on buying and storing food, cuts of meat and carving, cake decorating, kitchen arrangement and equipment, and after-school snacks—plus helpful "cooktips" that appear throughout the book.

❹ **It's beautiful.** It contains *150 full-color illustrations*—more than any other basic cookbook. Each picture is next to the recipe it illustrates. Just to see the dish, with all its finishing touches, is an inspiration for any cook.

❺ **It's popular.** There are more than *300,000 women using it* to serve their families more delicious and more nourishing meals.

❻ **It has these outstanding bonus features:**

- Recipes for finicky appetites and for the dietary needs of adolescence, pregnancy, and old age
- Basic facts of diet and nutrition
- An extensive calorie chart and body weight graphs
- A complete cross-referenced index and glossary
- Temperature and measurement charts
- A chapter on menus and manners
- Tables of vitamins and minerals
- Menus for low-carbohydrate, low-cholesterol, low-sodium, liquid and bland, high-and-low calorie diets
- Sound suggestions for apartment dwellers, for large-scale entertaining, and for barbecue and patio dining

With all this and more, the Ladies' Home Journal Cookbook is a *basic* cookbook especially designed for today's woman in today's kitchen. It *truly stands out from the rest* and well deserves the distinction of being the most valued and cherished cookbook ever published.

Order your copy of the new up-to-date Ladies' Home Journal Cookbook today. Use the coupon below; *the unconditional money-back guarantee of the Ladies' Home Journal goes with it*. It's a quick and convenient way to have it delivered to your door or to the door of a friend, as a gift. The Journal pays shipping and handling costs.

$5.95 regular edition; $6.95 thumb-indexed edition

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
Dept. 1871, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa. 19105

Please send me, postpaid:

.....copies of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL COOKBOOK at $5.95 each

..... copies of the thumb-indexed edition at $6.95

(Offer good in U.S.A. and Canada only; Penna. residents please add 5% sales tax.)

Enclosed is $..... ☐ check enclosed ☐ M.O. enclosed

Name.....
(please print)

Street or R.D.....

Town.....State.....

GUARANTEE: If you are not completely satisfied with the book, return it within 10 days and you will receive a full refund.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

smile which covered fear and apprehension, a mask to disguise the dismay of someone lost, hopelessly, irretrievably lost in a foreign land whose ways he did not know, whose language he did not speak, and of whose intricate and savagely enforced laws he had not the slightest understanding.

As his first dazed fear lessened—as he found that he was still alive and that whatever the treatment to which he was being subjected betokened, it did not, apparently, indicate power-crazy hatred—he reverted naturally to the modes of thought and expression of an intelligent middle-class adolescent from a civilian and cosmopolitan background. He was invariably polite to everyone, but with the sort of hesitant civilian politeness which indicated that he was a person in his own right and ought to be treated as such and not—as he actually was—a mere cipher, Number 8509654. Private Van der Haar, M.J.

Despite the fact that he had rapidly attained the speckless, glinting, polished turnout that was demanded of all the cadets and, somewhat more tardily, acquired the necessary yogalike ability to stand motionless at rigid attention for long periods of time, he somehow remained—obscurely, illusively but very certainly—an outsider, a civilian in uniform.

And he *knew* nothing—nothing at all. His ignorance of every aspect of military life was abysmal. He had been told to ask questions, of course; but no one quite expected the sort of questions he asked: "I met a man in a corridor who was wearing three stars and a crown on his shoulders, what would he be?" . . . "Why does the officer who limps wear red trousers?" . . . "What does L.M.G. stand for?" . . . "What is a Casualty Return?" . . . "What are King's Regulations?" And the trouble was that however sincere such absurdly elementary questions might be—in fact, just because they were so absurdly elementary—they generally sent a gale of laughter through a classroom, laughter in which Van der Haar too often joined. It was like having an ignorant child about the place. Despite the allowances which everyone had tried to make for the boy, his very presence began to grate more and more upon the regular officers as weeks passed into months and Van der Haar remained—small, smart, smiling uncertainly—an awed and frightened heathen among the faithful.

They, too, of course, had made allowances up to a point—they could not very well have done otherwise—but unwillingly and in the hope that it would only be for the shortest possible time; for surely no one, not even a seventeen-year-old boy from some obscure home in the Levant who was sent up for an officer's commission, could know absolutely *nothing at all* about the British Army. But such, in fact, was the case.

"He literally doesn't know one end of a rifle from the other!" Captain Lutwyche had said in shocked amazement after the first few days. And his amazement and shock were genuine, for despite—or perhaps because of—his unsoldierly looks and unstable temperament, Lutwyche was a rigid martinet on professional matters and N Company was the best and smartest in the training school.

"He's got to learn," Hood had said ominously, and had personally put Van der Haar through hours of extra rifle drill until the boy's hands were bruised and bloody, his face a dull gray with exhaustion. "It's almost as tiring for me," Hood had said in the mess, "but it's got to be done. He's got to learn."

But if rifle drill could be taught in that way, there were other things which could not: intangible things, attitudes of mind, outlook, beliefs—all the more-important things, in fact, which went to make up the traditional British officer. To all of these Van der Haar appeared completely oblivious. And as the weeks had passed, the patience of the officer instructors had worn thin. They themselves, when at Sandhurst, had taken far less time to get down to military life; a week, two weeks, and surely they had understood things which Van der Haar, after practically three months, still failed to grasp. That they themselves had chosen military careers, that they mostly came from military families, had been to English public schools with Officer Training Corps and military traditions and were therefore mentally highly attuned to military life by the time they were eighteen—whereas Van der Haar had no such background—this they took no account of. If Van der Haar had not altered his civilian outlook after three months of intensive training, then he was not trying to change it, was deliberately retaining it, taking a pleasure in mocking the Army as, the officers reminded themselves grimly, many civilians had done before the war; but now things were going to be different for the mockers who were in their power; the tables were turned.

They punished him with extra drill parades, which only had the effect of tiring him still more and adding to the nervous exhaustion that too often seemed to break out in laughter at the wrong time. They would have liked to reject him and turn him out of the training school as "unfit officer material," which by their standards he undoubtedly was; but though Van der Haar did not know this—and they took care that he should not—such a step would not have been easy to take, and would have been hotly contested by the Intelligence department that wished to employ him. There had seemed, exasperatingly, no way of doing anything about Van der Haar until the unexpected turn the conversation in the officers' bar had taken yesterday before lunch.

Captain Lutwyche polished off the first two cadets in short order: two hours' extra drill and for God's sake to remember that they were here to become officers and that they themselves would soon command men and that how, for God's sake, did they think they could win the respect of those men if they did not show regard for proper discipline and good order themselves and, for God's sake, to remember this. In any case they had promptly pleaded guilty to the charges against them: dirty bayonet and dirty rifle, respectively; though by any standards save those of the training school both bayonet and rifle had been immaculate.

When Van der Haar was brought in, Lutwyche, his head bent over his desk, was studiously writing. He did not look up but merely said, "All right, Sar'nt major. I want to speak to this cadet alone. You can wait outside."

"Sir!" snapped Ross by way of acknowledgment; he saluted, turned about and stamped out of the room.

For several more moments Lutwyche did not look up. He was worried, obscurely agitated, and acutely conscious both of the presence of the boy standing silently in front of his table and of his own mixed feelings in which a sense of excited guilt played a strong part. The whole thing, Lutwyche admitted to himself, seemed somehow to have got out of hand in the last twenty-four hours. For, despite the remarks of Exelfield before lunch yesterday, the matter was not to be as simple as anyone had then thought. Lutwyche's own idea, based on his school and Sandhurst days, had been to treat Van der Haar in the same way as boys who did not readily conform to traditional behavior patterns had been treated in those places. He would give the boy a brusque lecture on his shortcomings and then beat him with one of the leather-covered canes all the officers carried. It was something he had often thought about in the days before he had believed it possible of accomplishment, and he had worked out all the details.

But when, on Exelfield's advice, he had approached the commandant—a tall handsome Guards brigadier general, a man of great personal charm whose mild, soft-voiced manner and tolerantly amused outlook hid a steely determination to uphold every outmoded aristocratic tradition of the British-officer caste—Lutwyche had found that things were not going to be like that at all. Not that the commandant was against the idea in itself.

"It's really rather a pity that the army ever dropped flogging as a punishment, don't you think?" he asked, smiling his singularly sweet smile; and Lutwyche, as on several previous occasions, had not been quite certain that he was joking. "But the fact is, my good Captain Lutwyche, that this place is *not* Sandhurst. You have only to look at the cadets, far less to listen to them speak, to realize that. We are trying to turn N.C.O. material into officer material, which, as I once pointed out, is like trying to turn chalk into cheese. Very good chalk and very useful as *chalk*, but it makes a most indifferent substitute for cheese, I'm afraid. We do our best, of course, as we must; but it really cannot be pretended that we are teaching an establishment of quite carefully selected young gentlemen the profession of an army officer."

"With respect, sir," Lutwyche had offered, "I don't think young Van der Haar could be considered N.C.O. material."

"I'm sure he couldn't, my dear fellow. And, of course, he's not really officer material either. But then, as I understand it, he's here for special reasons, an Intelligence job or something." The general's mouth turned down slightly at the corners in distaste. "However, that, I'm happy to say, is not our affair. The fact remains that you think he should be caned and Exelfield apparently thinks so too, and says that in the circumstances it is perfectly legal and proper; so, naturally I concur. From what you have told me, I have no doubt that it will be just that—that significant experience, one might say, of which this youth appears to stand in need. However, you can't do it yourself, nor can Hood. Van der Haar, unlike a Sandhurst cadet, is an enlisted man, or boy, rather, as Exelfield accurately says.

"Consequently, it's an N.C.O.'s job to do the actual caning, your C.S.M. Ross, I imagine. Anyway, the man to see about it is Ulick; he'll know the drill. And now, I must admit to being rather busy."

Ulick had stared at him almost unbelievingly for a moment, and Lutwyche

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I'm sorry, I must have dialed the wrong number—what's new?"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sure she's sure

All day. Because Dial with AT-7 cleans up on skin bacteria that cause perspiration odor. In a nice lady-like way. Keeps you fresh and sure. That's what Dial does—for people who like people.

DIAL IS AVAILABLE IN CANADA

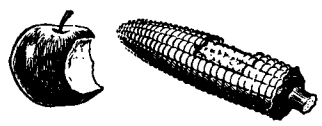
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

you're more comfortable in

Wigwam SOCKS

WIGWAM MILLS, INC., *Sheboygan, Wis.*
IN CANADA: Hanson Mills Ltd., Hull, Quebec
for every sport and everyday wear, too!

EAT ANYTHING WITH FALSE TEETH



Trouble with loose plates that slip, rock or cause sore gums? Try Brimms Plasti-Liner. One application makes plates fit *snugly without powder, paste* or *cushions.* Brimms Plasti-Liner adheres permanently to your plate; ends the bother of temporary applications. With plates held firmly by Plasti-Liner, **YOU CAN EAT ANYTHING!** Simply lay soft strip of Plasti-Liner on troublesome upper or lower. Bite and it molds perfectly. *Easy to use,* tasteless, odorless, harmless to you and your plates. Removable as directed. *Money-back guarantee.* At your drug counter. $1.50 reliner for 1 plate; $2.50, for 2 plates.

SPECIAL OFFER! Free 75¢ Denture Brush. Send this ad with just 10¢ for postage and handling. Offer expires October 21, 1963. Plasti-Liner, Inc., Dept. P-72, 1075 Main Street, Buffalo 9, N. Y.

BRIMMS PLASTI-LINER
THE PERMANENT DENTURE RELINER

USED BY MILLIONS WHENEVER MODERATE
ARTHRITIC RHEUMATIC MUSCULAR PAINS
OCCUR
DOLCIN®
TABLETS
Money-back guarantee

ASK FOR **HASTINGS**
PISTON RINGS
OIL FILTERS
CASITE ADDITIVES
Best $ you can spend on your car

SIGNIFICANT EXPERIENCE

had somehow felt it necessary—though, in fact, he knew that he should not have done so—to explain everything to the brigade sergeant major, to justify the matter in detail and with as much righteous anger as he could summon up. And at the end, all Ulick had done, of course, was to snap, "Yessir!"

"Well, the fact is, Mr. Ulick," Lutwyche had said, unhappily aware of the other's deep disapproval, "that you—er—you know the drill, I understand?"

"Yessir."

"You've—seen it done?"

"Yessir. Four times in all, if I remember rightly."

"Could you tell me, briefly, please, the way it is? Where, for instance, does it take place?"

"In the gymnasium, sir. The boy is held over the vaulting horse by two sergeants and his company sergeant major administers the ordered number of strokes in the presence of the boy's platoon officer, company commander, myself, and an officer representing the commandant—the adjutant usually, sir, or in this case probably the staff major. Afterward the boy is taken to the Medical Inspection room to be examined and treated, if necessary."

"Good God!" Lutwyche had exclaimed faintly, and had seen, or thought he had seen, a sardonic gleam of satisfaction in Ulick's officially motionless gray eyes. "Well, that wasn't how I thought of it at all. . . ."

He had rattled a ruler against the edge of his desk and suddenly, surprisingly, Ulick had barked, "Sir, permission to speak, sir?"

"Of course, Mr. Ulick," Lutwyche had said a trifle too eagerly. "Please say anything you want to."

"With respect, sir, I don't think this is the way to deal with Cadet Van der Haar. It's a punishment generally used only on enlisted army boys—peacetime regulars, sir, and you know what they can be like—who've been found guilty of continuous insubordinate and unruly behavior. I don't think this cadet comes into that category. I think ——"

"No, no, of course not, no. But carry on, Mr. Ulick, please. What were you going to say?"

"I think he tries his best to do well, sir. It's just that he's—he's not cut out for the military life, sir. And that's not his fault, sir."

"Yes, yes, yes," Lutwyche had said tiredly. "We've been into that carefully, I and the staff major and Lieutenant Hood." He had pulled himself upright in his chair, remembering that he was an officer and must show firmness of decision. And anyway, the commandant apparently wanted it done; he could not back out now even if he wanted to, and somewhere deep in his being something told him that he did not want to, that this would at least add a spice of excitement to the dullness of the daily routine. "The fact remains that this type of punishment has been decided upon after much careful thought and must therefore be carried out." The impersonal phrasing of this had encouraged him considerably. "I'm sorry it can't be done more informally, as at Sandhurst, but there it is; regulations must be obeyed. As far as Van der Haar goes"—he had hesitated, looking down at his desk, and then remembered the commandant's words—"well, it will be a significant experience, and I don't suppose we'll have any more trouble from him for the remainder of his time here. All right, Mr. Ulick. Six o'clock this evening in the gym, then. I'll tell the other officers, and you will see to all the other necessary arrangements. Oh, and I think you'd better see Van der Haar after company office and—er—explain the drill to him."

"Yessir."

And now, here was Van der Haar, a small still figure, very neat this morning, standing in front of him, and the staff major's psychologically interesting experiment must be commenced. Lutwyche put down his pencil at last and looked up frowning. For a second his eyes met Van der Haar's big, dark, troubled ones and moved over the boy's smooth face—even though he was almost eighteen he still had no reason to shave—noting the blue bruise on one cheekbone, a result of being flung over the wall of the Assault Course, and the full-lipped mouth that smiled too easily, too nervously and too often. It was certainly not the face of a boy prone to continuous insubordinate and unruly behavior, nor was it remotely the face of a Sandhurst cadet; it was still in many ways the face of a child. Lutwyche suddenly knew that Ulick's estimation of Van der Haar had been completely right, while his own and that of Hood were completely wrong. But that could not make any difference now. He took a deep breath and began with an effort on the speech he had decided to make earlier in the day.

"Van der Haar, you're up on a charge of idleness and unsoldierly conduct in that Lieutenant Hood found your locker in a disgracefully disordered condition on his inspection yesterday morning. But I'm not going to go into that now. I've got something else to say to you, which is why I asked Sergeant Major Ross to leave us alone. The fact is that your whole behavior since you've been here, your whole attitude and outlook have been not merely unsatisfactory but *increasingly* so. Now we all know that you are *new* to army life and that you're a lot younger than the other cadets and that you have not had their experience. And because of that we've all—all of us on the staff here—made continual allowances for you. We have been exceedingly patient, far too patient, I'm afraid. But instead of cooperating with us or making any sort of real *effort* to adapt yourself . . ." It was surprising how easy it was when once he'd got started, Lutwyche thought. He found himself listening to his own voice with little more effort than if it had been a phonograph record. ". . . and since apparently nothing will prevent you from behaving in the way you do and failing even to try to improve, we have no option but to deal with you severely. We could easily return you to the unit to which you are accredited." He paused a moment. "You do realize that, don't you?"

Van der Haar said, "Yes, sir."

"We could do that, but we don't want to and I don't suppose you want us to. Do you?"

"No, sir."

"I don't think you'd like being an ordinary private in a line regiment for the rest of the war—or until you were killed—whichever is the shorter, as the lawyers say." Lutwyche smiled, grimly he hoped, and saw fear flicker in the boy's dark eyes. "You wouldn't want that, would you?"

Van der Haar swallowed and said with difficulty, "No, sir."

"No, I imagine not." Lutwyche paused to let the effect sink in, and on the other side of the table Van der Haar shifted his feet, remembered that he was at attention, and stiffened again. He was frightened and unhappy, but as he had been in that condition for nearly three months he was coming to accept it as an apparently permanent state.

Van der Haar was the only child of a shabby Dutch-English middle-class family, who for two generations had lived and intermarried with the Syrian French. They owned a small import-export business in Beirut, and before the First War they had been fairly prosperous; but the business had run down badly during the 'twenties and 'thirties; there had not been enough money to send the boy to school in England, and instead he had received his education among the sons of minor French officials and businessmen in the free, French-run schools of the city. Thus, despite his consulate-registered birth certificate and passport, he was by environment and upbringing largely French—and Levantine French at that.

The family had left Syria after the defeat of France in 1940 and had come to Egypt with little money and poor prospects. The father had managed to find a job in Alexandria, and there they had lived until Syria had fallen to the British and it had been possible to return. The Van der Haar business was almost ruined, and while the father patiently tried to pick up the pieces, his son had to be found an occupation. This was by no means easy; the British were now violently unpopular in conquered Syria among their ex-allies, and no one wanted to employ the boy until a lieutenant colonel of Intelligence, who had become acquainted with the family in Alexandria and who needed a French-speaking officer on his staff, had suggested the army Van der Haar was completely bilingual he often seemed to think in French, for when he was excited his English speech became oddly foreign; and he spoke a considerable quantity of Syrian Arabic as well. He was just what Colonel Dollond wanted as a junior assistant, in fact; but when it came to the point, army headquarters either could not or would not commission someone of seventeen without any previous training whatever, not even for the Intelligence Corps. Someone in authority, eager to help, had suggested sending the boy to an officer training school for four months; by the time he emerged, he would be eighteen and have at least a certain claim to be considered a soldier. Colonel Dollond had agreed and so had Van der Haar's father, and the boy in his best suit—the only one he possessed which had long trousers—had been sent back to Egypt and had fallen at once into a world of nightmare unreality, unlike anything he had ever conceived of knowing.

After the first week he had fully intended to run away, to escape somehow into the sane world beyond the barracks gates. It was then that he received a letter from Dollond saying that the colonel was in the city and would like to see him on his next free afternoon. Since Colonel Dollond had got him into this terrifying place, Van der Haar assumed he could also get him out of it. He had rushed round to Dollond's hotel at the earliest moment and there, in the colonel's big comfortable room—so reassuring after the prison bleakness of the barracks—had poured out his fear and misery and demanded release. Dollond, a small neat man hardly taller or broader than the young cadet who stood before him, had been sympathetic and worried.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"But Michael, you *had* to come here. I told you they wouldn't give you this job with me otherwise; I told you that, didn't I?"

"Yes, but I didn't know! I didn't know what it was going to be like! I—look, I don't mind about the job, Colonel Dollond. I'm sorry; I don't want it. I want to go home; please let me go home! I don't want to join the English army."

"But, you *have* joined the army."

"No, not till I'm made an officer and come to you. At present they say I'm not anything. They say they can throw me out if they want to; so I can't be in the army, can I? Not properly in, I mean."

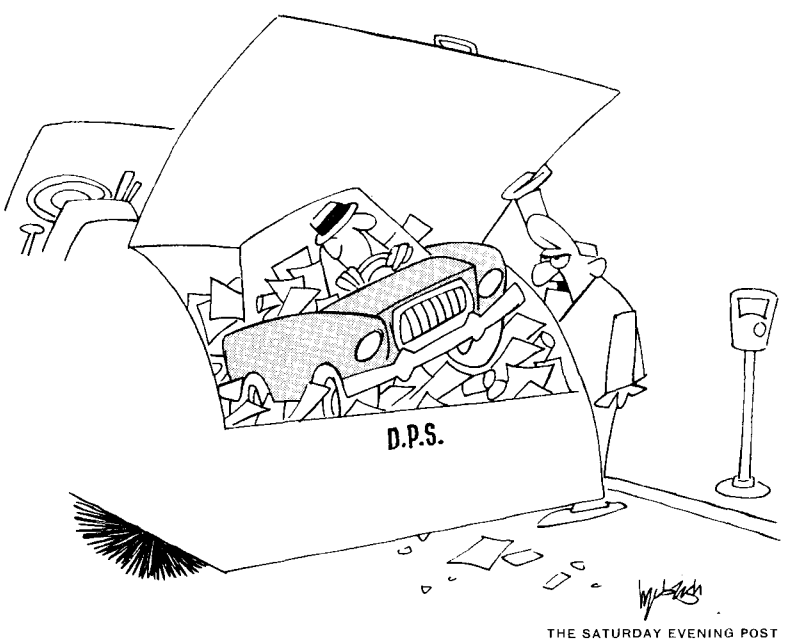
Dollond had got up and, taking Van der Haar's hand, had led him to a sofa and pulled him down beside him. "Now listen, Michael, while I explain. You *are* in the army now. You're in it, and I'm afraid you can't get out, not till the end of the war. And no one knows when that will be." And carefully, sympathetically, he had explained the situation, had urged the boy to go back and be patient. "It's only for four months. Rather less now, after all."

But four months to a seventeen-year-old is almost four years, and to Van der Haar, each day at the training school seemed a year in itself. Yet he saw with dreadful, bleak clarity that there was no way out. The gates had clashed shut behind him, trapping him completely, horribly. Those gates would open only to send him back home to Syria and Dollond, or else as an ordinary private to some English regiment and probable death or mutilation in battle. The latter, at least, he had determined to avoid. On range-firing practice he had stolen a live cartridge from the canister at the pits, and this he kept carefully concealed, changing its hiding place at intervals, but never far from him. He did not doubt that he would use it if necessary, for despite the amused kindliness of the other cadets, he was not of their world nor they of his, and they could not help him. He was a stranger and afraid. He could have killed himself easily on almost any day of the last three months, or so he believed.

Besides, the cadets were one thing; the staff was quite another. He was so frightened of the staff that he no longer considered them as human beings but as some sort of devils, a race apart. He feared the staff major in particular—who, like Satan, seemed always just behind his shoulder, watching him—in the way superstitious peasants fear evil spirits on a lonely road at night, with an uncomprehending panic dread. But he felt much the same way about all the rest, except for Hood and Lutwyche—both of whom he hated so much that at times he almost forgot to fear them. At his school in Beirut the older boys had invariably shown kindness and help toward their juniors, and Van der Haar had grown up in the un-British belief that this was as it should be; youth should call to youth, and because Hood, at twenty-three, was the youngest of his overseers Van der Haar had automatically expected kindness from him. Instead of which Hood, older, stronger and infinitely better placed than himself, was more brutal toward him than any of the other staff. And sometimes it seemed, obscurely, to Van der Haar that Hood felt that he had to behave in this way, that it was expected of him and that Hood's experience, unlike his own, had been in places where the older boys felt it their duty systematically to abuse and to humiliate the younger and weaker ones for their own good. "For your own good"; it was a phrase Hood often used, he had noted.

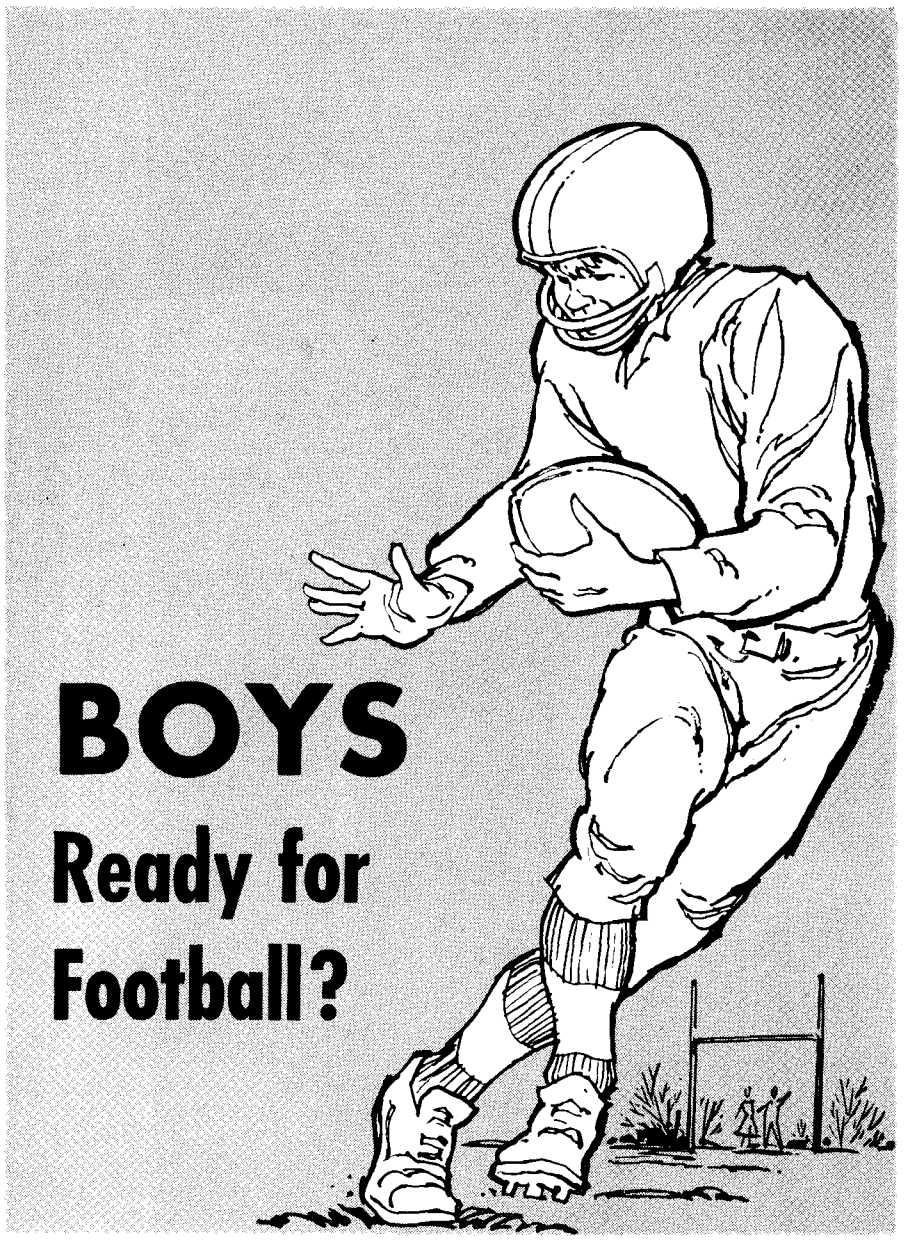
Yet Lutwyche was worse. Lutwyche appeared to be playing an odd sort of game with him, a mixture of highminded lectures, continual soft-voiced corrections and more or less overt torture.

Lutwyche had once made him stand out in the open sun with his rifle at full stretch above his head for nearly half an hour, and had shouted furiously at any movement of his trembling, dripping body. At last, on the point of collapse, he had been pulled into a nearby storeroom, and Lutwyche had told him to sit down and had himself brought a glass of water. He had stood smiling his odd, small smile and had said, "I didn't like doing that to you, Van der Haar, but it was necessary. A painful necessity to teach you to stand still on parade." But Van der Haar knew that he was lying; he had liked doing it. Lutwyche was the worst of all.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"... Sorry."



BOYS Ready for Football?

Helmets, shoulder pads and footballs are but a few of the hundreds of dandy prizes you can earn selling copies of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST right in your own neighborhood.

Join the many other young fellows who are earning their own spending money plus valuable prizes. It's lots of fun and mighty good business training.

Fill out the coupon below and mail it today for full particulars.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
Dept. 1874 Independence Square
Philadelphia 5, Pa.

NAME_____ AGE_____

STREET_____

CITY_____ ZONE_____ STATE_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SIGNIFICANT EXPERIENCE

Now he looked across the table at Lutwyche and waited uneasily and in growing fear. The captain was smiling, and that was, as he now knew, a bad sign. At last, shifting some papers to one side and lowering his eyes for a second, Lutwyche said, still more quietly than usual, "We've decided this time to drive the lesson home firmly." He paused and Van der Haar, mystified, asked, "What lesson, sir?"

"Oh *God!* God give me patience!" It was almost an explosion. "Haven't you listened to *anything* I've just said?"

"Yes, but ——"

"I tell you! You're behaving improperly, in an unsoldierly way, all the time! You don't try. You continually behave like a civilian; you don't *try* to be a soldier! Well, we're going to *make* you! You're going to be caned. You'll get twelve strokes, and—and you'd better bloody well watch your step in future!" Lutwyche glared across the table red-faced, breathless, angry, but glad to have got it out.

Van der Haar shook his head dazedly. He had little idea what Lutwyche had been talking about; the remarks about caning hadn't sunk in properly.

Lutwyche saw this and was relieved: B.S.M. Ulick could do the explaining. He said quickly, "You're to report at once to the B.S.M.'s office; he's waiting for you. Very well. Dismiss!"

Three minutes later Van der Haar entered the brigade sergeant major's office and saluted. "Captain Lutwyche told me to report to you, sir."

"Yes, I know." Ulick turned to his two clerks, "Corporal Barr! Corporal French! You can both fall out for ten minutes."

The two N.C.O.'s rose from their desks, brought their heels clicking to formal attention, and left the room. The brigade sergeant major stared at the boy in the doorway, wondering what Lutwyche had said to him and guessing with the acuteness of the long-term N.C.O. that little had been explained. Van der Haar looked puzzled and nervous, but certainly not to the degree he would appear if—when—he knew what was in store for him. Lutwyche had passed the buck, and the B.S.M., silently cursing his superior officer, rose and walked round the desk, a bulky, heavy figure in his greenish khaki and brilliantly polished belt, who towered up, dwarfing the cadet still standing in the doorway.

"Yes, well, come in. Don't stand there. All right, you can stand easy." Correctly, Ulick should have called the boy Cadet Van der Haar, but in view of his youth—perhaps in view of what was going to be done to him—the B.S.M. found himself, Heaven alone knew why, avoiding speaking his name. Instead, he asked, "What did —— Did Captain Lutwyche tell you the punishment it's been decided to award you?"

Van der Haar nodded wordlessly. Then he swallowed and in an odd, shaky voice said, "I think they're going to flog me—or something."

Ulick made grunting noises of disapproval. "Cane you, not flog you."

"Are they different?"

"Flogging's been out for about the last eighty years, that's all." He suddenly realized that in all probability Van der Haar was thinking of some movie he had once seen: triangles on the barrack square, rows of stiff, red-coated soldiers, the falling lash and the rumble of drums to drown the screams of the victim. He said with an awkward effort at matter-of-factness, "This here's different, quite different, see? Nothing like flogging. Nobody's going to do that to you."

"Then what?"

Ulick sat himself upon the corner of his desk and tried to make the atmosphere a little less oppressive, a little more normal, by filling and lighting his pipe. It also gave him time to think. Over the flaming match he asked, "You—surely when you was a nipper you had your sit-down smacked, didn't you?"

The common English argot was not easily comprehensible to Van der Haar, but he grasped its gist. "No, no—never."

"But," the sergeant major persisted, "when you was a kid didn't you get into trouble, times? Break a window, cheek a copper, or something? No"—Ulick sighed—"I don't suppose you did. But you mean to tell me that even at school you was never caned? Never bent over and given a hiding?"

Van der Haar's sallow face flushed. "No, of course not." Then he felt he might have been impertinent; one had to be so careful of one's tone of voice here; everything had to be spoken dead level. "I am sorry, sir. No, nothing like that was ever done at my school. And not at home, naturally."

Ulick said grimly, "It's going to be done now, though."

"Why?"

It was a question which Ulick realized at once should certainly never have been asked and which it would be most improper for him to answer. Presumably, also, Captain Lutwyche had told Van der Haar why he was to be punished. Ulick opened his mouth to say, "That's none of my business," and then closed it again with the words unsaid. He felt, darkly but certainly, that the boy's question must be answered and that in some mysterious, ill-defined way, nothing, none of the things in which he believed or in which he thought he believed—the army, discipline, tradition, the barrack square—none of these would make sense anymore if that answer could not be found and given.

A common man with little formal education, Ulick was nonetheless an acute observer of human beings and possessed an almost unparalleled experience of every side of army life. Yet, as he sucked his pipe, his brow creased in thought, he became aware that if there was an answer to this question—and he saw increasingly clearly and uneasily what it was—it would be a dangerous one to put into the hands of the boy before him. Sensibly, however, Mr. Ulick had never regarded Van der Haar as an Englishman, but as a sort of foreigner with a remarkable fluency in the language; and it had been his experience that you could say things to foreigners which you would certainly think twice about saying to a fellow countryman. Englishmen had certain prejudices and beliefs never to be explained in words, most of which Ulick understood very well; foreigners did not appear to have any of these, at least in Ulick's experience, and they were prepared to discuss anything. They made good confidants.

Now he blew out a cloud of smoke and said, "I don't know how it is where you comes from, of course—seems different, an' no harm in that. But if you'd been to one of the schools most English officers—regulars, I means, of course—has been to, well, you'd know all about caning. And if you'd been to Sandhurst afterward, you'd have known all about it there too. But you haven't been to those places, so you don't. All right."

He paused, frowning, trying with all his might to do something he had never done before: to evaluate and analyze a social concept and to put the result into words. He knew the facts. He knew that the English upper class, whom he thought of always in terms of "officers," put a peculiar and irrational value upon corporal punishment; it was almost an obsession with them, and practically every officer he had ever known "believed in it." Ulick believed in it himself, for that matter, but only as a means of correction and in cases where it was likely to work correctively; and in this, his attitude was both rational and typical of his working-class background. But he was also well aware that when the upper class, the regular officers whom it was his career to serve and therefore to study, made this statement of belief, they were not meaning what he meant. They believed in corporal punishment as a genuinely good thing in itself, a mystic ritual of pain and humiliation that possessed a special magical quality which could not fail to benefit, in some occult, inexplicable way, anyone below the statutory adult age.

At any rate, until today it had never struck him as odd that men to whom he invariably looked up, as being his better-educated and more intelligent superiors, should wholeheartedly support practic of exactly the same sort, and for exac the same psychological reason, as the barbaric initiation ceremonies of savage jungle tribes. He saw only that to them it was a class rite and as such must be jealously retained, guarded and worshiped.

He knew all this, but he found that he could no more explain it to Van der Haar, foreigner or not, than he could explain another thing that he knew equally well: that the officers—and he guessed that it was not only Lutwyche behind this—wanted to cane Van der Haar not merely for being different from themselves but because he was very young and nervous and good-looking in his dark, smooth-skinned foreign way; and that because of all these things reacting upon their peculiar atavistic instincts they would greatly enjoy watching it done.

Now, taking his pipe from his mouth and staring at it as if he had never seen it before, he said, "What it amounts to is, well, it's been done to all of them, see? All the officers here. Done in different ways I expect, but done, all right. When they were boys. And they think it won't do you no harm to know what it's like either."

Van der Haar said, "They don't do it to the others."

"The others is men. You're a boy."

Ulick abruptly slid off his desk and stood up. He knew that his explanation had not been a satisfactory one, but it was all he could give in the circumstances. And, as he reminded himself now, it was not his duty to explain that side of th matter. It was his duty to make sure tl Van der Haar knew what to do in t gym this evening. He picked up a sheet of paper on which he had made notes earlier that morning and when he spoke, his voice was firm to the point of sternness.

"Now see here, young fellow, this business has been ordered and it's got to be done. Let's get that clear for a start, eh? You've only been in the army three months, but that's quite long enough to learn that orders has to be carried out." He saw the boy nod and his shoulders lift in a shrug of resigned acceptance. "Right. Now this business isn't going to be any fun for anyone, not for us that has actually the doing of it, anyway. But if you'll just try to cooperate, see, we'll make it as easy an' quick for you as we can." And now he found it easier to look at his notes rather than at Van der Haar. "I've changed the drill a bit to make it simpler for you; the less you has to do the better. So there'll be no marching in and marching out. You report to me in the gym at ten to six in P.T. order. Sergeant Major Ross and two other sergeants will be there. We'll be all ready when the officers come at six. Now listen, you'll be standing between the two sergeants near the horse, see? I calls everyone to attention and report you present. Captain Lutwyche then reads the sentence. How many was it?"

"How many?"

"Strokes of the cane."

"Twelve."

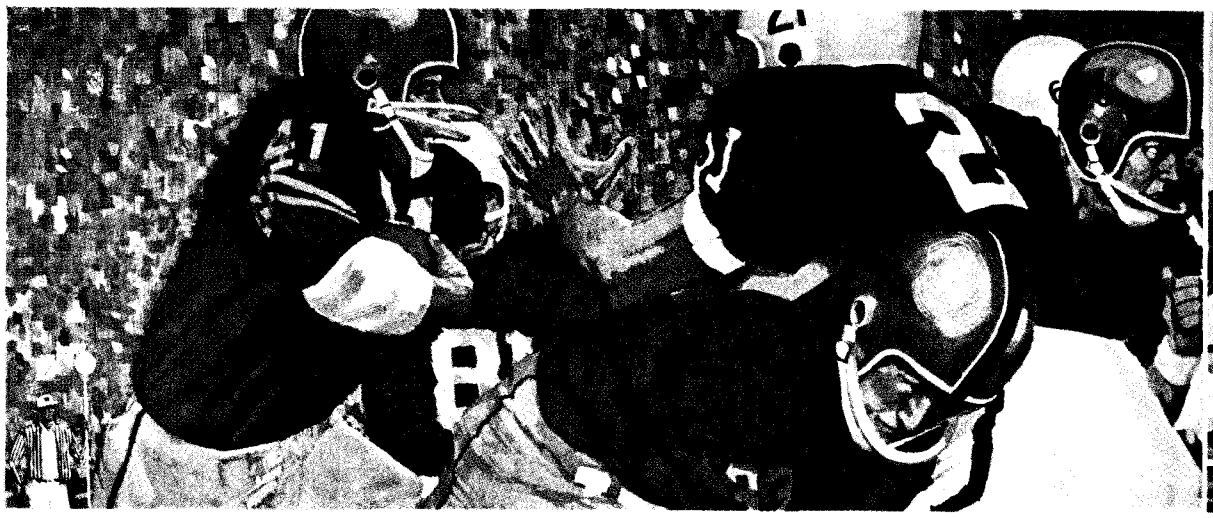
Van der Haar's voice was sick ar Ulick did not look up. "He reads out sentence. I repeat it. Then I says, 'Ca on, sir?' He says, 'Carry on, Sergea Major,' and—h'mm—I'll have to cha this next bit, too, 'cos if you was ordinary peacetime enlisted 'boy' I'd s

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

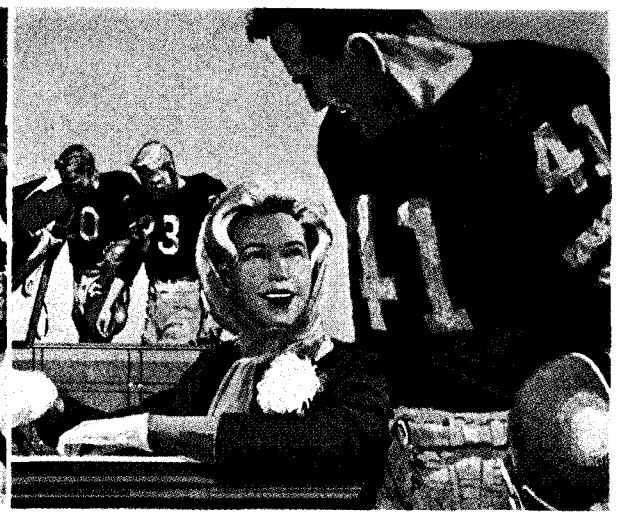
"I don't suppose we could persuade you to do your imitation of the mating dance of the whooping crane?"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Team play adds more power...

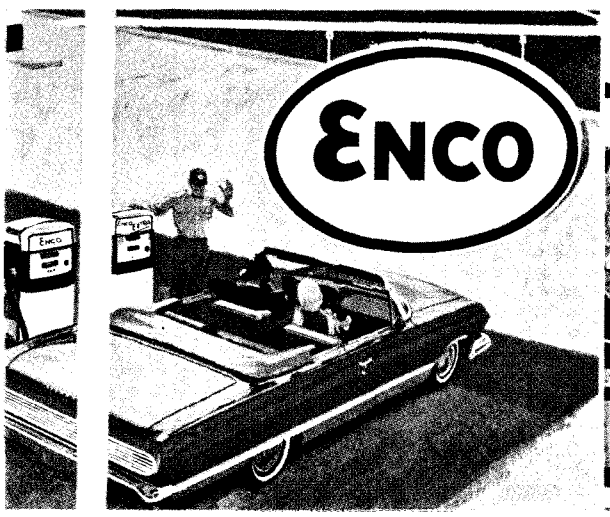


It's power football when blockers team up to shake a halfback loose. It's team play that breaks the ballcarrier into the secondary for the big play . . . speeds him on his way to the goal line. Touchdown!

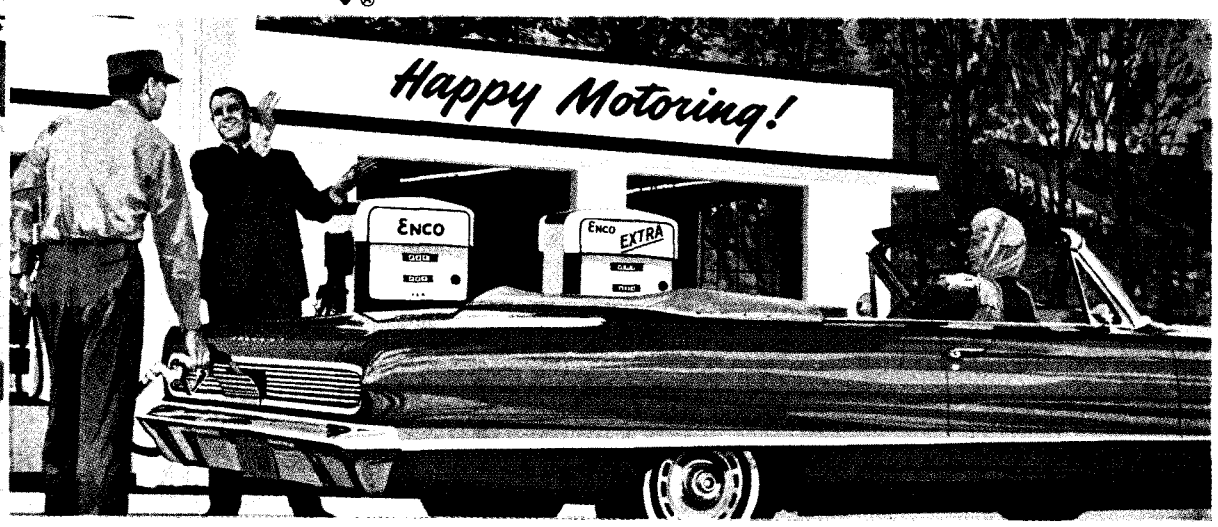


Good teamwork means good team performance—not only on the football field but in your car as well.

Try the *Happy Motoring*® power team



You'll find a winning combination right here. Enco Extra, the power to go. UNIFLO®, the protection to keep you going.



Enco Extra gasoline gives your engine more useable power—prevents the harmful cylinder deposits that cause loss of power. It helps keep your engine fit as a fiddle, mile after mile, season after season, year after year.

Make America's First Choice yours, too!

New Uniflo, the eXtended-Life motor oil, blocks wear, sludge and rust — protects that "touchdown" drive all the way.

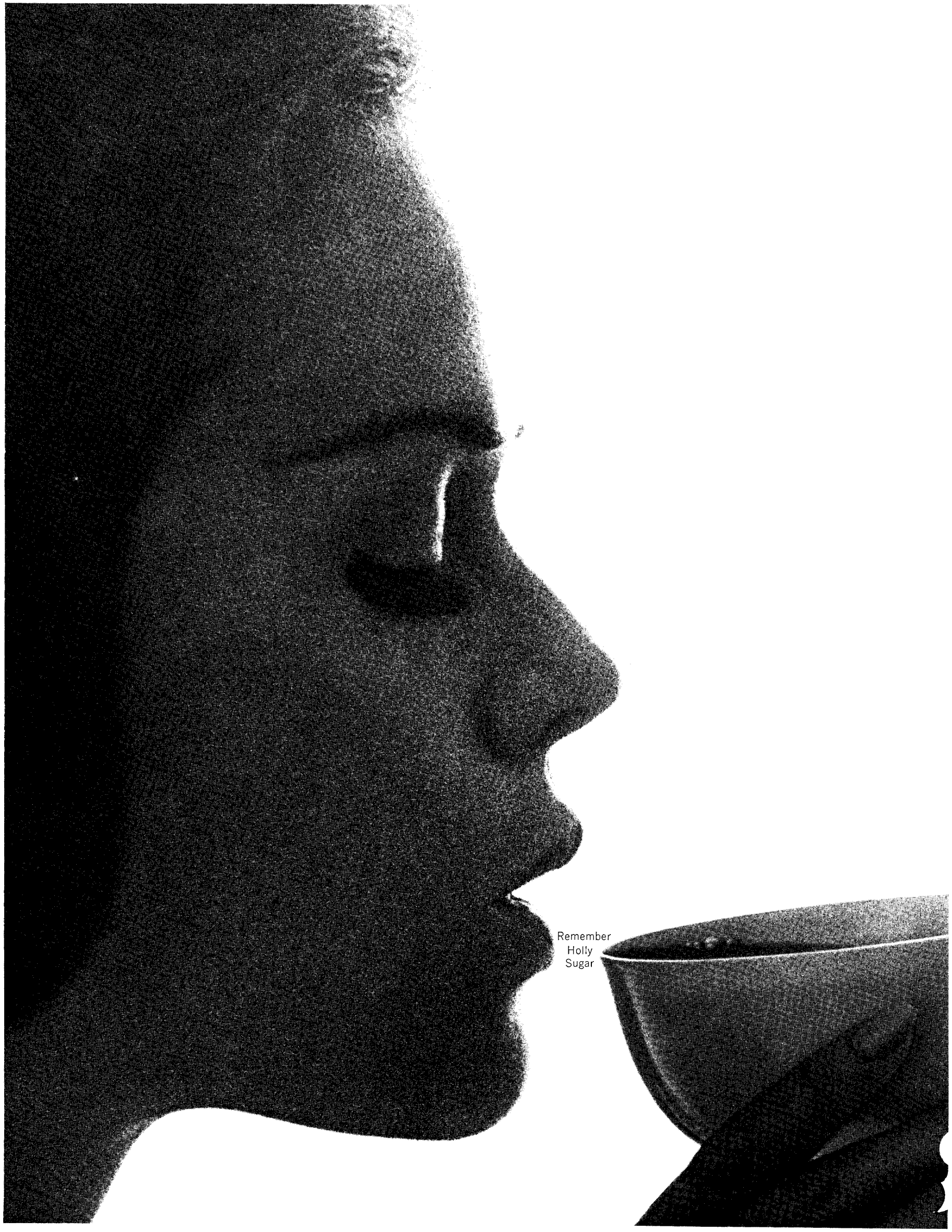
The power team, Enco Extra and Uniflo, gives your car the lasting performance that makes the winning difference. No wonder the sign of "HAPPY MOTORING"—at 30,000 stations from coast to coast—is America's First Choice.

HUMBLE . . . America's Leading Energy company

OIL & REFINING COMPANY

ENCO

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'Strip, an' get over the horse.' But as it is, I think I'd just better give you a nod, see? All right. You drops your trousers—you won't be wearing anything underneath them, of course—an' with a sergeant on each side of you. you goes to the horse and bends over it with your arms along the top. We'll have to lower the horse to your height first, of course—must remember that. Then the two sergeants get a hold on your arms; it's their job to hold you still, so don't struggle against them 'cos you'll only hurt yourself. I says to C.S.M. Ross, 'Twelve strokes, Sergeant Major, carry on.' He says, 'Yessir.' I counts each one out loud, and when we gets to twelve I'll say to you—quietlike, of course—'All right, get up.' Then you goes back to where you was and puts your trousers on. Then you stands at ease, try to remember that, if you can. Then I calls everyone to attention, salutes and requests permission of the senior officer present to dismiss in the ordinary way. He'll give it an' then—this is where I've done a bit more changing—we stays where we *is;* we don't none of us *move*. The officers will have to break off and leave the gym when they see that we're standing still, and then, well, it's finished and done with, and a good thing, too."

He looked up at last and his apprehensions of what he would see were fully realized. Van der Haar was staring at him in incredulous disbelief. his face a dark, fiery crimson. Ulick felt his heart sink; this business was going to be far worse than even he had imagined.

At last the cadet stuttered, "They—they're going to do *that* to *me!*" And then, suddenly, he came to life. Taking quick steps about the room, his narrow brown hands—hands which still bore the scars of Hood's extra rifle drill—opening and shutting, he started to talk furiously, hysterically; his accent and even his phrasing losing their usual careful English and becoming, to Ulick, unmistakably those of a foreigner speaking the language.

"No, no; it is impossible this! You do not understand. You do not understand at all! I am sent here because I am not quite old enough to work immediately for Colonel Dollond. It is not a question of the British army—in that I am not interested or involved. My parents, my father—we are poor, you see, not rich like these English officers here, and I must have work. I have left school; I need work. So Colonel Dollond, whom we have met in Alexandria and who has been kind to us, suggests that I work for him as an assistant in his office. I speak French and Arabic, you see, and he needs this. So I am sent here for a little to learn about the army, they say, but really to fill in time until I am eighteen. I am very sorry that I came. It was very wrong of them to send me. I see that now. It is all a very great mistake. If I have been a nuisance here then I am very sorry for that too; I did not want to be a nuisance to anyone. I have tried to be good, all the time, but it is impossible! The whole thing is impossible. And now, and now!" He shook his head and his hands flew open in a gesture of despairing bewilderment.

Then, urgently, he swung round to the B.S.M. "I must find Colonel Dollond! I do not know where he is, but I must find him! He will explain to them on the telephone. He will explain about me and that it is all a mistake. I am sure none of them *know!* But *you* know, now. You will help me to find Colonel Dollond and everything will be explained, everything will be all right." As if self-hypnotized by his own words, his voice quietened and resumed its normal English tone. "Perhaps, yes, perhaps they will let me go home."

This exhibition was, of course, entirely unique in Mr. Ulick's long experience. Yet he was accustomed to dealing with the unexpected. It was a part of his duties to be prepared to do so. He took Van der Haar firmly by the shoulder and sat him down in Corporal French's chair. "Stay there a moment." Then he went to a cupboard and, taking out a flask, filled a small glass with brandy and carried it carefully back to the boy. "Now drink this, all at once. . . . That's better."

Van der Haar shuddered and coughed as the brandy burned his throat; then Ulick took the glass and put it carefully away. He paced the room twice and then turned to the cadet, noting that a more normal color had returned to the smooth olive face; the trembling had nearly died away.

"What you just said—If I was to repeat it, which I won't—would stop the . . . stop what you want stopped, all right. I can tell you that, lad! If any of the officers was to have heard you, you'd likely be out an' on your way back to your regiment in an hour's time." He paused. "Still, in a way I'm glad you said it because we—you an' I at least—knows where we stands; and there's never no harm in that. Now I'm going to tell *you* some things which you probably won't like; but they happens to be true, and if you just listen carefully—you don't have to say anything, just listen—you'll understand. 'Cos you *can* understand. You're educated and you aren't a fool. I knows that well enough.

"Now first, I wants you to know that I *do* see how it all looks to you. I see exactly what's happened an' I think it's a bloody shame. I'm sorry for you, I tell you straight. I've never been sorrier for anyone in my life, 'far as I can remember." He took a deep breath, realizing that he had gone far enough in this direction; too much sympathy could very easily undo what good it lay within his power to attempt. "But you *are* in the army, and you knows it well enough. This talk of letting you go home. that's just plain silly. You knows all right that can't happen. No, we got to get you through another four weeks in this place. Only four weeks, mind; and then, then off you goes to Syria and your Colonel Dollond and this job you want. It's all there waiting for you, isn't it? Just waiting at the end of four more weeks, thirty days or so. You've had a bad time, a real bad time, I know; but you can stand it for just that bit longer, can't you now?" His voice had become cajoling, persuasive. "Thirty more days, that's all. It's not too bad now, is it? An' that job you want, that job in Syria where you'll be near home and your mum an' your dad. It won't be long now."

He saw Van der Haar nod and thought the boy's mouth seemed to lift a little in a weak smile. "Yes, that's it. But, look, we got to get this other business over first, see?" Ulick took a deep breath. "Now listen, the officers *wants* to do this to you. You don't know why an' I knows it doesn't make any sort of sense to you; I can see that well enough. But that's how it is. It's something they probably been wanting to do for a long time. They've fixed it so that if you try to stop them doing it, they'll throw you out. An' then, good-bye to that job of yours and being near home and everything." He turned and put a hand on Van der Haar's shoulder. "Look. it's legal, see. because of your age. If you tried to go over their heads—well, it would be you against the rest of the army from the commander in chief down; they'd fix you proper. So you've got to let them do it; an' if you can, you got to try not to make too much fuss. 'Cos if you can do that, I think they'll likely let you alone for the rest of your time here. Once they've"—he spoke with an unaccustomed bitterness—"once they've had their bit of fun they'll feel guilty-like, I shouldn't wonder, 'cos they must know that —— Anyway, they'll let you alone a bit to make up, see? An' then those thirty days won't be so bad at all. You just keep quiet and they'll go soon enough."

Van der Haar nodded and got slowly to his feet. He was looking calmer now and the trapped wild-animal glint had gone from his eyes. The brandy and Ulick's evocation of home had had their effect. And he had suddenly remembered his concealed bullet and realized that despite Ulick's words there was another choice open to him. Deep within him he knew that it was not a true choice, but he intended, at least until six o'clock this evening, to pretend that it was. Now he said with a dull nonchalance, "I understand what you've told me about—about how it's going to be done. That was what you had to tell me? Why I was sent to you?"

"That's it." Uneasily, Ulick noted the tone of empty despair; uneasily, he remembered that there were more than five more hours to go—the whole slow tropic afternoon, during much of which time the cadets were free to do what they liked inside the barracks—before the assignment at six o'clock. He did not know about the rifle bullet, but he accurately guessed the state of Van der Haar's mind, and there were plenty of other ways of doing it. He told himself that no sane person, even at seventeen, would commit suicide merely to avoid a couple of minutes of ferocious pain; but then he realized that Van der Haar had not even mentioned that side of the affair, and that it was quite possible that it bulked less largely in his thoughts than the fact of being forced to undress formally in front of the officers. For considering what he now knew—and what he suspected Lutwyche and Hood also knew—of this boy's background and character, he saw that what was to take place this evening was not merely a brutal piece of inhumanity, still less corrective punishment; it was a moral, and as close as possible to being a physical, rape.

And suddenly he felt tired, tireder than his normal, heavy day's routine ever left him, tireder than he had felt for years. He was tired of this stupid cruelty on the part of stupid officers, tired of the officers themselves, and more than anything else tired of Van der Haar, who unintentionally had made him question values, standards and attitudes he had not questioned before throughout his life and did not want to question now. Van der Haar was the direct cause of all this trouble and might yet be the cause of a lot more. He shook his head, strode back behind his desk and sat down. "All right then. you can go now. Think about what I've said. And send Corporals Barr and French back here."

But, surprisingly, when a few seconds later the two corporals entered the room, snapping to attention and saluting in the doorway, they found that Mr. Ulick was grinning to himself and shaking his head in wonderment. For he had just recalled that the unthinkable had happened: A seventeen-year-old soldier, with neither rank nor service, had informed a brigade sergeant major of Cavalry to his face that, personally, he was neither interested nor involved in the British army.

When Sergeant Cole entered the gym that evening he found Sergeant Calderon leaning on the leather-covered vaulting horse, smoking a cigarette while C.S.M.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Not every blind date turns out to be a monster, Murray!"

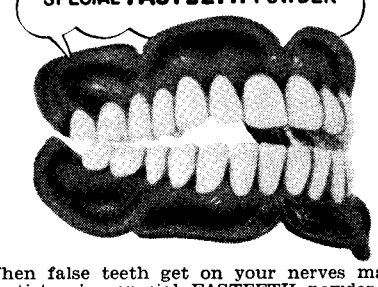
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Easy Count-down

See those numbers? You'll find them on every sheet of Webster Durametric Carbon paper. This numbered margin (a Webster exclusive) tells you exactly how close you are to the bottom of the page, helps you make neater typing jobs. The margin is uncoated for easy, clean removal. Non-smudging, non-curling finish gives more and crisper-looking copies. Next time at your stationer's, insist on quality MultiKopy Durametric Carbon Paper. By F.S. Webster, 11 Amherst St., Cambridge 42, Mass.

62 61 60 59 58 57 56 55 54 53 52 51 50 49 48 47 46 45 44 43 42 41 40 39 38

WHEN YOUR FALSE TEETH GET ON YOUR NERVES USE SPECIAL **FASTEETH** POWDER



When false teeth get on your nerves many dentists give special FASTEETH powder. It helps hold teeth in place—helps keep them from slipping or dropping down when you talk—makes you feel more secure. FASTEETH cushions tender gums so you can bite harder and eat easier, faster with greater comfort. FASTEETH helps you laugh and speak more clearly without embarrassment. FASTEETH is alkaline (non-acid). Checks "plate odor" (denture breath). At drug counters everywhere.

"WHERE'LL I GET THE CASH?"

HOW many times have you asked yourself that question when you are faced with household expenses that have to be met? We would like to suggest an answer that can mean increased income for you.

By selling magazine subscriptions, you can earn generous commissions. Many of our representatives earn more than $10.00 a week in their spare time—and you can do the same! Just send us your name and address on a postal and you will receive our offer and easy-to-follow instructions.

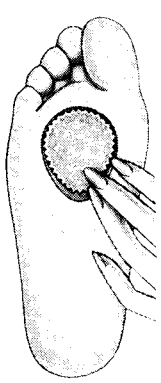
CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
876 Independence Square, Phila., Pa. 19105

Callouses

Pain, Burning, Soreness?

Relief Starts in Seconds!

No waiting for action when you use soothing, cushioning, *Super-Soft* Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads! *Nerve-deep* relief starts in seconds. Used at first sign of soreness, callouses are stopped *before* they can develop. The separate *Medications* included remove callouses one of the quickest ways known to medical science! At Drug, Dept., 5-10¢ Stores.



Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

SIGNIFICANT EXPERIENCE

Ross was making a few tentative strokes in the air with a thick shiny cane some four feet long. Over by the far window the B.S.M. was staring out into the soft summer evening, his back turned to the long bare room, which emanated its usual smell of sweat, rubber shoes and dust.

Cole stamped, saluted, said, "Sir!" to that distant back, received a brief nod, and then, relaxing into informality, strolled over to Calderon, pulling out cigarettes and matches of his own. "You here, too, eh? Picked for your looks or your strength?"

"Both, chum, I expect, like you," Calderon rejoined placidly. He shifted his six feet, three inches and uncrossed his legs. "Damn! I gone an' creased me bloody trousers!"

"Well, so long as you don't wet 'em, that's the main thing, i'nt it?"

"Don't see either of *us* has any call to do that. *He* may, though."

"Won't be wearing any," remarked Sergeant Major Ross briefly. He cut at the horse, and Calderon moved back.

"Steady on, sa'rnt Major. That near got me! I ain't done nothing, nothing anyone knows about, anyway." He turned to Cole. "What made you volunteer for this job, chum?"

"Sa'rnt major's orders."

"Indeed?" Calderon raised an eyebrow in mock surprise. "Same thing with me, it was. Funny, ain't it, the way you an' me goes on volunteering our services like?"

"Duty," said Cole, his eyes slewed to Ross. "My king an' my country calls for volunteers. I take one involuntary step forward 'cos the sar'nt major's just given me a sharp shove in the back, simple as that. Not but what I *would* have volunteered if it had been Hood." Calderon gave an appreciative grunt of laughter.

Ross said warningly, "Sa'rnt Cole?"

"Sorry, sir."

"You're both volunteers; got to be. You knows that, and you knows why—'cos you're not in his company. Can't have any possibility of personal malice. Not that it would be likely, seeing as we only drills 'em, and his drill's not bad—now."

"Bloody frightful when he came."

"Course it was!" Calderon grunted. "Poor little sod never seen a rifle 'fore he come here. Watching him the other day, I was. Picked it all up well enough now. Trouble is the staff major's always hanging around him, makes him nervous."

"Make anyone nervous, that would, like being watched by Frankenstein."

"Sa'rnt Cole!"

"Sorry, sir."

Sergeant Calderon asked curiously, "Sa'rnt Major, what's he supposed to have done? I mean, when I was told off—sorry—I mean when I volunteered for this caper you could have knocked me down with a feather duster. Cane a cadet! What's the management up to now? I mean to say, punishment drill's one thing, even Assault Course. An' talking of that, he was given a proper dose of that last week, if I remember right. Captain Lutwyche did it; staff major told him to, though. I heard him. 'Put Van der Haar over again,' he says. 'Been over twice, sir,' says Lutwyche. Staff major just give him a look. 'Put him through the dannert tunnel, anyway.' Likes the dannert tunnel, the major does."

"'Cos of the blood."

"Kid comes out smothered in it. What'd you expect with Lutwyche shouting, 'Faster! Faster!' and running along beside? Staff major called him up when he got out the other end too. 'Stand still. Keep your head up. Look *over* my head not *at* me.' Not easy, seeing the difference in their size. Told him off cold and slow, like he does. Then said. 'All right, go to the M.I. room and get iodine put on those cuts.' Kindhearted man, the staff major. Always got the men's welfare in mind."

"Did he go to the M.I. room to see it done?"

"'Far as I can remember," said Sergeant Calderon carefully, his eyes on Ross's back, "he resisted that very powerful temptation."

Suddenly, B.S.M. Ulick swung around from the window and strode across to the waiting group. "Right! Smokes out! And no more silly talk from you, Calderon. It's none of your business why this is being done. As far as you're both concerned, it's management's orders; that's all there is to it. You're here to obey orders, and you'll obey 'em—got it?"

"Sir!" The two sergeants snapped to attention, their faces at once assuming the correct wooden rigidity of military subservience.

The evening light was fading quickly outside the windows. Ulick strode across to the complex of light switches on one wall and selected four. These were the floods of the boxing ring, and they came on—four low-slung powerful lamps in great metal reflectors—pouring a glare of hot, vivid white light down on the vaulting horse and the men who stood around it. The B.S.M.'s brusque movement had knocked down another small switch in passing, and now a shaded lamp on the opposite wall, a lamp originally intended to light a dartboard, illuminated in a golden glow a picture of King George in the scarlet full dress of the Grenadier Guards.

Mr. Ulick came back, his heavy boots stamping hollowly over the bare planking. "Now, remember what I've said, all of you. Ross, you take your ——" He stopped abruptly and swung round as the door opened quietly at the far end of the room and shut again. No one spoke as Van der Haar slowly crossed the long shadowy room and uncertainly entered the pool of bright light. He was wearing nothing but his belted shorts of incorrect American beige drill and his rubber-soled gym shoes. Ulick suddenly remembered that, of course, in Egypt, unlike England, this was P.T. order. For a long moment there was silence while the four big men, embarrassed, unhappy, glanced awkwardly at the small, dark-haired, olive-skinned boy in front of them. His own large, fear-filled eyes slid quickly, furtively across their faces, and then rested, fascinated, upon the headless bulk of the shabby, leather-topped vaulting horse.

Ulick glanced quickly at Ross and saw that the sergeant major was concealing the heavy cane behind his trouser leg, while his other hand pulled nervously at his short brown moustache; nor were the expressions on the faces of Cole and Calderon such as to give the B.S.M. any satisfaction. Both were beginning to look angry with that peculiar, sullen, smoldering rebellious anger of the lower ranks.

Ulick let out his breath in a sharp hiss. "Right. Well now, we'll just run through this business quickly, see? So's we all know exactly what to do." He glanced at his watch. "The officers'll be here in a few minutes an' when they comes, we don't want no unnecessary hanging about. If we act lively an' don't make mistakes we can have them out of here in less'n eight minutes after they comes in, I reckon." He beckoned to Van der Haar. "Come over here. Now you stands here see? Between Sa'rnt Cole and Sa'rnt Calderon. . . . You two get into place."

The two tall Guards sergeants moved into position on each side of Van der Haar, dwarfing him by their uniformed bulk. Ulick moved back and, avoiding the boy's eyes, said, "Right. Now, when I tells you, you drops your trousers and comes over here. No, no, we'll take that for granted this time," for Van der Haar's hands had moved slowly, clumsily to the bright brass clasp of his white belt. "Now, come on—Sa'rnt Cole and Sa'rnt Calderon on each side; that's it."

They stood before the horse, and it was plainly much too high, its top level with Van der Haar's chest. "Got to lower the horse right down."

But even when the pegs had been pulled out and the wooden legs sunk as far as they would go into the interior of the horse, it was still too high. "No go," grunted Ross. Ulick nodded. "We'll have to have him on a box then. Cole! Get a box from the games room—and jump to it! We haven't got so much time left."

The box at the foot of the horse put the matter right. Van der Haar mounted it and Ulick put a hand between his shoulders and pressed him down so that he lay full stretch upon the smooth worn leather. "Now, your arms in front—that's it."

Everyone was in position. Ulick silently nodded to Ross to take his stance and measure his distance, and while the company sergeant major was doing this, he walked to the front of the horse and took something from his pocket. "Open your mouth."

Van der Haar lifted his face slightly from the shiny leather, glancing up uncertainly.

"Open your mouth a bit. No, no, you've no call to get scared." The B.S.M. showed a curved black piece of rubber cut from the wall of a motor tire and thickly wadded with cotton wool. "We don't want no noise, see? That's what this is for. Watch me, Cole. You're going to have to do this." He pushed the gag into Van der Haar's mouth and held it there, his hand spread around the boy's jaw. "You'll have to hold it in and keep his mouth closed. Your hands is big enough, that's why I chose you. Only, remember not to block his nose; he's got to breathe. Calderon, you'll be up by his head, too, so that the officers can't see this particular caper, which isn't in the book." He took the gag from Van der Haar's mouth and handed it to Cole. "Keep it in your pocket and get it back there afterward."

Cole suddenly said in a voice which Ulick had never heard before, "I don't like this! I didn't join the bloody army to do nothing like this. I'm minded to walk out—now."

Ulick saw at once that Cole had moved beyond the point at which discipline would control him. He wished he had chosen someone else, but it was too late now. He said bleakly, nodding down at Van der Haar, "I got you in 'cos I thought it likely you'd want to help *him*. Course, if you walks out now we'll have to send for someone else, an' the officers'll be here an' it will take about three time as long an' there won't be no way of shutting his noise, an' it will be just a shambles."

Cole swallowed, "All right, sir," he said.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Then, for Chrissake, let's act sensible. When it's done, you get him on his feet and back where he was and get his shorts on. Don't worry about the buttons; get the belt fixed. If he's wobbly you holds him. Then I'll get rid of the officers, see?"

"Yessir," said Cole and Calderon almost simultaneously.

"Right. Then get back to your places and stand easy."

For a moment they stood there, the four of them, under the flood of white light; the half-naked boy between the two big immaculate sergeants, and with the two senior N.C.O.'s a little to one side. And now there was only one more thing which Ulick had to say. He caught Ross's eye and beckoned him forward, then turned to Van der Haar. For a moment, an astonishing moment to all of them, he dropped entirely the hard brisk military manner with which daily, weekly, monthly he stamped through his duties at the training school. Putting a hand on Van der Haar's shoulder, he said gently, "Look, Michael, you knows Mr. Ross an' you knows—or should do—as he's got nothing against you. He's never done you no harm an' he doesn't want to now. Matter of fact, he asked me most particular to excuse him this duty, but I couldn't." Beside him, Ross nodded embarrassed confirmation. "Better show it to him, Ross."

Van der Haar looked silently at the heavy, shiny cane.

"Now, it's no use me telling the C.S.M. to go easy with this, see? Chances are you thinks I could do that, or perhaps that I already have. I can't, an' I'll tell you for why. If it's seen he isn't using his proper strength he can be told to do it again, see? An' with the staff major here, he would be. So instead of twelve you might get fourteen or fifteen, or even the whole lot over again. Understood? Good. Then just you think about what I told you this morning." He glanced at his watch. "Right. They'll be here any minute now." He moved three paces forward; Ross took three paces to the side; they both turned about, facing the door through which the officers would come, and a sudden silence fell over the big echoing room, dark and shadowy outside the one hot pool of central radiance and the single shining picture of the smiling king.

In that silence—tense, ominous, expectant—Van der Haar stood motionless. His breathing was quick and shallow, his heart thudding rapidly, unsteadily. He was floundering in a terrified nightmare, running blindly through caverns of jumbled horror in which nothing made sense any longer. It was entirely unbelievable that this was happening to him; it couldn't be happening, but it was.

Throughout the long, hot afternoon he had wandered about the obscurer parts of the rambling old barracks, trying, with increasing incoherence, to discover what he had done to bring this thing upon himself and, still more vainly, how to deal with it.

He had been educated in the clear, rational lucidity of a French *lycée*, and the habit of logical, analytical thought had been deeply instilled into him. But instead of helping him now, this civilized accomplishment merely made confusion worse confounded. For he was in the hands of people—people who in everything except the accident of birth were foreigners—who had received a no less carefully instilled education of a radically different sort; an education that was in no sense logical or lucid but which was based on national myths and a complex conspiracy of prearranged attitudes, an education that rated unconditional and enthusiastic conformity to a wide variety of beliefs and behavior patterns high above all other achievements.

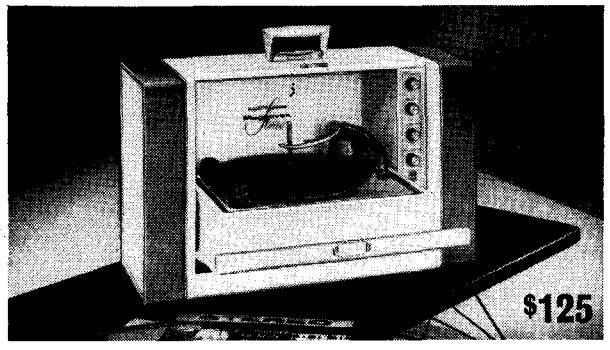
Van der Haar had entered the training school in the belief that he was "to learn about the army." He had expected textbooks, tables, diagrams illustrating the whole organizational complex, many hours of calm study interspersed with technical lectures. Instead, he had been made to run through barbed-wire tunnels and to smash his hands endlessly on the wood and steel of his rifle. He did not understand that the barbed-wire-tunnel running and the rifle drill were not inflicted on him to teach him about barbed wire and rifles; they were part of a purposely painful and long-drawn-out initiation ceremony, and their purpose was moral and spiritual rather than physical. He did not understand that it was demanded of him that he show cheerfulness, willingness and respect during this initiation, and therefore he too often showed his true feelings: despair, incomprehension, fear. These training methods were supposed to have a marked, permanent and quickly discernible effect upon the outlook and attitudes of those undergoing them. But, since they were based on traditional instincts rather than explicable reasons, they could not be explained to Van der Haar in words, and so had no effect upon him. It was because of this that the officers said that he "behaved like a civilian"; his mind was not being reshaped in the correct way.

Hood, in Van der Haar's position, would have understood this. He would have realized instinctively that a refusal to conform mentally—though in fact Van der Haar was not refusing; he just did not understand what was required of him—was a sin against the whole glittering, towering structure of which the British army was one of the main parts and its officers the most trusted custodians. Such a refusal implicitly demonstrated a lack of faith which could not be tolerated in anyone wearing a military uniform, for it was an impiety against everything that made up the creed of the British army—Crown, Empire, aristocratic-hierarchical rule, the Englishman's God-given right to trample on all foreigners or persons weaker or poorer than himself. It was a sin which merited very severe punishment indeed.

Also it would have been apparent to Hood—being an Englishman in the full, rather than in the merely legal, sense—that he stood in a particularly vulnerable age group, neither child nor man; the time at which disbelief must be eradicated and the myths rammed home finally and, if necessary, brutally and at whatever cost in suffering, so that they might become a part of the grown man to be perpetuated in him and enforced in turn by him in the years ahead.

Since Van der Haar knew none of this, he was at last forced to accept two facts stated plainly earlier in the day by Mr. Ulick. The officers wanted to do this to him and they were doing it because he was a boy, not a man. It made an odd sort of sense in a way, but it was a way Van der Haar preferred not to think about; somehow it brought back a shuddering remembrance of Lutwyche's

THE MAGNASONIC 602 projects sound from sides and front to surround you with the full beauty of music. Record player and controls fold into walnut-finished cabinet—which is only 10" deep and 34" wide. With FM/AM radio, only $198.50.



THE PORTABLE 251. Self-contained 4-speaker stereo — just plug in and play, no additional speakers required. Micromatic record player, powerful solid-state amplifier.

THE PORTABLE 249. Tonal fidelity never before obtained in a portable. Powerful solid-state amplifier, Micromatic record player, extensible speakers.

Now Magnavox brings you revolutionary (no tubes) stereo high fidelity in space-saving cabinetry

This amazing space-age achievement re-creates music with beauty never before possible.

Though modestly priced, these magnificent new Magnavox phonographs give you the full beauty of music—you enjoy true high fidelity and the spectacular dimensions of stereophonics.

New solid-state circuitry eliminates vacuum tubes and component-damaging heat—the cause of most failures; it is so reliable, parts are guaranteed for five years.

Now your records can last a lifetime—the Micromatic record player, with a turntable speed as accurate as an electric clock, eliminates pitch distortion. The pick-up plays at only 1/10 ounce touch—therefore, the diamond stylus (needle) is guaranteed ten years!

Hear these and numerous other models at your franchised Magnavox dealer's, listed in the Yellow Pages.

the magnificent **Magnavox**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

searching, probing gaze, the sound of his light, cold voice. . . ." *I didn't like doing that to you, Van der Haar, but it was necessary. . . .*"

So then there remained the greater question of what he himself should do. Dollond. If only he could contact Dollond! But that, as he saw at once, was almost impossible. Dollond was in Syria, and he might be in any part of the country, or even on leave. It would mean a network of complicated phone calls over military telephones, endless complex explanations and almost certain failure. Anyway, as a cadet he would not be allowed to use the military telephone system without a permit from an officer, and even if he got out of the barracks, which at that hour was forbidden, he had not the money for a long-distance call on the still more difficult civilian lines.

Then there was escape. He could climb over the railings behind the ammunition store and drop down into the road beside the Museum of Antiquities that flanked the training school on one side. But he had been made to send his civilian clothes home—no soldier might be in possession of such things—and his passport and papers had been taken from him to be replaced with the regulation army pay book. Also, since both Egypt and Syria swarmed with military police, let alone field security men in plain clothes, he would almost certainly be picked up before he got to the border. Even if by fantastic luck he reached home and his parents tried to hide him, the M.P.'s would get him in the end. And then Lutwyche's words came back to him: "I don't think you'd like being an ordinary private in a line regiment for the rest of the war—or until you were killed—whichever is the shorter, as the lawyers say."

So in the end the choice was narrowed to using his rifle bullet or letting events take their course. Van der Haar found himself wishing profoundly that the two things were the same, that this morning Ulick had been explaining a simpler ritual in which his part was merely to stand before a wall and await a single eliminating volley. It would have been easier to accept than the degrading horror which the officers had planned for him. But no one had suggested shooting him and, now that it came to the point, he saw clearly enough that a single bullet and a cumbersome army rifle were by no means the best instruments with which to commit certain suicide; he would probably succeed only in blinding or maiming himself for life.

At that point his thoughts had come to a dead stop. He could neither escape his fate nor accept it, and his five-hour Gethsemane had been fruitless; he was not, after all, thirty-three years old and convinced of a divine mission; he was seventeen, in many ways young for his age, and very frightened.

And now he stood waiting between the sergeants, feeling the arc lamps beating down on his bare shoulders while the sweat pricked out over his skin and dripped from his armpits and down the backs of his legs. He was acutely conscious of his body and what was about to be done to it, every nerve vibrant with feeling, every muscle pulsing with blood as his adrenal glands boosted them with the extra speed and strength for an escape that was impossible. For a moment he hung his head, panting like a horse, and in that moment there came from outside the sound of curt voices and footsteps; the door at the other end of the long room was thrown open, and B.S.M. Ulick bellowed, "Parade, parade, 'shun!"

The officers entered the gym in a close group led by Major Seligman, behind whom came the staff major, Lutwyche and Hood. They were, with the exception of Exelfield, who still wore his boots and breeches and carried his eternal riding crop, dressed for evening mess; their pale tunics glinting with polished buttons and regimental insignia. They strode across the floor, their footsteps drumming loudly on the hollow planks, and entered the square pond of light with its five stiff, silent figures beside the low horizontal bulk of the vaulting horse.

Ulick saluted, snapped, "All present and correct, sir." And Seligman saluted in his turn. He was looking grimly, coldly angry, and his looks matched his feelings. It was only at lunch today that he had heard, at first with incredulity, later with rage, that Lutwyche had actually put Exelfield's atrocious plan to the test and had received official approval from the commandant. He had sought the general as soon as possible and protested vehemently. "Sir, it's not as if this was the peacetime regular army, or as if this cadet was a peacetime 'boy' recruit! It's not even as if he'd committed any serious act of indiscipline, either. In fact, I understand that the charge brought against him was merely that of having an untidy locker. . . ." He had expostulated for several minutes, while the general smiled at him kindly and waited politely for his turn.

When it came, he was as suavely calm and reasonable as ever. "My dear Seligman, I do indeed fully comprehend the points you've raised. What is more, I understand your feelings over this matter, and I think they do you credit. Of course, you are quite right when you say that this is not the peacetime regular army and that this cadet is not an ordinary peacetime 'boy' recruit and that the last charge on his crime sheet—taken by itself—is of a fairly unimportant nature. But the fact is . . . Will you smoke? No? . . . the fact is, as I was saying, that these points you have raised are completely irrelevant to the present case. They have nothing to do with it at all. Perhaps"—he had sat back and examined the tip of his own cigarette for a moment—"perhaps it would be easier to explain what I mean, and I assure you, my dear Seligman, that I am most anxious to explain my meaning to you, if I were to make a few points myself. Let me try to do so.

"Firstly, then, this establishment exists to train regimental officers and, as you know, we are supposed in some ways to run it on Sandhurst lines. Secondly, this cadet has been behaving—or perhaps it would be best to say *not behaving* in a way that would be tolerated long at Sandhurst. There, a general charge of consistently unsatisfactory behavior would be quite enough to have him beaten; and the beatings, I may say, would go on until he adapted himself to the correct pattern. Now you may say, and I would emphatically agree with you, that this boy should never have been sent here in the first place. If Intelligence wanted him, they should have waited until he was the right age and then got him commissioned along with all the other odds and bods on the General Service List. Instead of which, some person or persons unknown decided to send him here, and from here he has, as you are well aware, to be commissioned into a proper regiment. When he leaves us it will be as an officer of a line regiment: Devons, Dorsets, Buffs or some other. We know, of course, that he'll never actually serve with them; he'll be seconded at once to Intelligence. But he'll be on their official strength; he'll be wearing their badges and buttons, and that regiment will be *his* regiment.

"Well then, to put the matter bluntly, I want to think, for the sake of that regiment whose badges he will wear, that when he leaves here he will be a lot more like a regimental soldier—like an officer—than he is at present. I don't mind a twopenny damn what sort of fellow wears the General Service badge, but I *do* mind, very much indeed, about the type of officer who wears a regimental one."

"Van der Haar doesn't understand that point, sir. And I think you'll agree that it is one that a regular soldier would be more likely to appreciate. Van der Haar doesn't know the first thing about the regimental system. I remember a paper exercise when he failed to use an entire company of Sherwood Foresters—he said afterward that he thought they were game wardens—and up till quite recently he apparently believed the Pioneer Corps to be some sort of shock troops." That had been a mistake; the general's mouth had thinned at once.

"Yes, yes, most amusing, Seligman. The fact is that this young man makes a habit of such amusing remarks. I rathe think we should break him of it. I've no doubt that he has no particular interest in becoming a regimental officer, in any case; he's merely interested in this job the Intelligence have waiting for him. Not, Seligman, a very commendable attitude in a young Englishman at this time, do you think?"

"He's, well, in many ways he's not really very English, sir. I mean, that's partly why Intelligence ——"

Gently the general had said, "As far as we here are concerned he *is* English, and he *is* going to become a junior officer in an English line regiment. Whether he likes it or not, we are going to try to fit him to the pattern suitable to both those positions. If a caning will help—and personally, from all I have heard about him, I believe it can do nothing but good—then he is still quite young enough to undergo one."

"This is to be a rather special kind of caning, sir."

"And, am I not right, Van der Haar has been sent here for special reasons. Like unto like, as they say." The general had risen and laid a gentle hand on Seligman's arm. "I'm sorry to seem frivolous on a subject you seem to take seriously, my dear man. I assure you I'm not a bit, really. This will do that boy a lot of good; if I did not think so I would not sanction it. It will be, as I told Lutwyche this morning, a significant experience for him."

And at that point Seligman had realized that further protest was useless. He was up against a high, blank, and solid wall of irrational class prejudice and caste totems, a wall which guarded and shut from the defiling touch of ordinary men a mass of ancient privileges, rites and traditions, a huge herd of ornamental but otherwise utterly useless sacred cows. By the general's own admission, the sole reason that Van der Haar was to be punished—and in a particularly unpleasant way—was because the few square centimeters of embossed metal which he would have to wear on his cap and collar when he left the school were of a different design to the other few square centimeters of embossed metal he would have worn if it had been possible to commission him on the General Service List. Against such reasoning, if one could call it that, there was no argument at all.

Later that afternoon Seligman had received a polite note on the general's own blue notepaper and written in the general's own ornate hand requesting him to be present at the punishment parade that evening. The general, "after due reflection," had decided that a second officer of field rank should be present, and as Major Seligman had shown an interest in the case it appeared that his would be the most suitable appointment.

Seligman had sat back marveling at the mind of the British regular officer; it partook, he saw, of many of the qualities of the professional criminal. On the surface it was so stupid, arrogant, vain, and brutal that it appeared to the outsider to be vulnerable to any intelligent attack. But underneath that exterior lurked a thin, hard streak of infinite cunning which evaded and avoided the traps laid for it by those who looked only on the outward appearance. The staff major, Lutwyche and young Hood were regu-

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"He must be the choreographer."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lars; he, Seligman, despite his official seniority, held only a wartime commission. If he was present this evening and if, in some way, this business backfired, he, as the senior officer, would carry the responsibility, thus shielding the others. It had happened before, of course; it was happening all the time. He had fought in three battles against the enemy and had been wounded in the last, whereas neither Exelfield, Lutwyche nor Hood had ever been in action. The Regular army looked after its own.

And now here he was, sullenly, darkly angry, at the head of three officers with whom, from a social viewpoint, he was hardly any longer on speaking terms; and Ulick was saluting with a look of surprise and indignation in his eyes, as if Seligman was the last person he would have expected to present himself as a witness this evening. Returning the salute, Seligman realized that this was something which must be put right later, for his relations with the B.S.M. had always been excellent. He glanced across at the figures on the other side of the white pool of light, and caught his breath sharply. This was going to be worse, much worse, than he had expected.

Van der Haar, in only his shorts and with a curving streak of dark hair fallen forward across his forehead, looked about fifteen at the most. He was obviously terrified, and it was almost possible to see his heart pounding under the rapid expansion and contraction of his chest. And now Seligman saw with a shock of mingled revulsion and pity that the damp skin of chest, shoulders and arms was marked with small, newly healed red cuts; and he thought of the dannert tunnel, the long roll of circular strands of barbed wire through which the cadets were made to run crouching during the Assault Course. Somewhere he had read that before the more terrible of French medieval executions, the victims were *taillé*—ripped with iron hooks—to give them a foretaste of the agonies in store; and this, too, had not apparently been neglected tonight.

With the exception of his breathing, Van der Haar was managing to stand still; it was the one thing which weeks of shouting on the parade ground had made automatic; in the presence of officers one froze into an immutable, trancelike rigidity. His eyes alone, dark pools reflecting blank empty fear, moved rapidly across the faces of his tormentors opposite. And as for a second they met Seligman's, the major thought he read one last, mute, despairing appeal for help. In that second he came within a hairbreadth of calling the whole thing off. He even took one half pace forward in order to do so. Then, abruptly, coldly, reason reasserted itself. If, by right of his rank, he dismissed the parade there would be an inquiry, and the matter would inevitably move up into the aloof regions of higher authority beyond the gates of the training school; and in that ambience of gilt and family connections, the general, using all his influence as a regular officer and a Guards officer at that, would thwart the Intelligence Corps' demand for their protégé and get Van der Haar posted as a private to an infantry regiment. After this morning's interview Seligman had no doubt at all about that. You poor little sod! he thought bitterly. They've got you, all right. And they've got me as well; they've got us both. And then he was filled with a sudden sense of shame at trying to ease his conscience by coupling himself with Van der Haar, even in a passing thought. For what had he, who stood here washed and brushed in a smart uniform and who in less than half an hour would be drinking gin and lime on a jasmine-hung terrace under the calm evening sky, what had he in common with that small, scarred, panting, sweating figure standing there mutely awaiting torture? For that, he told himself harshly, was what he and Exelfield, Lutwyche and Hood were here to see done; that, in cold dictionary terminology, was the word for it; that, and no other. They had trapped a small, harmless and totally defenseless animal, and now they were going to torture it deliberately, wantonly and with elaborate ceremony.

He shuddered and became aware that Lutwyche, as company commander, was reading the sentence: ". . . twelve strokes of the cane." His voice seemed higher than usual; was it excitement or fear or a mixture of both?

As soon as the words were out, Ulick repeated them and swung round to Seligman. "Carry on, sir?"

Hardly moving his lips, the Major said tonelessly, "Yes, please, Sergeant Major."

Ulick saluted, swung round on his heel and nodded briefly to Van der Haar. For a second the boy stood motionless under the huge white glare of light; then a sighing shudder seemed to pass over his whole body; his scarred, sunburned hands lifted slowly to his childishly thin waist and fumbled with the glittering clasp of his army belt. It came apart with a metallic click and hung heavily; and after he had opened the first three buttons of his shorts, that weight brought them falling of their own accord past his narrow hips to his ankles. He stepped out of the crumpled circle of beige drill and stood completely naked, his eyes lowered, his face a dull burning crimson, before them all.

And Seligman understood at once that for Van der Haar this was perhaps almost the worst part of what they were doing to him. For after all he was a boy, not a man. He did not consider himself physically one with them, and had all the diffidence of a boy who knows his body is still growing, still maturing, not complete or solid. It could not have been much worse for him if he had been a girl.

Seligman slid his eyes to Lutwyche and saw, as he had half expected, that the Captain's face was slightly flushed, his eyes behind the horn-rimmed spectacles gleaming with avid fascination. Seligman realized at once that this was what Lutwyche had wanted; this, in the last resort, was why they were all here this evening.

And now Van der Haar appeared to have become rooted to the floor. Lost in a sick morass of misery and humiliation, he seemed to have forgotten that this was merely, as far as his official punishment was concerned, the unimportant prelude. Seligman saw Ulick motion quickly to the two sergeants, who had automatically taken a pace forward with Van der Haar when he stepped out of his crumpled shorts. Now they each laid a hand on his arms and led him the three steps to the box below the vaulting horse. Van der Haar moved slowly, head hanging, eyes dropped; he stumbled over the box, mounted it and more or less fell face down across the long leather top of the horse. The two sergeants pulled his arms

CHANGE TO ELECTRASOL

SEE THE DIFFERENCE!

Spotless Film-Free Dishes
...even in Hardest Water

Only Electrasol's *exclusive New Formula* gives you all four:

1. "Sheets off" the drops that make spots.
2. Removes film left by water minerals and other detergents.
3. Reduces food soil foam to give *full-spray*, cleaning action.
4. Lowest price because it's made by the largest manufacturer of dish machine detergents in the country.

Get New Blue Ribbon
ELECTRASOL
ECONOMICS LABORATORY, INC.

Send stamped, self-addressed envelope for FREE 16-page colorful booklet, "How to Make the Most of your Electric Dishwasher". Write to Electrasol, Dept. 21-C. P.O. Box 1225, Grand Central Post Office, N.Y. 17, N.Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

straight out in front of him while Ulick moved up, making some correction in a low undertone, and then turned to Ross.

And now, thought Seligman, we really get on the job. We're all back again in the eighteenth century, and George the Third's at Windsor, and everything's nice and elegant and cozy; scarlet regimentals, white wigs and everyone in his proper place—us at the top and the rest well down beneath our feet. Nearly 150 years had passed since Waterloo, but to the staff major, Lutwyche, Hood—most of all to the general—they had altered nothing important. The high walls of the barracks, the exclusive doorways of the officers' messes and clubs could keep out all but a vague murmur of the changing world; behind them it was possible to dream on in a daily round of regimental rites and ceremonies, rituals and attitudes as old as the regimental port and cognac with which the Royal toasts were drunk at dinner.

Ulick's voice shouting, "One!" brought Major Seligman back with a jerk from his second's escape into reflective irony. He saw Ross take a sharp pace forward, saw the long cane swing flashing in a wide arc under the lights and heard the sound that was neither a crack nor a thud but something of both as it struck Van der Haar's small taut buttocks.

Ross took a step back and lifted the cane once more while a long red welt sprang up, showing the site of the first stroke. It would be upon that thickening red line and on either side of it that Ross must lay the next eleven.

"Two!" shouted Ulick, and once more the cane came hissing down and struck with its odd sharp thud. This time Seligman's eyes were on Van der Haar, or as much of him as he could see behind Sergeant Calderon's broad back. He realized from the stance which Calderon had adopted beside the horse—legs apart, shoulders braced—that both sergeants were having to hold the boy down with all their strength. As the cane struck, the whole of Van der Haar's body jerked convulsively, and from the direction of his head, which was obscured by Calderon, came a queer half-stifled grunt.

"Three! . . . Four! . . . Five!"

Seligman felt something tickling his face and realized that he was dripping with sweat. His heart was pounding, and he was feeling very sick. Van der Haar's thighs were now a crisscross of darkening crimson weals that stood out horribly under the electric glare from above. And still the heavy cane whistled down onto the tortured flesh.

It was now apparent to Seligman that the two sergeants had the boy's mouth clamped in some way—probably they had a gag between his jaws—and that he was unable to breathe properly. For a dreadful second he pictured the terror of Van der Haar at this moment—held down in that iron grip, his body one blazing agony, his lungs bursting for the air that was being denied them.

"Six!" shouted Ulick's remorseless voice, and once more the small body stretched on the horse jerked under the stroke, but with a slower, less galvanic effort; he was weakening now.

An odd unreality seemed to fill Seligman. He started to shake his head, and the sweat drops spattered out and fell to the dusty floor. From three feet away, on his left side, Exelfield gave him a brief glance and then turned his gaze back to the horse. Seligman saw that Exelfield's face was as coldly calm as ever, his eyes as cool and certain; and in his high-peaked cap the silver death's-head badge glittered brilliantly in the light. He stood with his booted and spurred legs slightly apart, his hands holding his riding crop across the front of his breeches. There was nothing eighteenth-century about Exelfield; his attitude, manner, stance were pure Dachau. Far away, in another land, scenes like this were acted out daily under other fierce electric lights before the cold-eyed gaze of men who also wore the *Totenkopf* in their caps; men who, Seligman now saw plainly, possessed exactly the same mentality as the staff major. There was no difference at all between them, save that when, in the not-so-distant future, Exelfield's foreign colleagues made their last brief, hopeless appearances before military tribunals or people's courts, Exelfield would be back in England in full possession of his immense wealth, the rank, probably, of lieutenant colonel, and some half dozen medals. The staff major's booted feet would still be clicking across some parade ground, while those of the others stood roped upon the gallows.

And now a cold darkness fell upon the major that replaced all his former incredulous anger at hearing, this morning, what was to be done, and all his appalled horror at what, this evening, he was witnessing. An intelligent man and a realist, he had never accepted the more extravagant and self-deceptive boasts of his nation's statesmen and propagandists. In going to war, he had set out to defend what he knew to be a most imperfect society: hypocritical, unjust, drabbly mean-spirited. But he had also believed that it differed profoundly from the barbaric tyranny of the murderers and torturers to which it was now opposed. It was possible to read of the things that happened in the concentration camps and still to say with complete belief, "That couldn't happen here."

And yet, tonight, he, an officer of the regiment which had led the most famous, heroic and useless cavalry charge in history, had allowed himself after one feeble protest to ape the squalid role of a German prison guard. Somewhere in the shadows the ghosts of the Light Brigade turned their elegant, cherry-colored backs.

"Seven! . . . Eight! . . . Nine! . . . Ten!"

Every time the long cane struck, a cold hand seemed to clench itself into a fist in Seligman's stomach. He glanced at Lutwyche and saw that his face was pale, his eyes wide with a fascinated revulsion. Beyond him Hood's face was scarlet, his jaws set as grimly as if he himself were to be next on the horse. For a moment the young lieutenant's eyes, guilty and ashamed, met the major's and then dropped quickly. Hood had temporarily been jolted out of his identity as a Guards officer into the reality of existence, in which he was, after all, still largely a boy himself. What was being done to Van der Haar was, in a measure, being done to him too, for they were both of the same generation and must live together in the same world for much the same span of years. Hood wanted to get behind the great curtain wall of the barracks and dream away his life in the company of men like the general, but to do that he must, like a monk, renounce realism and the outside world, and he was still too young to be able to do this with certainty.

"Eleven! . . . Twelve!"

And Ross, turning away, lifting a hand to wipe the perspiration from his face; the long stick, its work done now, hanging limp at his side.

For a single moment no one moved; everything was motionless, as in a tableau, under the harsh light. The very air seemed exhausted, burnt out, used up. From his place on the wall opposite the head of the horse George VI simpered in gold and scarlet.

The whole area of Van der Haar's narrow buttocks was one blue-red tumescent bruise; a small trickle of blood wriggled down his left thigh, mixed with the sweat under the back of his knee, and slid pale pink down the smooth brown calf. Then Cole and Calderon had him upright, their hands under his arms, and half-pulled, half-lifted him off the horse. He swayed for a moment, staring about him, drawing in huge rasping gulps of air; his face was livid, the color of dirty putty, his eyes glazed blankly with shock. Then he was back in his place, and while Calderon held him Cole pulled on his shorts and clamped the belt. Seligman watched with shame and a dreadful burning pity while the boy's shaking hands fumbled to do up the disregarded buttons. He looked away, and in doing so his eyes met those of Sergeant Cole and read plain murder in them, read such hatred that he could hardly prevent himself taking a step backward. Then Ulick, stiff as a poker, was saluting, saying something, snapping some request to dismiss.

Seligman nodded. "Yes, please, Sergeant Major," he said thickly. He guessed that Ulick wanted the officers to leave immediately, and it was a desire in which he shared to the full. Hardly bothering to return the B.S.M.'s salute, he turned abruptly. "Come, gentlemen," he grunted curtly, and, followed by the other three, strode away as quickly as his bad leg would permit, away from that square of brilliant light, across the echoing floor to the door and out into the night and t'e fresh air.

It was past midnight when Major Seligman turned down the narrow street which led to the Museum of Antiquities and beyond it to the great looming bulk of the old barracks. He had drunk a great deal in the past five hours, but the bad whiskey and worse gin had only heightened the feeling of dark unreality which had fallen upon him earlier in the evening, turning his anger and unhappiness into a muddled exasperation in which his thoughts strayed increasingly through streets of doubt into cul-de-sacs of blank unreason.

The four officers had left the gym in silence that evening, and in silence they had broken up. Lutwyche had walked rapidly off toward his quarters, while the staff major had stridden away in the direction of the administrative office block. Only Hood had reluctantly accompanied the Hussar major toward the officers' mess. As they turned down the graveled pathway between the storehouses and the vehicle park, Seligman had suddenly broken the silence to ask cruelly, "Well, did you enjoy yourself as much as you'd hoped?"

Hood, caught unprepared for such directness, had stammered something about "unpleasant duty" and "necessity for discipline," but Seligman was not in the mood to tolerate old-fashioned cant from someone as young as Hood.

"Christ! Don't try that line with me!" he had exclaimed roughly.

For a moment, Hood subsided into silence; then he said, almost placatingly, it seemed, "You see, Lutwyche wanted it done."

They were under a lamp standard and Seligman turned on him at once. "We're not talking about *Captain* Lutwyche! And you seem to forget that you're speaking to a field officer."

"I'm sorry, sir."

"So I should hope," grunted Seligman, already a little irritated to find himself taking his exasperated anger out on such a dim-witted junior as Hood. Hood had behaved atrociously, of course, but only under the instigation and example of his company commander and Exelfield. More quietly he said, "You haven't answered my question yet."

"What question, sir?"

"You know perfectly well. I asked whether you'd enjoyed yourself this evening."

"Of course I didn't—sir!"

"Oh, for God's sake, Hood, cut that out!" said Seligman tiredly. "I'm not a fool. You wanted it done, didn't you?"

"No. I thought—that is—it seemed to me ——"

"I heard you," said the major patiently, "in the mess at lunchtime yesterday, shouting for Van der Haar to be caned. I want to know why. You say you didn't enjoy the actual performance, and I don't think you did."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Will you please stop yelling 'Oh goodie!' while I'm trying to explain to you about men?"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I didn't! The staff major did."

"My God, Hood! We're not *discussing* the staff major! Well?"

"I've told you, sir." Hood's voice was ıllen. "He needed disciplining. He be-ıaved like a civilian. This will teach him."

"Teach him what, exactly? To love and admire the army and to try to emulate its attitudes more successfully? Surely even you, Hood, can't think that?"

Hood scowled and shrugged, shifting his feet in the gravel, and the major sighed deeply. "Look, you know what we've done this evening, don't you? Not just you alone; I, too, and the others. We are all involved."

"I don't know what you mean."

"*I* think you do. Only you don't want to put it into words."

Hood stared down at his feet for a moment, then he burst out suddenly. "It was done to me, often! Not—not like that, I admit, but they hit me just as hard, harder, probably, because there weren't any officers watching. And it went on for more than a year!"

"And at school before that, I suppose?"

"Naturally. Didn't it happen to you?"

"I didn't go to one of those sort of schools, thank God. And I suppose you'll now tell me that it didn't do you any harm, that it was good for you."

"Probably both are true enough." Under the lamp's yellow rays Hood's young face looked positively mutinous.

Seligman drew a deep breath. "Don't you see, you little fool . . ." he began. But then he looked at Hood and saw that it was useless. It was quite useless. Hood had been picked up as a child of eight or nine and thrown into the machine of organized English upper-class brutality, and he had emerged at twenty-one a perfect specimen: fit, strong, "manly" and with every bit of nonsense—all those feelings and emotions which made the whole difference between men and beasts and which the system so deplored—knocked completely out of him. The system had done a really first-class job on Hood; they should be proud of him. And, in fact, they probably *were*.

Seligman shook his head, and Hood glared at him, hot-eyed. "Why are you laughing?"

"Oh, God, why indeed?" Controlling himself with an effort, Seligman tried to pat Hood's shoulder. He knew he had been horrible to Hood, trying to make him question things he had been taught never to question. But Hood shrank away, and the major said, "I'm laughing, as they say, in order that I may not weep. All right, Hood. You've told me what I wanted to know."

"Can I go now?"

"Go? Aren't you coming in to dinner?"

"I—I think I'll go out and have it in the town."

There had been few officers in the mess that evening; practically all the younger ones seemed to have gone out to enjoy themselves in the city. A cherubic old quartermaster captain sat in a corner with his Siamese cat curled asleep on his knees, and four balding middle-aged majors played tartly acrimonious bridge at a table on the terrace.

The commandant, propped elegantly against the otherwise empty bar, read an airmail edition of the *Times*. As Seligman came in, he folded this politely and smiled. "Good evening, Major. Can I offer you something?"

Seligman gave a start; he had not noticed the general's presence until too late to avoid it. "Oh, good evening, sir. Yes, thank you—a whiskey if I may."

Yusef, behind the bar, heard the order and deftly supplied it, while the general scribbled his initials on the small pad of slips. "And—how did it go?"

"What, sir?" asked Seligman.

"The business with that boy—what's his name—Van der Haar."

"It was done—as ordered," said Seligman briefly.

"I see, yes. It went off all right, then?"

Seligman said nothing. If you want all the gory details why don't you ask for them? he was thinking. Or better still, why didn't you come and watch, yourself? Stand right up near the horse and get the full kick? Then you could go to bed tonight and dream about it as Exelfield will.

He waited, and the general, twisting his glass by its stem between his long sensitive fingers, asked, "How did he take it?"

Seligman said, trying but failing to keep the disgust out of his voice, "He made no noise, if that's what you mean—poor little devil."

The general gave the slightest of starts and his eyebrows lifted in mild deprecation. "I don't think we need be too sorry for him, Seligman. It will do him a lot of good. And, after all, he's still very young."

With lowered eyes Seligman in his turn swirled the liquor in his glass, but his hands were shaking with rage. He was thinking that, after all, there were certain things to be said for the dear, dead days of George the Third. A hundred and fifty years ago, for instance, he would have been able to throw the remains of his drink full in the general's handsome eighteenth-century face, and follow it up two mornings later with a pistol ball in the general's eighteenth-century heart.

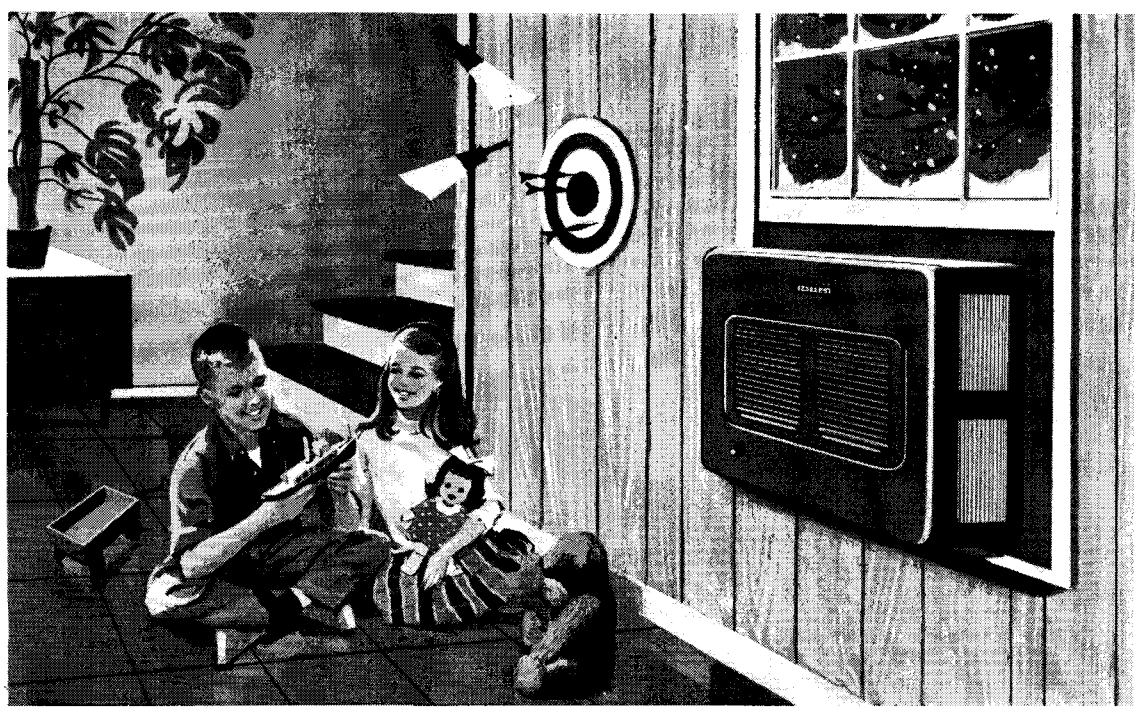
A quick footstep sounded on the parquet floor, and the staff major entered. He'd got himself out of his everlasting riding boots and put away his crop. "Good evening, sir."

"Hullo, Exelfield. You're a little late."

"Am I, sir?" Exelfield glanced at his flat gold wristwatch. "Yes, I suppose I am. I've been in the M.I. room, as a matter of fact." He caught Seligman's eye and gave a slight, mirthless smile. "Ross did a good job, very competent. Our young friend won't be able to sit down for at least a week, I'd say. Brandy and soda, Yusef, and don't forget the ice." He turned once more to Seligman, his thin smile glittering like the grins of the silver skulls on his collar; and as the light above the bar caught his eyes, the major had again the impression of looking through them into a dark, empty cavity.

Involuntarily he gave a slight shudder and shifted his bar stool so that he was a little farther from Exelfield. He realized suddenly that his normal antipathy for the staff major was based on sound instinct, based on fear. For he saw clearly that Exelfield possessed—or was possessed by—something that was fortunately very rare in human beings, a strong streak of genuine evil—dark, motionless, unadulterated. His conduct in the affair of Van der Haar had been actuated by an ugly cold-blooded cruelty, not by half-remorseful revenge for a wretched childhood and youth as was the case with Hood; nor by the guilty emotions of Lutwyche; nor the insane reasoning of

NOW IT'S SIMPLE AND ECONOMICAL TO ADD ON THE BEST HEAT-GAS



Suburban Novent and Dynavent Gas Heaters require no flue or chimney—install in wall or window.

Only Gas can give you auxiliary heat like this—efficient, clean, dependable, economical. The Suburban Novent and Dynavent Gas Heaters give evenly-distributed heat to warm extra rooms fast—*and installation costs are low*. Their exclusive forced warm air circulating system heats floors first. This means more comfort, and operating costs that are surprisingly inexpensive.

Uses outside air—burns no room oxygen. Thermostatically controlled. Installs easily without any major construction needed. Extends only 8½" into room, takes no floor space. Available for all room sizes. Ideal for playroom, attic, den, workshop, garage, porch, additions. Motel units, too. Send for free brochure: Suburban Appliance Co., Dept. SEP-963, Morristown, N. J.

AMERICAN GAS ASSOCIATION

LIVE MODERN FOR LESS WITH GAS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW

The
FA57
Advertised
Consumer
Price
$5.50

NON-BREAKABLE
FIBER-GLASS
HANDLE
Stronger than steel—
Guaranteed not to break,
bend or collapse

MOLDED
DURA-CUSHION
GRIP
Non-slip • Absorbs shocks
Reduces fatigue

PERMABOND®
Patented Plumb exclusive
—keeps handle tight

PLUMB®
HAMMERS • HATCHETS • AXES • FILES
FAYETTE R. PLUMB, INC. PHILADELPHIA 37, PA.

SIGNIFICANT EXPERIENCE

the commandant. As far as the staff major was concerned, Van der Haar had merely been the best available victim. Later there would be others.

Finishing his whiskey, Seligman asked curiously, "Did you rub in salt and pepper? That's the traditional culmination, isn't it?"

The general looked both annoyed and shocked, but Exelfield only grinned; he knew what Seligman thought of him, and the knowledge did not worry him in the least. "They put on iodine, that's all. Not that he could feel anything then, of course. He will later, though." There was a short pause. Exelfield continued, "He'll be stiff enough tomorrow, I imagine. We'll loosen him up on the square."

"But will he be able to march properly? After the way Ross ——"

"He'd better. I'll be watching him." Exelfield turned suddenly to the general. "Another thing, sir, while I remember. May I see you privately some time tomorrow about Captain Cross?"

"The doctor?"

"Yes, sir. He was in the M.I. room, of course. He was extremely insolent to me, in front of this cadet and two medical orderlies. Ulick was there too, and will corroborate what he said, if necessary. If Cross was not a doctor, I should have placed him under arrest at once. As it is ——"

"Very well, Exelfield; we'll discuss it tomorrow."

Seligman got up. "I think I'll have dinner out, after all," he said abruptly. "I need a change from mess cooking. . . . Oh, I nearly forgot." Turning back, he took a checkbook from his pocket, scribbled quickly, ripped out the completed check, and pushed it across the bar toward the staff major. "Here you are; buy yourself a rack or some thumbscrews or something."

But he had not eaten, merely gone from bar to bar drinking. There were a dozen difficult questions he wanted answered, questions which went far deeper than the reasons—which were not really reasons but emotions—that had motivated the general, the staff major, Lutwyche and Hood in their treatment of Van der Haar. With every newly filled glass that was set before him, he hoped, ever more despairingly, to struggle through a mist of doubt to at least one of those answers—and every drink seemed only to obscure them still further from discovery. What had occurred tonight had been a piece of military atavism, horrible by every standard of today, as incongruous, grotesque, macabre as it had been senseless and savage. Yet people apparently civilized, educated people of a civilized nation, had wanted it done, conspired to have it done and tried to justify it. Why? Was he, Seligman, the only one who could see clearly the implications behind that obscene little ceremony of six hours ago? He had sighed and risen from the last bar, realizing that he had discovered nothing. He would go back now, and tomorrow and for the next month he would somehow have to protect Van der Haar, whom he had never liked personally—an odd little hybrid who had got himself, however innocently, into the wrong place at the wrong time—from further mistreatment at the hands of Exelfield and the others.

And at last he knew only that the world was very dark, far darker than even in his saddest moments he had ever conceived of it. For thirty-four years he had walked, often in sunlight, sometimes in shadow, but finding his own way forward without too much difficulty or sorrow, a man and therefore fallible in a man-made and therefore fallible world. But from tonight it was going to be different; he knew that. The darkness had crept closer; the track had narrowed ominously; and the rocks underfoot were sharp and heavy and cut his feet.

The moon was rising over the city as Seligman approached the Museum of Antiquities. The museum was shut, of course; it was never, as far as Seligman was aware, opened at all. If anyone wanted to see the antiquities, he must wait until after the war, a period which, at least, would have the effect of rendering them still more antique.

Turning the corner of the building, he heard a scuffle somewhere in the caverned gloom of the narrow street before him, a sharp cry of pain, the splintering crash of glass, and a laugh; then a heavy muffled thudding as of the beating of a carpet. He began running toward the sounds as fast as his limping left leg would permit, and at last, by the dim light of one of the sparse lampposts, he saw a crumpled figure on the ground and heard the running steps of the assailants fading in the dark emptiness beyond the lamp's rays. It would be a soldier, of course. Soldiers were always being beaten up and robbed in the midnight streets of the city, and as he panted up, his feet crushing broken glass, he saw, as he had expected, that the

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Now if they're tough and stringy, push on to Mars."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

victim wore a khaki uniform. He pulled a flashlight from his pocket, but because of his heavy breathing and the shaking of his hand the beam did not at once fall upon the crumpled figure but beside it onto the dusty roadway. And there, right in the center of the spot of light, shone a pair of undamaged horn-rimmed spectacles—Lutwyche's spectacles.

Seligman thought afterward that had it not been for the spectacles he would have been a long time identifying the body, for there was nothing recognizable left of Lutwyche's face; a heavy bottle filled with sand had been smashed across it, and then, with the rest of his head, it had been kicked into a dreadful gory pulp. Quickly Seligman bent and lifted the captain's limp wrist, but even before his fumbling fingers found the stilled pulse he knew that Lutwyche was dead.

And now, rising to his feet, he began to swear: to swear furiously, incoherently, repetitively at Lutwyche, at Exelfield, the general, Hood, Van der Haar—and at Sergeants Cole and Calderon who had done this. He knew that as well as if they had strolled back out of the darkness, the blood still wet on their heavy steel-tipped boots, and told him so. And suddenly he was back in the gym and seeing the look in Cole's eyes as he rose from clamping Van der Haar's belt. The sergeants had known well enough who bore the main responsibility for this evening's work, and they had acted accordingly. They were professional fighters without any moral scruples over the business of killing; they were trained to have none.

And they had done what they had decided must be done with typical speed and almost certainly a high degree of cunning. Lutwyche had probably been condemned before he had got back to his quarters from the gym; his trapping and death planned to the last detail before he had left the barracks an hour later. And the alibis the two sergeants would have arranged for themselves would probably prove faultless, proof against all the suspicions and questions, the boards and the courts of inquiry and the endless paper work which tonight would drag for weeks and months in its wake. And he, Seligman, would be deeply involved in all of it; he saw that plainly enough. His rage should have mounted at the thought, but instead it dwindled and died. After all, in a way, he was responsible; he might easily have prevented it all from happening.

Standing over the still body in the roadway, his thoughts went back to a calm spring evening three months ago. He had been in his own office later than usual, he remembered now, discussing a last-minute change in N Company's training program with Lutwyche. A knock on the door, Staff Sergeant Haseltine saluting in the entrance, and behind him a small, weary, travel-stained figure in a cheap-looking civilian suit, carrying a fiber suitcase. They had called him in, examined the crumpled papers he was clutching in an envelope, and shaken their heads over the way the Intelligence Corps recruited its peculiar personnel. Seligman's leg had been hurting, he remembered, and he was tired with all the extra work which the commencement of a new course necessitated. The first thing he had ever said to Van der Haar had been the routine inquiry every officer made when a soldier reported at the end of a journey, "Have you had anything to eat?"

"No."

"Say 'sir' when you speak to the officers," Haseltine had prompted gently.

"All right, Staff; he doesn't know yet. Will you take him away and see he gets some supper? Oh, and there's the question of his company, isn't there? Lutwyche, would you mind having him? It'll be rather a ——"

"That's all right. We'll manage."

"Good. Thank you. Now, you—Van der Haar—this is Captain Lutwyche, your company commander. He will be in charge of you while you're here. If you're in any difficulty or want to know anything, you can always come to him. You understand?"

Seligman, standing in the dark road, shook his head despairingly. Why had he done it? Why had he not said, "I won't trouble you with him, Lutwyche. He can go to M Company—or O Company." But he had been tired and his leg had been hurting and Lutwyche had been present in the office.

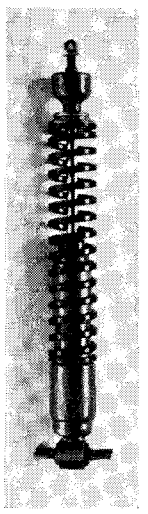
Seligman looked down with a mixture of pity and disgust at the gory-headed thing huddled in the dust at his feet. "You poor bastard!" he said softly. "You poor, stupid bastard! It's probably been coming to you for a long time, something like this. And now it's happened at last!"

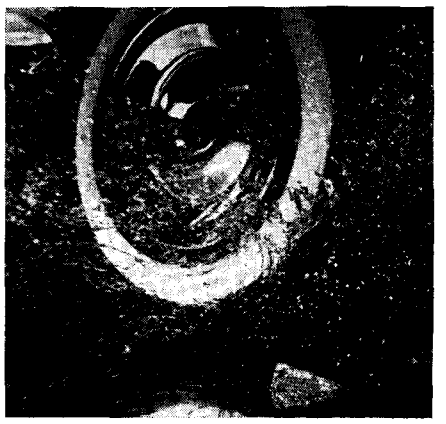
He should summon aid at once; he should run to the great arch of the barracks gate at the end of the next road and call the guard. But there was no point in doing the first, and he was curiously reluctant to do the second. He realized, with a sardonic acceptance, that he intended to do his best to shield Cole and Calderon from discovery. It was probably unnecessary, for they were capable of taking care of themselves; but there had been enough pain and blood and disaster without adding courts-martial and firing squads to tonight's work. He would say that he had seen Lutwyche's assailants and was certain that they had been Egyptians. He drew a deep breath of the still night air and, leaving that ruined body in the dark shadow of the wall beside which it lay, limped slowly away through the moonlight down the road toward the guardhouse.

The rising moon washed one clifflike side of the great barracks with silver light, throwing shadows from the heavily barred windows into the long dark rooms behind. Shadow and cold white light fell across Van der Haar's sleeping face, where he lay on his bed in a corner of the barrack room. He lay motionless, one arm thrown up as if for protection above his head, drugged with physical and mental exhaustion and a heavy dose of barbiturate. He was in no pain and had been in none for hours, for as soon as the staff major had left the M.I. room Doctor Cross had stabbed a needle into his left arm. By tomorrow morning the physical shock of what he had undergone would have largely worn off; but the spiritual one was a heavy, ugly scar he must carry for the rest of his days, learning patiently over the years how best to live with it and accommodate himself to it, allow for its irk and ache in all his changing moods, attitudes and thoughts.

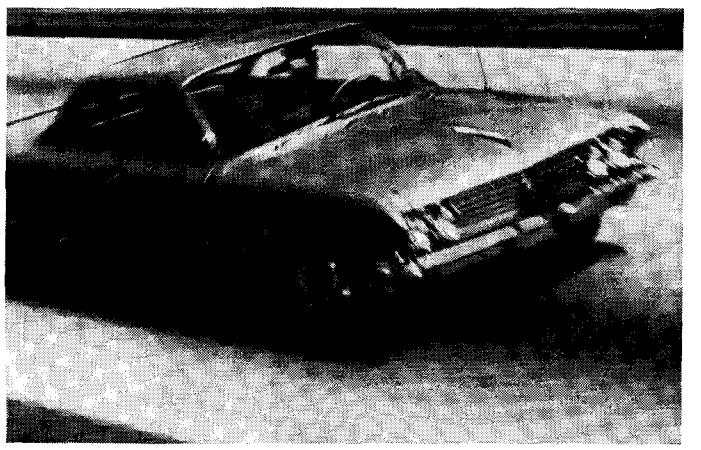
But now, for the next few hours of night and peace, he knew none of this. In the depths of sleep he dreamed of Beirut with its long, curving waterfront, gardens, squares, and fountains. He stood by the sea, and the bright waves glittered in morning sunshine, and he was free again and happy and at home. He smiled slightly in his sleep, and the moon, rising still higher in the vast night sky, lifted the bars of shadow slowly from his face. THE END

new MONROE front Load-Leveler® stabilizing units





Hold the road firmly with the added stability of front Load-Levelers. Prevent spine-jarring, "bottoming" on bumps that wears out tires, damages front end parts, reduces car control.



No more wheel wander at top turnpike speeds with front Load-Levelers providing added control. No more side sway in high crosswinds or when heavy vehicles pass. You'll be amazed at the remarkable difference.

greatly extend front tire life ...give new road-huggability

A pair of new Monroe front Load-Leveler® stabilizing units, installed in place of your present front shock absorbers, will give you a whole new kind of driving safety and enjoyment. And they'll practically pay for themselves in tire savings alone. These remarkable stabilizing units prevent bouncing that both wears out tires and robs you of car control. Help hold wheels in alignment. Soak up the severe jolts that throw front ends out of whack. They greatly extend front tire life. **And what a ride you'll get with new front Load-Levelers!** Wheels grip the road with new tenacity. You'll get truer steering, added stability, tight, sure cornering . . . a sports-car feel.

Look for the Yellow and Blue Monroe Demonstrator Barrel

60-Day Free Trial. Nothing we can say about front Load-Levelers can be as convincing as your own experience. Have a set installed where you have your car serviced. If after 60 days you don't agree front Load-Levelers deliver the ride you want, return them for a refund and reinstallation of your old shocks. Keep them, and satisfaction is assured for at least 25,000 miles of safer, more pleasurable driving.

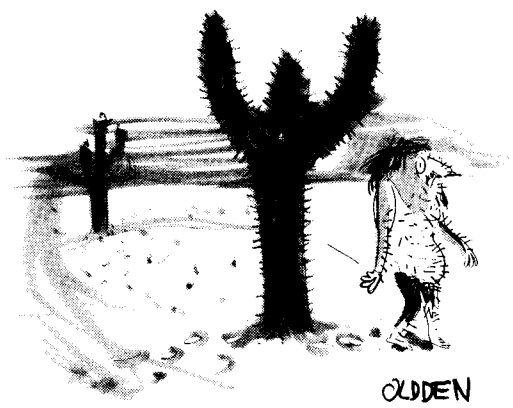
MONROE AUTO EQUIPMENT COMPANY, Monroe, Mich.
In Canada, MONROE-ACME LTD., Toronto, Ontario
In Mexico, MEX-PAR, Box 28154, Mexico City
World's largest maker of ride control products

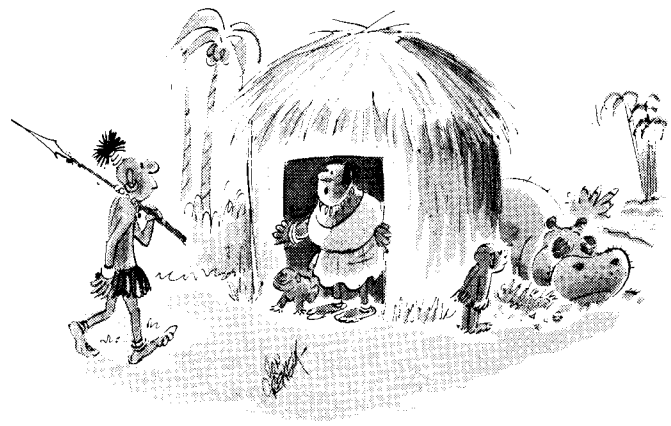
MONROE®

67

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

post scripts



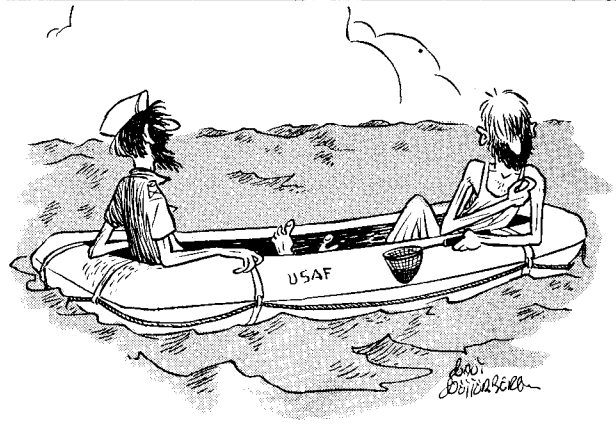


"The garbage-disposal unit isn't working."

FUR COAT

As I make the first time payment
  On this article of raiment,
May I say the man who's shrewdest
  Is the one who's wed a nudist.

HAL CHADWICK



"Frankly, I'm lukewarm about plankton."

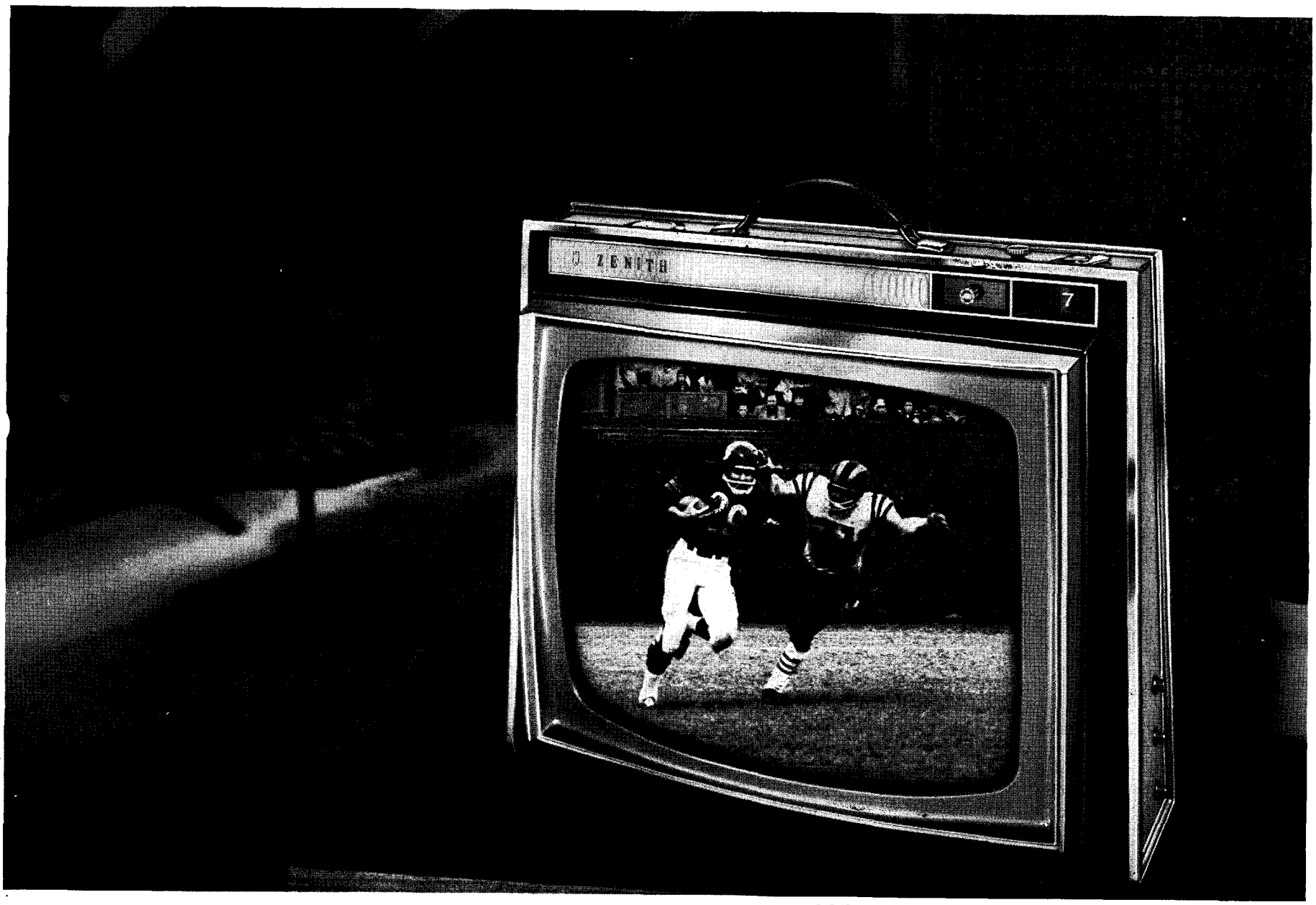
"And you, Harcomb—when were you bitten by the adventure bug?"

"Don't move, lady!"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EXCITINGLY NEW FROM ZENITH®

Only Zenith packs so much big-set performance into a lightweight, super-slim, ultra-styled portable!



THE JETLINER, MODEL L-2155. 19" OVERALL DIAG. PICT. MEAS., 172 SQ. IN. RECT. PICT. AREA.

Zenith builds rugged Handcrafted Quality plus 10 extra-value features into big screen portable TV!

NEVER BEFORE A LIGHTWEIGHT, HANDCRAFTED 19" TV WITH SO MANY BIG-SET PERFORMANCE FEATURES! Such as "Perma-Set" fine tuning. Automatic "Fringe-Lock" circuit. "Gated Beam" sound. 3-stage IF amplification. Bonded picture glass—(not plastic). Super-sensitive dipole antenna. "Capacity-Plus" components. UHF all channel tuning*!

YOU CAN SEE ITS NEWNESS! The "Jetliner's" advanced, streamlined styling 's slim, modern—from its sleek, silvery trim, to the handsome molded ack. It has easy top tuning. Recessed controls. Big clear channel numbers.

AND IT CAN TAKE IT! Components are firmly fastened to a rugged metal handcrafted chassis. It's hand wired. Hand soldered. There are no printed circuits. No production shortcuts.

IT'S WHAT YOU WOULD EXPECT FROM ZENITH! A new lightweight, luggage-style TV designed to bring you greater operating dependability, fewer service problems—and a brighter, sharper, clearer picture year after year. See the "Jetliner" at your Zenith dealer's soon. (In tan or ebony colors—$189.95**.)

Zenith *The quality goes in before the name goes on*

*OPTIONAL AT SLIGHT ADDITIONAL COST. **PRICE AND SPECIFICATIONS SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Top politicians bring their problems to Francis Sayre, outspoken and controversial dean

CHAPLAIN TO THE NEW FRONTIER

By ROBERT MASSIE

Every Sunday morning in Washington, D. C., some of the most powerful men in the nation gather beneath the pulpit of a vast, unfinished Gothic cathedral. They come—Cabinet members, U.S. senators, politicians, newspapermen and lobbyists—to worship God and to hear the views of the tall, bony clergyman who is the cathedral's dean. They leave stimulated, inspired or outraged by what the dean has said. They rarely, however, leave disappointed.

For 12 hectic, remarkable years, the Very Rev. Francis B. Sayre Jr., dean of Washington Cathedral, has spoken his mind and wielded his own special brand of power in the nation's capital. He has attended Cabinet meetings in the White House, argued before congressional committees on Capitol Hill and cudgeled his enemies on television. In the midst of the Cuba crisis he took to his pulpit and declared that an American invasion of Cuba would be cowardly and immoral. On the other hand, he has established a bomb shelter in the crypt of his cathedral.

Though he is an Episcopalian and the cathedral officially is the seat of the Episcopal Diocese of Washington, Sayre proclaims emphatically that "the Lord Jesus Christ was not an Episcopalian," and he has thrown open the cathedral doors to numerous other faiths for worship. His critics call him ambitious, and a frustrated politician. He is, to some extent, both of these things. He is also one of the most influential Protestant clergymen in America.

Sayre's Washington pedigree is impeccable. He was born in the White House, a distinction achieved 48 years ago when his grandfather, Woodrow Wilson, was President. Sayre loves politics, has strong opinions, and delights in expressing them, all traits that Washington respects and admires. He also can superbly entertain a dinner-party companion, and Washington is a city where this talent is prized. Most important, Sayre values power. He has won power by creating for himself a new role in the capital—chaplain to the nation's decision makers.

"On Sunday mornings," Sayre explains, "I look down at the faces in the cathedral, and I see a man like Robert McNamara sitting there. Here is a man with enormously complex problems, most of them having moral ramifications. I have deep sympathy for a man like this, and I want to help him however I can. I have found that, far from resenting moral guidance from the church, most of the men in government want it and seek it, and they often complain about how little of it they really get."

Sayre's personal attempt to alleviate some of the moral tension of political decision is unique. According to James Reston, Washington bureau chief of *The New York Times*, "Frank Sayre tries to be a link between the spiritual world and the political world of this town. He tries to make his service at the cathedral relevant to our goofy world by crying down into the town the moral implications of actions—or lack of actions—by the political citizens of Washington."

Although the pulpit of the cathedral is a fine place from which to launch a moral thunderclap, Sayre feels that "the church is really most effective when it approaches public officials in a simple, pastoral way." Over the years a great number of prominent men have found their way into the dean's private office to explore the moral issues involved in political decisions. There, in a room glowing with rich, brown-wood ceiling beams and Scandinavian tables and desks, Sayre serves his guests a highball or sherry, draws his own chair close across the bright-blue rug and begins by listening. "I've examined everything with him, from nuclear war to civil rights, in the light of religious ethics," says Oklahoma's Sen. Mike Monroney. "The dean can put anybody instantly at ease, from a U.S. senator, to a Negro steelworker, to the President of the United States," says labor leader Victor Reuther. "The dean is a very great man with an unusually strong sense of human and social compassion," says Supreme Court Justice Arthur Goldberg.

Sayre was closely involved in the 1960 presidential campaign; both sides asked his advice on dealing with the "Catholic issue." Through consultations he came to know both President Kennedy and his brother Robert. Immediately after the election, Sayre was invited to the President-elect's Georgetown home and spent more than half an hour there in private conversation. Not long afterward he was appointed to the President's Committee on Equal Employment Opportunity, a group that is chaired by Vice President Lyndon Johnson. At present Johnson probably is the senior New Frontiersman Sayre knows best. As the committee flies about the country conducting race-relations workshops in various cities, Johnson frequently introduces the Episcopal clergyman to audiences as "my pastor." (Actually, the Vice President is a member of the Disciples of Christ.)

Obviously Dean Sayre did not achieve his present degree of power and effectiveness simply on the basis of elegant pedigree and golden patrician charm. His influence is based first of all on the still-unfinished cathedral itself. One day Washington Cathedral will tie the Roman Catholic National Shrine in Washington for the title of sixth-largest church in the world—both claim the same amount of floor area. (The only larger church in the U.S. will be the Episcopal Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York City.) Washington Cathedral stands on Mount St. Alban in northwest Washington, the highest point of ground in the capital. It's towers thrust more than 600 feet above the Potomac, higher than the Washington Monument. Seen against the western skyline, the spires, arches and buttresses of the giant stone building dominate the city. The size and beauty of the cathedral attract 500,000 tourists annually. Every Christmas and Easter, 25 million people watch the cathedral's services on television. "Whoever he is, any dean of the cathedral would be an important man in Washington," Dean Sayre himself pointed out.

A second source of Sayre's strong impact on Washington is his intense personal conviction that all churchmen should be involved in public issues. "If the church is going to be relevant in the modern world," he argues, "the clergy must engage themselves fully in the issues raised by modern society. Ministers should seek out issues, not avoid them. The public is all too ready, when it sees a minister coming, to say, 'Oh, no, you're too pious. You don't belong in this mess.'"

This concept of the ministry has led Dean Sayre across some thin political ice during the past 12 years. He was still new at the cathedral when he blasted Sen. Joseph McCarthy as "an immoral man with immoral practices" and McCarthyism as "another of the Devil's disguises." Sayre condemned Richard Nixon's famous 1952 appeal to the public to send telegrams to help him decide whether he was right or wrong to have a secret backers' fund. "This attempt to establish the telegram at the Western Union office as the supreme arbiter of right and wrong is one of the most dreadful indications of the amorality and cynicism of our time," said the dean. Some Republicans charged that Sayre was dragging his politics into the pulpit, but he replied coldly that "politics and political morality are separate matters." A large number of Republicans, including President Eisenhower on occasion, continued to attend the cathedral.

Today Sayre has found new secular targets: the John Birch Society ("frenetic, self-righteous narrowness"), racists ("the most vicious expression of the hypocrisy of all white Americans"), U.S. alliances with foreign dictators ("the Francos, Sukarnos, Titos, Batistas and Persian shahs tarnish the noble image of our democracy"), and what he calls "the stupendous carnival of prosperity a easy living which is the life of the Ame ican people today." Says Sayre, "To the people of Africa, Asia and Latin America we must look like some new Goliath, girded in golden armor, bursting with vaunted strength, while they, the people of Israel, wait and watch from the hills, trusting in God."

White House heritage

Sayre's passion for public issues has obvious genealogical roots. Woodrow Wilson was halfway through his first term in the White House when, on January 17, 1915, his visiting daughter Jessie gave birth to a son in one of the mansion's upstairs bedrooms. Sayre remembers his grandfather dimly, but the physical resemblance is striking. "When the dean walks through the cathedral dressed in his robes on a Sunday morning, he looks exactly like Wilson," says Senator Monroney. "He has the same long jaw, high forehead and burning eyes. The dean's sermons are clear Wilsonian prose: precise, objective, yet at the same time lofty and inspiring."

Predictably, the boyhood world of this presidential grandson was all polished silver and mahogany and private schools in Cambridge, Mass., and Paris and Switzerland. At 16, young Frank Sayre chose to rub a little grime into the polish. He spent a year as a cowpuncher on his family's vast Lazy K Bar ranch in Montana. He tired out three ponies a day, developed large calluses, a learned to sit under the stars and plu a guitar. At Williams College, he "an accomplished agnostic" and ma in political science. After graduati 1937, however, he entered Unio logical Seminary in New Yo

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hington Cathedral.

Sayre was assistant minister of a posh Episcopal church in Cambridge when the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor.

The war molded Sayre's concept of the ministry. For 24 months he was a chaplain aboard the *U.S.S. San Francisco* while that cruiser was shelling islands from Attu to Saipan. Chaplain Sayre "decided that this was the finest ministry I would ever have in my life."

Sayre came out of the war a lieutenant commander with seven battle stars, passed up offers from comfortable parishes, and took his pretty new wife Harriet to East Cleveland, Ohio. For five years, he was rector of St. Paul's Industrial Mission, ministering to a world of factories, slums and labor-management disputes. In 1951 he accepted the call to Washington Cathedral. "In my little parish," says Sayre, "I tried my best to proclaim God's word, but often I had a terrible sense of futility. The voices of labor, management, government, all using the latest advertising techniques, drown out the voice of a single pulpit. But any voice from the cathedral is magnified by the beauty and majesty of this place. The cathedral can be heard across the whole land."

For a 36-year-old minister, even one with a lot to say, the move to Washington Cathedral was a giant step. Sayre admitted as much a few weeks after he arrived in Washington when he told an audience, "The British Empire may have Red Dean [a reference to the political ics of Dr. Hewlett Johnson, dean of Canterbury Cathedral], but America now has a very green dean."

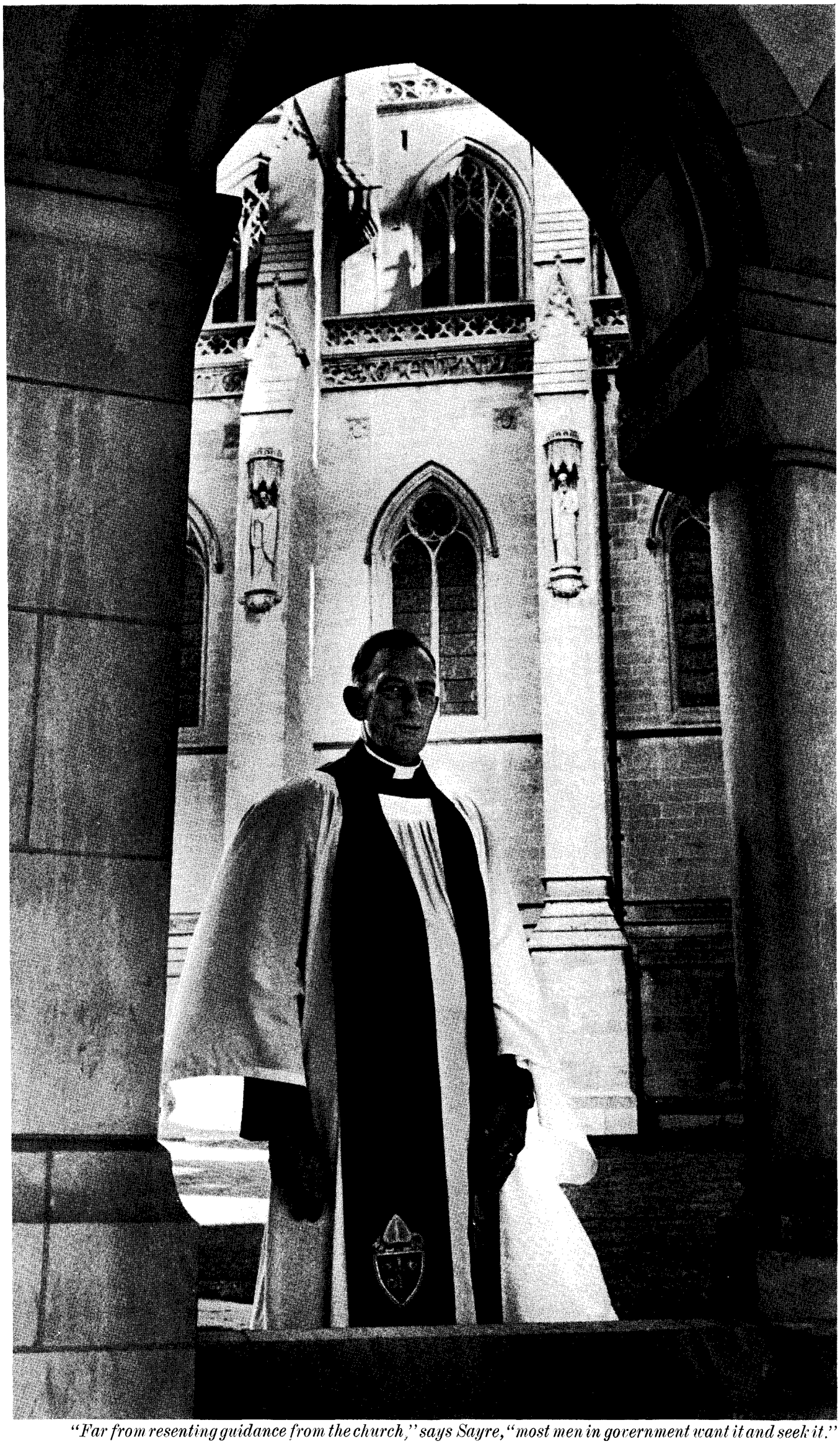
The church Sayre runs was chartered by act of Congress in 1893 and the cornerstone laid in 1907, but when Sayre arrived, almost 50 years later, the building was still only 40 percent finished. In his 12 years as dean, Sayre has completed another third of the building. He has raised money by persuading donors to contribute a memorial bay, a stained-glass window, or even a single block of Indiana limestone (for $10). To finish the cathedral, "maybe by the year 2000, maybe before," will cost another $16 million. Sayre has no idea where the money will come from, but to keep it coming from somewhere he has employed a professional public-relations man, appropriately cloaked under the title of "communications warden." Sayre lives in dread of the day he runs out of money and loses his eight master stone carvers.

Washington Cathedral is the official seat of his ecclesiastical superior, William F. Creighton, Episcopal bishop of Washington. But Sayre rejects any strict denominational concept of the cathedral's purpose. Last year 200,000 people worshiped at 1,700 separate services in the cathedral and more than 200 of these services were non-Episcopal. Since Dean Sayre came to the cathedral, Russian Orthodox, Ukrainian Orthodox, Syrian Orthodox, Polish National Catholic and Jewish congregations have worshiped here regularly. On some Sunday morn- as many as four different faiths have ducted services in four different lan- ages in different parts of the building.

When Sayre allowed the Jewish Temple Sinai to substitute the seven-branched menorah for the cross on the cathedral altar, some Episcopalians bristled. Sayre

Born in the White House, Dean Sayre wields subtle power in Washington.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Far from resenting guidance from the church," says Sayre, "most men in government want it and seek it."

His critics

call him ambitious

and unorthodox.

DEAN SAYRE

responded by merely erecting a portable screen before the Christian altar and placing a temporary Hebrew altar in front of the screen. When the Temple congregation members left to move into their own building, they presented Sayre with a magnificent silver offering plate on which was engraved a verse from the 133rd Psalm: "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

Sayre has also used the cathedral for what he calls "its national purpose." The funerals of statesmen such as the late Secretary of State John Foster Dulles and Chief Justice Fred Vinson, and of military heroes such as admirals Ernest J. King, William (Bull) Halsey and William D. Leahy have been held there. National organizations such as the Red Cross, the Rotarians, the American Bar Association and the Y.W.C.A. use Washington Cathedral for religious services during their national meetings.

Other Protestant denominations, admiring the work the cathedral has done, are talking about building cathedrals of their own. But even if other Protestant cathedrals do begin to rise in Washington it seems unlikely that their ministers will challenge the special chaplain's role Sayre has created for himself. It is because this role is almost entirely a personal creation that Sayre may never accept "promotion" to bishop, already offered to him twice by other dioceses. The obvious, though unspoken, reason is that he could scarcely be given any diocese where his talents and his influence would have greater impact than they do in Washington.

Sayre is convinced that religion has a key role to play in government. He feels that the church and he himself in his role as dean must continually attempt to persuade statesmen to introduce the moral factor into their calculations, especially those involving war. "Jesus says war is wrong, and I believe that with all my heart," says Sayre. "But I also recognize there are values worth fighting for."

Woodrow Wilson in his time considered the morality of war, and Sayre spoke of Wilson and war recently as he gazed out the window into the dusk settling on Washington Cathedral.

"Wilson never believed that the world would drift into peace. He reckoned the power of evil and he drew the sword to fight it." Sayre recalled that he had thought all this over carefully last winter when the Navy asked him to give the dedicatory prayer at the launching of the Polaris submarine, *U.S.S. Woodrow Wilson*. This was Sayre's conclusion:

"Polaris is a nuclear weapon of mass destruction. But ethically, the millionth A-bomb is no worse than the first. I decided that if Woodrow Wilson had lived today, the course of world history would have driven him to the Polaris submarine. I think he would have approved putting his name on that ship. I gave the prayer." THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THERE'S A LOT OF "TELEPHONE" IN SYLVANIA TV

At GT&E, research is the fountainhead of advanced communications. This is dramatically demonstrated in the 1964 line of Sylvania TV sets and stereo equipment, with engineering innovations drawn from continuing research in the laboratories of General Telephone & Electronics. With higher levels of performance and dependability, these new Sylvania TV receivers and phonographs serve as another example of how GT&E works to further the technology of sight and sound in all phases of modern communications.

GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS

730 THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK 17

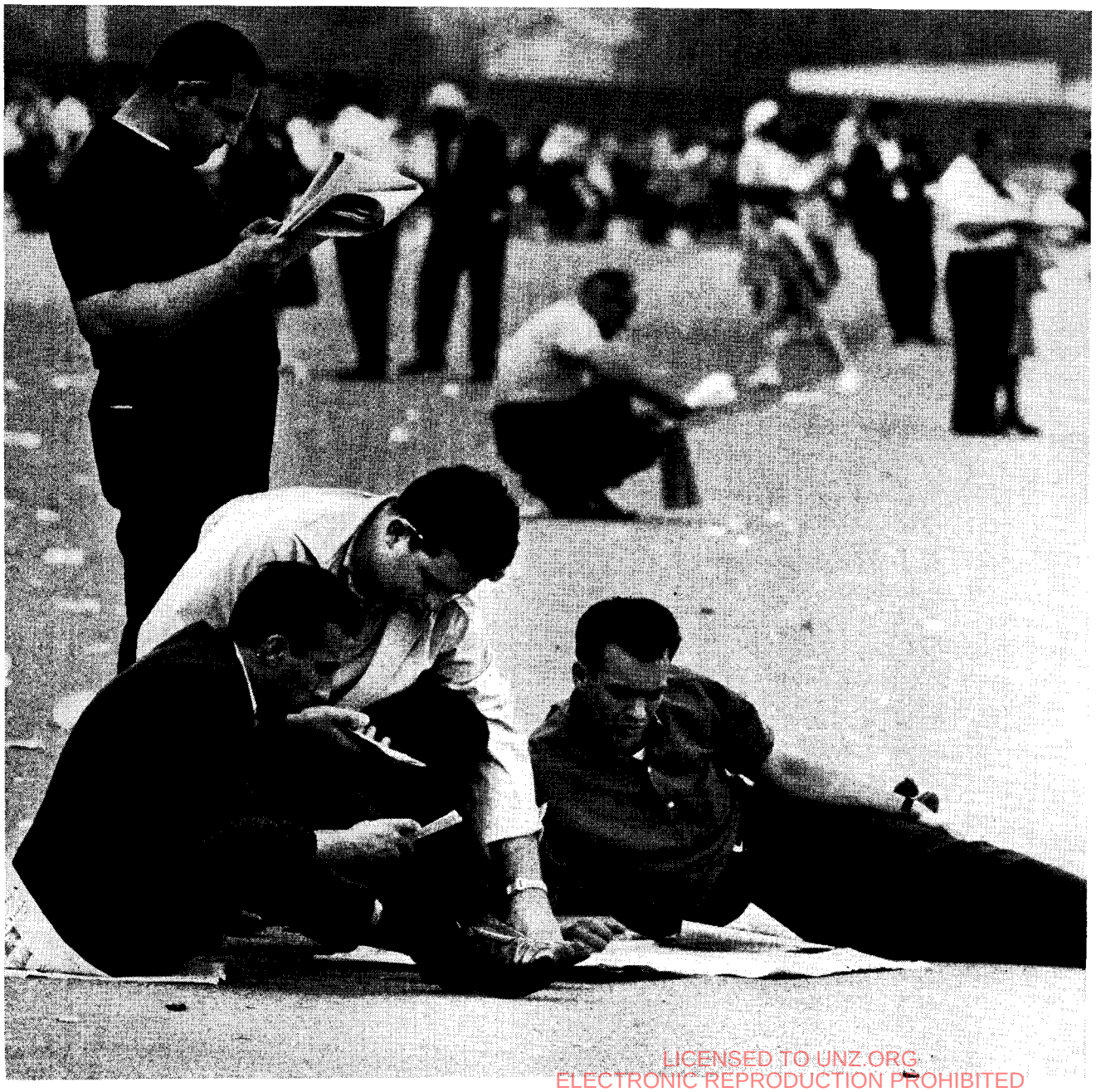
GT&E SUBSIDIARIES: General Telephone Operating Companies in 32 states • General Telephone & Electronics Laboratories • General Telephone & Electronics International • General Telephone Directory Co. • Automatic Electric • Lenkurt Electric • Sylvania Electric Products

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By WILLIAM B. FURLONG

THE THIRD WORLD OF THE TURF

There's a romantic world of the racing sportsman and an affluent society of racing businessman. Here is a report on the shadowy third world, as bleak and as depressing as a $2 ticket on a loser.



Form charts and figuring wrinkle faces into frowns.

The sun was warm but not hot, and on the bench under the California pepper trees, a man in rimless glasses put down a *Racing Form* and waved at a mother tending two of her children. "Women—you ever notice how sharp they get with their children when their husbands are losing? They come out here, they don't enjoy themselves. They worry about their husbands losing two dollars, five dollars." He was a prim, meticulous man, a minor executive whose dark-blue suit was incongruous in Santa Anita-land—a land of blondes in Capri pants and redheads in bare midriffs and people who look as though their corns hurt.

"You see more sad people at a race track," the man said. "People who cannot take this kind of disappointment." The disappointment is that of a whole life spent in a struggle to keep from going broke. "This is a disease," said the man under the pepper tree, "and I don't think it's an easy disease to control." Then he got up to go make a bet—a careful loser disappearing into the shadowed third world of the turf.

His is the world of racing that nobody but horseplayers notices. Unlike the first world, the world of the racing sportsman, it is unromantic. Unlike the second, the world of the racing businessman, it is unprofitable. It is a sad, even a desperate, community, peopled by small bettors, small-stable owners. exercise boys who ride at dawn for two dollars a mount, stable boys who "hot-walk" a horse, leading him around in ovals for a half hour in order to earn 25 cents or 50 cents or a dollar. In the third world of the turf you catch the sweet smell of rotting wood in the stable areas at morning. You see tout teams working a mark in the betting

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lines in the afternoon. You watch hordes of people fleeing the track—like deer fleeing fire—after the fifth race, at once satisfied and mystified that they have again gone broke. It is a world largely ignored in legend, in fact and in print.

One of the more indulgent fantasies of our times is that horse parks are happy kingdoms inhabited by happy types doing what they want most to do in life. Horse racing, the so-called "Sport of Kings," is in its favorite image wrapped in warm little legends about racing silks and the call to colors. ("But I come out here—I'll be frank about it—to make money," says a shipping clerk, a slim, quiet man in his 50's. "As for the silks and the call to colors, the only thing I'm interested in is what happens at the finish line.") It is supposed to be a contest of highly spirited animals with tangled neuroses and blood lines dating from Arabian stallions. ("Most horse players know nuthin' about horses," says one professional gambler. "All they know about horses is they eat oats and run.")

In the last few months horse racing has achieved its apogee. It is recognized as an Important Tax Source.

To be sure, the virtues of racing in underwriting state fairs, financing boys' camps, supporting agriculture, restoring wild life and building schools has been accepted for years in certain more progressive states. Illinois has taken in $288,872,424 through taxes on bets at racetracks in the last 22 years. The 25 states permitting betting at tracks last year accumulated a total of $216,231,843. But in these last few months the virtues of horse betting have seeped into areas which formerly viewed gambling pretty much as they viewed cancer—which is to say, without enthusiasm. Early in March the state legislature in Idaho overrode the governor's veto and opened the state to horse betting. On May 24 Vermont opened its first horse parlor and, with typical New England thrift, began taking 18 cents out of every dollar bet, the highest "take" in the nation. (New York and Florida, by comparison, take only 15 cents.) Late in April New Hampshire approved the first legal sweepstakes in the United States in this century for the high purpose of building more public schools. Horse racing's position as a sport was at last as secure and as stable as a two-dollar silver certificate.

The position of the first world and the second world was duly weighed in all discussions of racing's continual expansion. The third world—except for tax collections—was largely ignored. That is the way of the third world—nobody notices it except to exploit it.

The world of sportsmen is populated by such Brahmins as Harry F. Guggenheim and Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt. Here is the mint julep, the Post and Paddock Club, the men in Madras jackets and the women in furs on afternoons when the temperature is in the 90's. Here is a supposed dedication to leisure and to elegance and to grace.

The second world is that of the countinghouse. It counts the attendance (36.6 million at Thoroughbred racing last year) and the money ($2.7 billion was bet on Thoroughbred racing last year) and it appreciates a fact beyond the ken or interest of the sportsman: that the best contest is not always the best business.

The influence and the power of the second world ranges beyond the track to the legislative halls of our states. Last spring, while the Illinois state senate gave many families the hollow knowledge of hunger by wrangling for weeks over relief allocations, it handled smoothly and expeditiously two bills of urgent interest to the race-track crowd and its political sponsors. (Chicago's *American* commented editorially: "It's a great little senate we've got going for us, as all race horses will agree.")

The third world, the phenomenon which everybody looks at but nobody sees, is made up of gray-haired old women sprawling exhaustedly on the curbstones after the last race, muttering, "If I only had the *guts* to stay on that horse. . . ." And of fat men running desperately for the $20 windows before they close, running as if they're afraid the bills would spill out of their pockets. And of plumbers and housewives and the new Okies with seamed and sunburned faces and empty eyes, all of them squinting up at a tote board in a basement bar. At every track, the third world has a certain uniqueness of style, but everywhere the spirit is the same.

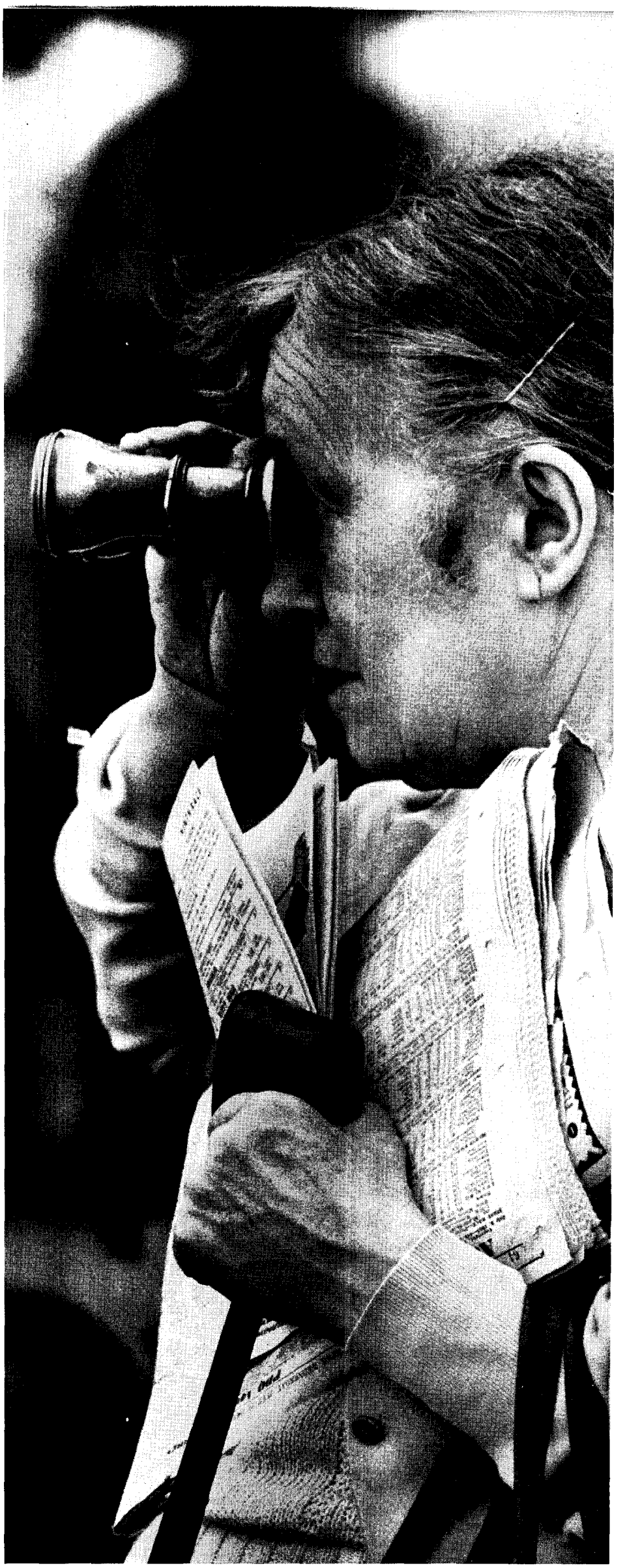
En route to Washington Park near Chicago, it is the poor people from the slums gathering at the station at 63rd street, studying the form charts and waiting for the train to take them to dreamland where they can get poorer. At New York's Aqueduct it is the losers leaving after the last race, already studying the "harness forms" while they are drawn to the cabbies—anxious to take them to Roosevelt Raceway—chanting, "One for the trots, two for the trots!"

Of hope, faith, cynicism

At Santa Anita it is hippy grandmothers in chartreuse stretch pants, their hair bleached lavender and put up in an extravagant bouffant, their voices sharp as they advise an eight-year-old: "That horse is only going to return you twenty cents on the dollar. You must *never* bet on a favorite to show." It is a world of hope and faith, of systems and cynicism, and it talks about race tracks only in the most personal and outraged terms:

"Aqueduct is the only place where a little guy gets an even break. At Aqueduct you never get shut out" (i.e., kept from getting your bet down because there are too few mutuel windows open to handle the crowd). "At Aqueduct it costs you 15 cents on the subway to get there. Saratoga, you go to Saratoga you pay probably fifteen dollars, then when you go to a hotel you're in trouble if you're not a Vanderbilt. At Saratoga the average Joe gets shut out for the Van Dykes. . . . At Santa Anita you don't get jostled, no spit on the floor."

It is only by talking at length with the people of the third world that you get a fresh perspective on the Sport of Kings. One morning not too long ago I visited the stable area at Santa Anita to find out why men sleep on cots in stables, get up at 4:30 A.M. to feed a horse that couldn't place well in a field of lame snails, and shower him with love and affection and the backing of the $300 or $400 a month they may earn. "I owned a filling station outside Los Angeles and I just up and left it," one groom told me. He glanced



Her horse is far back, but he's got late foot. Looks bad, but there's still a chance.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

around the stable area; it is a placid place in midmorning, where the only sound is the occasional snort of a horse or the high-pitched laugh of an exercise boy. "One day this friend of mine came past and said he was taking his horses to a track up north. He only had a couple horses; now he trains nine others. So I said when are you going to leave and he said the next morning, and so I just closed up the filling station that night and went with him. Why? Maybe I was sick of the business. Maybe it was a matter of liking horses more than cars."

The owner of this particular stable was an authentic third-world type—filled with optimism and hope and a liking for the hardship. "I'd never seen a horse race in my life until 1947 but it looked like an easy way to make a living," he said. "That year I had a job with a record company—pressing records—when I began thinking about horse-betting and how I could work out a system to beat the horses. I borrowed money on the car, quit the job and headed for the track. By the second day out there I'd lost all my money—$480."

He tried getting a job driving a hack, but he didn't know the street names in downtown Los Angeles and failed the test. That night he bought a map, memorized the names in a certain sequence, went back to the same supervisor, was hired and set to work driving.

"But I kept thinking, 'Horses did this to me,'" he said. He then saved a hundred bucks and went out and bought a horse. Nominally it was a Thoroughbred. There are 8,000 Thoroughbreds foaled in this country every year and only a dozen of them make it to the Kentucky Derby. But every owner thinks that his is the one that might do it. "I mean, there's a strong element of hope in this business," said the owner. To support the horse, both he and his wife had to work. "We were getting about $5,000 a year between the two of us and we were living on $2,000; the other $3,000 went to the horse." Eventually he got a better job at an airport, and by working the early-morning shift he could take a late lunch at dawn and drive over to the stables—eating a sandwich as he drove—to work out the horse himself. That horse did nothing, but a number of years and peanut-butter sandwiches later the owner decided to live off what his wife earned and devote himself to training horses and maybe helping out other stables. Now his wife has been able to quit working. This horse-owner's mounts—those he owns and those he trains—won about 30 races at one meeting last year and won seven races at Santa Anita last winter. He is no longer really strapped; he is both rare and lucky.

At the track in the afternoon the drama is not all at the cashier's cage or at the finish line. Consider first the "tout teams."

They work in the betting lines some 15 to 30 feet out from the windows. They are confidence men, not tipsters, and they'll say anything to hook their victim.

"Who do you like?" asks the first of the tout team to a mark standing next to him in line. They talk for a while, then the tout says, "See that guy over there—he's Joe Smith, you know, the trainer. He's got 16 horses down here. Say, it looks like he's ready to put down a bundle. Wonder who he's got." A little while later, the second tout—who is not a trainer and wouldn't know a horse if he met one socially—passes. "Hey, Mr. Smith, who do you like?" asks the first tout in a strident voice.

"None of your damn business!" snarls Smith. The first tout slinks away, apparently cowed by Smith's wrath, but Smith lingers to apologize. "Sorry to sound so rough, mister, but that little guy's been bothering me for a week," he says. He flashes a bundle of tickets—"don't like to be noticed going up to the twenty-dollar or the fifty-dollar window, but I don't mind you taking a look." Actually he has bought only one ticket; the rest are stubs, from earlier races, that he has picked off the floor to make it appear he has bet a wad on a race.

The mark takes a look and he figures Smith is a pretty nice guy. At least he has given him something for nothing—a tip on a horse. It really makes little difference whether the horse wins or loses, because Smith is about to do another favor for him: invite him up to his box to watch the races. Once there, he talks over every race with the mark, volunteers to go down to the mutuel windows and place his bet for him, and flashes the tickets—though he never gives them to the victim—when he returns. The reason: Smith has pocketed the money the mark gave him, except for two-dollar bets he makes on every race as the "cover" for the fake wad of tickets.

By the next-to-the-last race he has made a real friend out of the mark. Now comes the final setup. "I *really* got something going in this race," says Smith. "In fact, I'm going to put a thousand bucks on it. How about you? Like to match me and pick up a little free money?" Wouldn't any mark? He coughs up whatever cash he can— $500 if not the thou ·nd—and gives it to Smith and watches him disappear in the throng. Forever.

"These are the guys the race tracks are really trying to clean out," says one cynic. "They're really bad for racing. They'll say anything—that everybody knows all racing is fixed, that the Jockey Club is fixed. I mean when these people lie, they do it on a big scale. And on top of everything else, they keep the mark's big money from going into the parimutuel machines."

The forthrightness, the total lack of guile, gives the third world a pungency that neither the Brahmins nor the businessmen possess. Here is the way they view their own world:

Why do you think people go to the race tracks?

AVERAGE BETTOR (*partner in small business*): "You look around, this crowd is made up of minority groups. You go to the stock exchange, you don't see no Eyetalians or Jews or Negroes. They come out here, they're as good as the next guy."

AVERAGE BETTOR (*shipping clerk*): "I bet six dollars a race. If I get ahead, I throw it right back at them. I got $300 ahead once, but I had a big ear at the bar. I put down $100 apiece on three horses. They're still running."

AVERAGE BETTOR (*small businessman from Canada*): "I feel when you walk in that gate over there, there's nobody that knows any more than you do and you've got as good a chance as anybody else in this world."

PROFESSIONAL GAMBLER: "It's all a pipe dream where poor men think they'll hit it lucky."

Do you have a system?

AVERAGE BETTOR (*elevator operator*): "I like to bet the 'night' horses—Night Prowlers, Night Star, you know."

AVERAGE BETTOR (*the Canadian*): "I never bet on a horse that's less than two-to-one and I never bet on a filly."

AVERAGE BETTOR (*minor executive*): "Well, you hear about the 'progressive bettor'—after five or six favorites in a row lose, he goes out and bets favorites, doubling up until one wins." He recalled one time when a progressive bettor he knew bet 10 straight races in which the favorite lost. "We were playing handball when he got the word on the tenth loss. It was the roughest handball game of my life."

PROFESSIONAL GAMBLER: "These guys, they keep betting on one horse because they lost on him before and they figure he owes them money. That horse ain't never going to win for them. The thing you've got to know is what races not to bet." He cited the case of a professional horse player "who goes two, three, four days without making a bet. He makes the tour every year. He lives with the jocks and the trainers and knows what they're betting. But he doesn't follow their bets. He picks his bets and puts down maybe $500 to show maybe three, four times a week. Twenty percent—$100 a race is hard to take. If he loses four bets in a row, he goes home and gets a job."

Do you think horse racing is corrupt?

AVERAGE BETTOR (*the minor executive*): "No, I don't think it's crooked. At least I don't think it's crooked against me as an individual."

AVERAGE WOMAN: "No—you can't talk to horses."

AVERAGE BETTOR (*the Canadian*): "No, I don't think so. A jockey can make $100,000 a year. Why should he give up something like that for a fix?"

PROFESSIONAL GAMBLER: "Oh sure."

PROFESSIONAL INVESTIGATOR FOR RACE TRACKS: "The variables are so great that even if you've got it set up, you're not always going to win. We broke up a little clique—it must have been 1953 or 1954—in which six jocks were working together. Of the 12 races we know they tried to fix, they were successful only once or twice. There was always something that went wrong—the horse didn't feel like running that day or something. So I feel that if you want to bet two dollars or five dollars, I think you can go to a recognized race track"—such as those in the Thoroughbred Racing Association—"and you'll probably get as honest a shake for your wager as you can get anywhere."

What about hoodlums and hoodlum-run bookies on the tracks?

PROFESSIONAL INVESTIGATOR: "At one track I was approached and offered $100 a day for every book that was open on the track. They told me they'd been running a dozen, maybe 13 books a day on that track in previous years. There are probably a few tracks that let the books in, but that's what leads to fixes. Big money moving in a hurry—naturally that's going to attract a lot of sharpshooters. The only thing is that they're all trying to out-sharpshoot each other, so I don't think anybody gets a big edge."

Just who controls racing is not a deep concern of the little people of the third world. They live in an aura of hope and optimism, and when everything goes wrong they can still exist on their delusion. Seamy? Yes. Threadbare? Yes. Stone-broke? Of course. But after all, they're still members of the court of the Sport of Kings. THE END

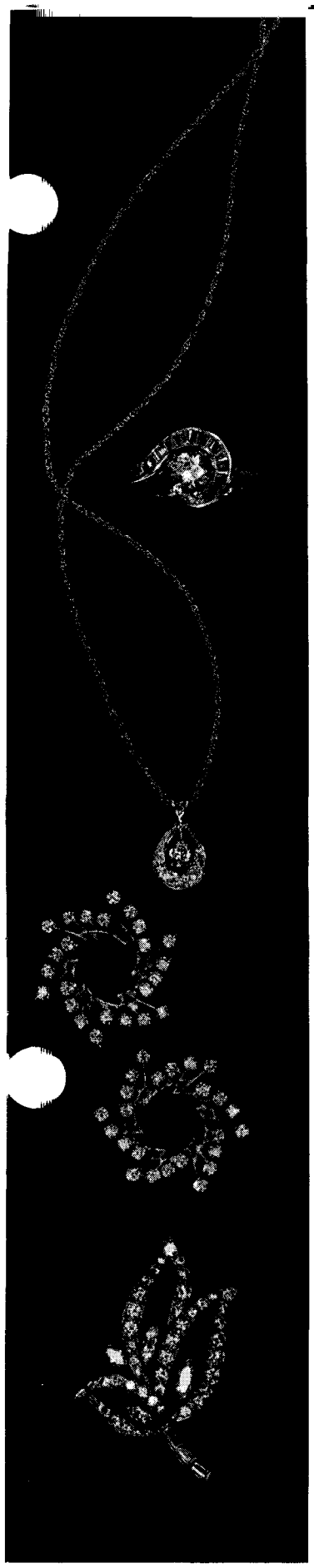
HAZEL, STARRING SHIRLEY BOOTH, MAY BE SEEN ON NBC-TV THURSDAY EVENINGS.

HAZEL by Ted Key

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Thanks, Al."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Brooch, about **$2100**; earrings, about **$775**; pendant, about **$160**; ring, about **$495**. Your jeweler can show you many more.

Diamonds bespeak an ever-growing love

Once the diamond spoke and sealed a promise forever. And now, to mark an occasion or a moment in your married life, the quiet fire of your diamond gift speaks the reassuring message of a deepened and abiding love. Neither time nor fashion can diminish the wondrous beauty and the rightness of your tribute. A diamond is forever. Little matters the size of the stones, for the measure of the diamond's meaning is beyond all worldly value.

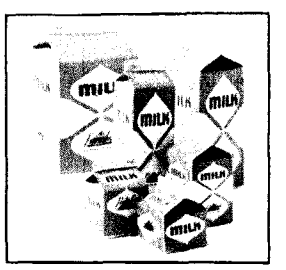
If you are interested in the pieces shown, ask your jeweler to write The Saturday Evening Post, P. O. Box 596, Philadelphia 5, Penna.

De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What's so revolutionary about a milk carton?

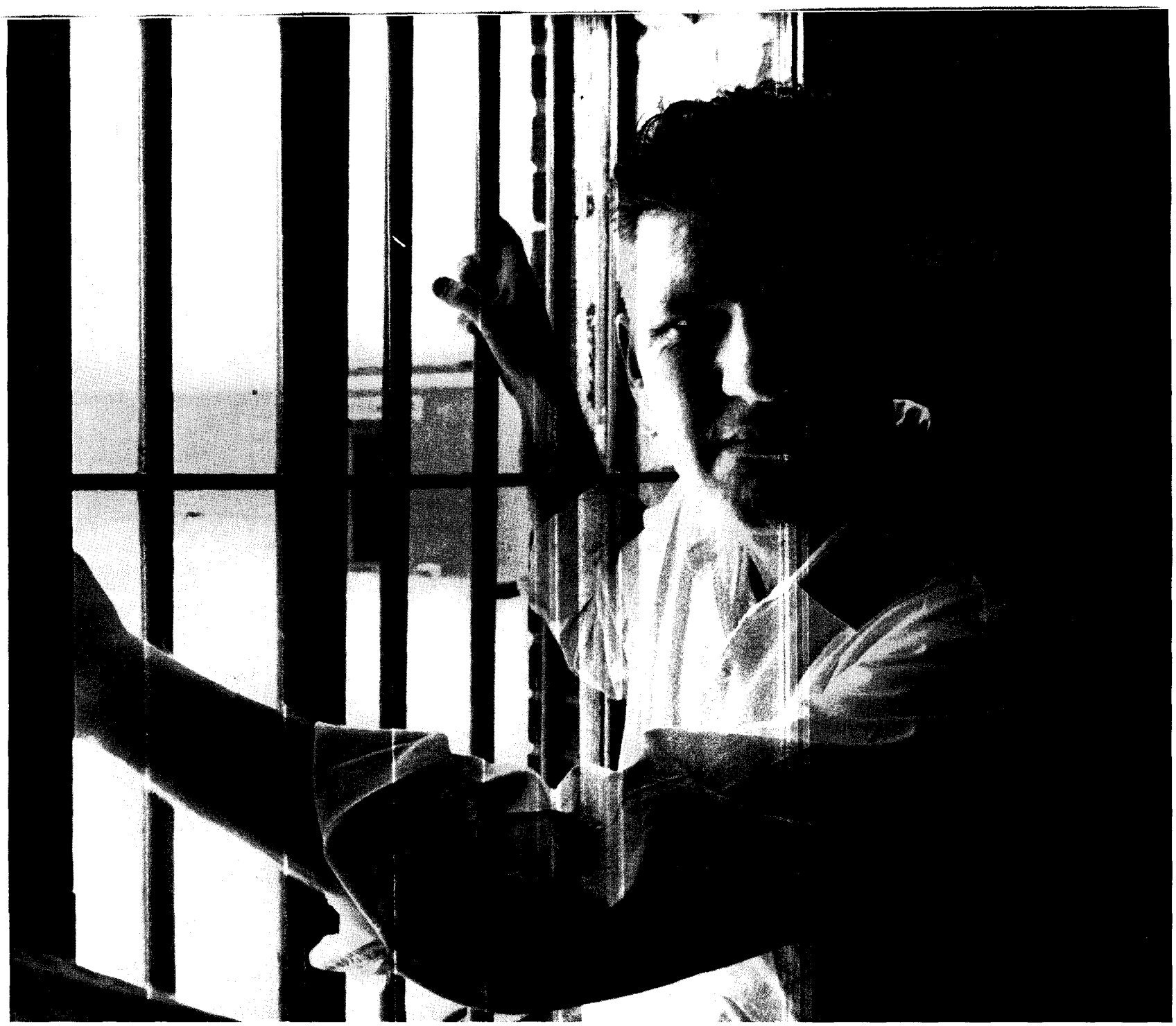
This one *was* revolutionary. Only a few short months ago. It's a Pure-Pak carton. Plastic-coated inside, plastic-coated outside. Peaked on top. Impregnable—except for the pitcher-type pouring spout that now opens with ease. Unbreakable. Leakproof. Lightweight. Convenient. ■ It's as familiar to you today as old-style milk containers used to be because you, the consumer, made it so. ■ We introduced it. You asked for more. Millions and millions of you. Over and over again. ■ That meant a lot to us. And we think it proved something to you. ■ The next time you get to wondering whether the public's real preferences really mean anything to anybody, consider the quiet revolution. The milk carton revolution. The one you won.



Pure-Pak
EX-CELL-O CORP DETROIT MICH
YOUR PERSONAL MILK CONTAINER

Ex-Cell-O Corporation's trademark for reliability in milk packaging around the world.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



From his prison, Dykes Simmons has been pouring out letters denying he committed murder and citing the lack of evidence against him—but no one will listen.

THE AMERICAN IN A MEXICAN DEATH CELL

Texan Dykes Simmons now faces the final round in a long four-year struggle to prove his innocence and escape death by firing squad.

By JAMES R. PHELAN

For most of the past four years Dykes Askew Simmons Jr. has been living in a tiny, fly-plagued cell in the state prison on the sunbaked outskirts of Monterrey, Mexico. Simmons, the only United States citizen ever sentenced to death by a Mexican court, was seized in October, 1959, as a suspect in the callous murder of three members of a prominent Monterrey family. In March, 1961, he was sentenced to be executed by a firing squad for the triple slaying. His appeal from this sentence has ground its way slowly through the judicial system and is now before the Supreme Court of the Republic of Mexico for final review. This court of last resort is expected to write the final chapter of this widely ignored story in the next month or so. "If I lose there," Simmons says, "I've had it."

Since the day of his arrest Simmons has consistently denied any guilt, knowledge or complicity in the murders. Ever since his conviction he has poured forth a stream of letters to every U.S. and Mexican authority that he can think of, proclaiming his innocence. Over and over he has told the story of his plight, pointed out inconsistencies in the case against him, and called for further investigation of the many unresolved aspects of the crime.

As if in a nightmare, his frantic calls for help have gone forth, circled back and come echoing in on him as if he were talking to himself. His letters to public officials are referred to the U.S. State Department, which has the responsibility of protecting U.S. citizens in foreign countries. The State Department, in turn, refers the letters to the U.S. consulate in Monterrey. The consulate responds by reciting the legal history of his case—which Simmons already knows by heart.

Simmons has based his appeals on five facts:

1. He does not fit one of the victims' description of the murderer.

2. The car that he was driving does not match the description of the murderer's car.

3. Routine investigative procedures that might have cleared him were mishandled by the police.

4. Mexican officials violated their own laws in obtaining a highly questionable identification of Simmons as the killer.

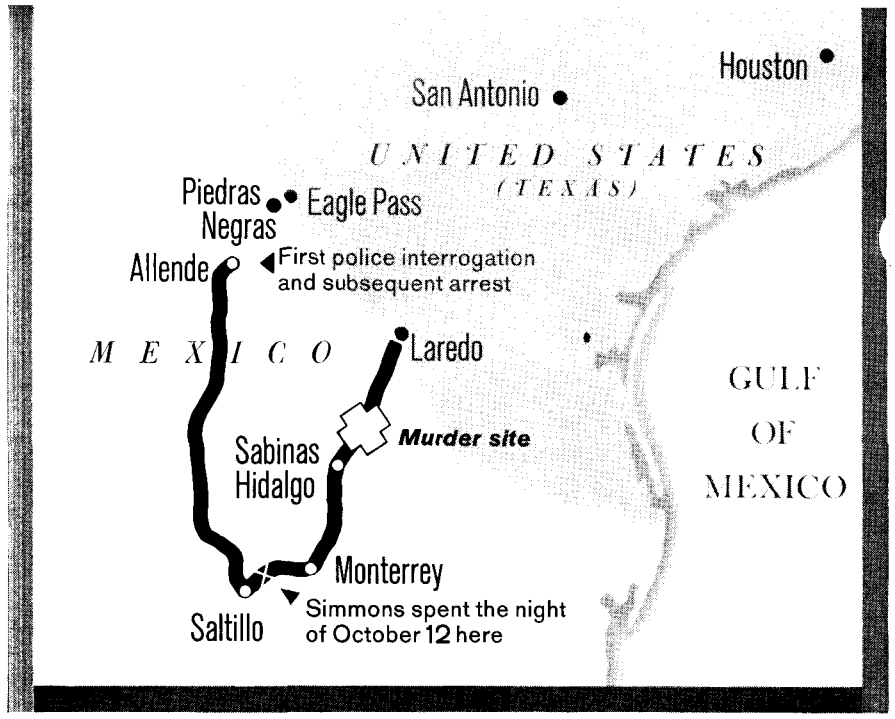
5. Shortly after Simmons was arrested, Mexican newspapers carried stories that another American had confessed the triple slaying. This second American was removed from Mexico by a consulate official without being questioned by the Mexican authorities responsible for investigating the murders.

Any one of these five facts might have been the subject of proper protest by the U.S. Embassy. Together they raise substantial doubt as to the validity of Simmons's conviction. Yet, at this writing this country has made no representation of any sort to the Mexican government.

In strange contrast, many Mexicans familiar with the case openly express belief in Simmons's innocence. Warmhearted Monterrey residents have

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"When the police grabbed Simmons, they closed their minds. They had their gringo, so why look further?"



Map of U.S.-Mexican border shows murder area and route followed by Simmons.

IN A DEATH CELL

provided Simmons's mother with free living quarters for the past year, while she has joined efforts with her son to draw public attention to his plight.

Public opinion was not so favorable in the beginning. "Because of the horrible nature of the crime, everyone clamored for a solution," says one Monterrey journalist. "We had mobs in the streets when the murders were announced. The police knew the killer was an American, and when they grabbed Simmons, they closed their minds.

"They had their *gringo*," the newsman said. *Gringo*, an insulting slang term for Americans, is a word that he himself does not use, and he grimaced with distaste and apology. "So why look further?"

The three victims were members of the Perez Villagomez family of Monterrey—Juan, age 14, Hilda, 18, and Martha, 21. On the night of October 12, 1959, they crossed the border into Mexico at Laredo, Tex., in a car driven by their brother, Dr. Raul Perez Villagomez, a dentist, homeward bound after a visit to San Antonio. Between Laredo and Monterrey, Route 85 is largely deserted for most of the 140-mile stretch. Their car, a convertible, was less than halfway to Monterrey when it broke down. The dentist told his brother and two sisters to wait for him and then hitchhiked a ride into the town of Sabinas Hidalgo to get help.

He returned about two hours later with a tow truck and found a frightful scene. In the front seat of his car lay the body of his young brother, shot to death. The bodies of Martha and Hilda lay in the back seat, Martha dead and Hilda dying. The girls had not been molested sexually, and there had been no robbery.

The distraught dentist ordered the tow-truck operator to pull the car into Sabinas Hidalgo. Hilda was transferred to an ambulance and taken to Monterrey, where she underwent emergency surgery. The next day she was able to whisper a brief account of what had happened, and the following day she was able to tell her story in considerable detail.

Shortly after her brother had left, Hilda said, a car with Texas license plates, bound south toward Monterrey, had pulled off the road and parked about 50 feet in front of their stalled auto. A man came up and asked in English, "What's the matter? Are you having car trouble?" Hilda told him in English that the car had broken down and that her brother had gone for help. The man told her that he was a mechanic, and got in and tried to start the car without success. He then offered them a ride. Hilda thanked him and declined, saying they would wait for their brother. He persisted, but she remained firm. Then he suddenly seemed to become enraged and said, in crude tourist Spanish, "I am a bandit." The young brother seized a small club from the glove compartment to protect his sisters. The stranger pulled out a .22 caliber pistol and shot Juan to death. He then turned the gun on Martha, in the rear seat, and killed her. Hilda threw herself at him in agonized terror, then flung herself across her sister's body. The killer fired seven shots into her, two of which hit her spine and paralyzed her. He fired 15 shots in all. Then, with all his victims apparently dead, he took the club that Juan had tried to use, fled to his own car, and roared off into the night.

That night was clear and moonlit, and Hilda saw him clearly. She described him as 25 to 30 years old, slightly over six feet, stocky in build and weighing 93 kilograms, which is 205 pounds. She described his hair as light, his coloring ruddy, his neck thick, his voice soft and slow and his breathing heavy. He was dressed in a white shirt and dark trousers, possibly blue denims "as cowboys wear." She said that there was a mark, not identifiable and not at all prominent, on his right upper lip and that he had one or two gold teeth on the upper right side. She identified the car he drove as a 1958 Chevrolet, light blue. She was able to make this identification because a friend of the family recently had purchased the same model car.

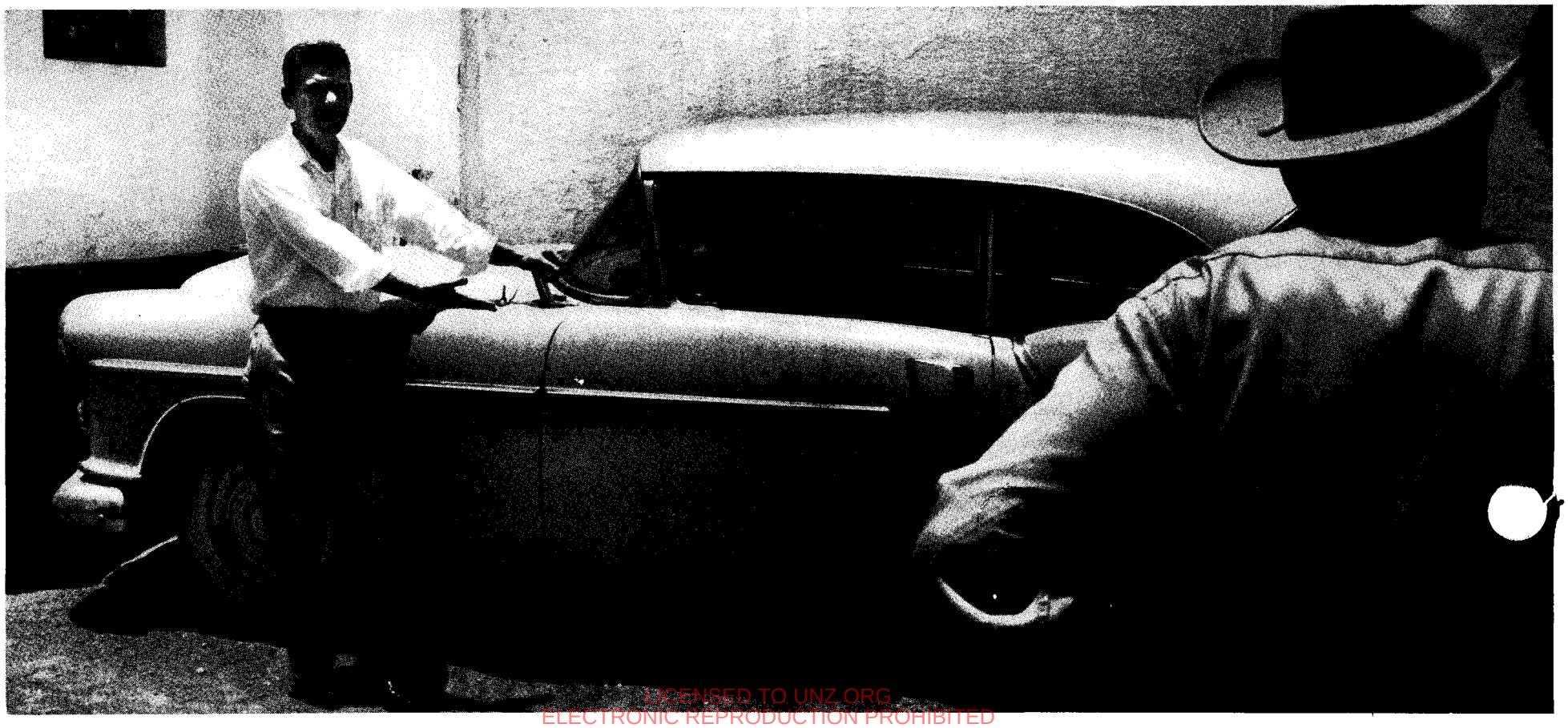
Police list nine cars

Armed with this description, the Mexican police launched a massive manhunt. Entry records at the border were checked for the identity of Americans entering Mexico on the day of the murder and bound south on the road to Monterre

From these records the police drew u, a list of nine cars that had crossed at Laredo near the time that the Perez Villagomez family had crossed. One was an automobile registered to William Carroll Simmons of Fort Worth, Tex. In the car, alone, was William Simmons's brother, Dykes Askew Simmons, headed for a week of gypsying in a strange land.

Simmons, 35 and unmarried, worked as a crane operator for a Fort Worth

Simmons still has his 1954 Oldsmobile, impounded inside prison since the crime. Police have ignored dying girl's statement that the killer drove a 1958 Chevrolet.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pipe-threading company. He was a native Texan, the son of a Fort Worth Linotype operator, and he had left school after the 10th grade. He had been in trouble before, with convictions in the U.S. for burglary in 1949 and car theft in 1955.

At the Mexican checkpoint Simmons had stopped for a tourist card. An officer noticed that the car registry was in the name of William Simmons, and Dykes explained that he had bought the car in his brother's name. The officer suggested that to avoid red tape on leaving the country, he had better have a tourist card that matched the car registry. Simmons readily agreed, and his tourist card was made out to William Carroll Simmons.

Dykes Simmons says that he drove nonstop to Monterrey, ate something, then decided to push on westward toward Saltillo. He drove till he got tired, pulled off the highway and slept in his car. The fact that he did not go to a hotel was later cited as evidence of his guilt.

"I didn't have a lot of money," Simmons explains, "and I wanted to hang on to what I had." The next morning, he says, he drove on to Saltillo, the capital of the state of Coahuila. On the outskirts he saw two girls hitchhiking and gave them a lift into town.

The following day, Wednesday, October 14, he struck up an acquaintance with an English-speaking Mexican named José Mancha at the little town of Rio Bravo. "He showed me around town," Simmons said, "and that evening he took me to a small hotel at Allende and registered me, because I couldn't speak Spanish. When we first met he asked my name, and when I told him, he couldn't pronounce it. It came out different each time he said it, and finally I laughed and said, 'Hell, call me Harry.'" Later, Simmons said, he learned that Mancha had registered him as "Larry Hall."

The police interviewed him at the Allende hotel early in the morning of October 15, Simmons says. "They came to the hotel about seven A.M., looked at my tourist papers, and asked me two questions. They wanted to know whether I had any gold teeth, and what kind of car I was driving. I told them the truth—that I had no gold teeth, and that my car was a 1954 Oldsmobile. They thanked me, apologized for bothering me and went away. The whole thing didn't take two minutes."

That day, Simmons says, he roamed around with Mancha's cousin, then picked up José after work and went swimming. On his way back to Allende, Simmons was stopped by a police car, and his week's vacation in Mexico plunged into nightmare.

The police took him to their commandant, and he was questioned for several hours, with Mancha serving as interpreter. "After a long while the commandant talked to someone on the phone at Saltillo," Simmons said. "I could see that they were arguing, and I asked Mancha what was up. He said, 'The commandant here says you are not the person they are hunting for, because you are not blond, have no gold teeth and have no Chevrolet.' But after he hung up they took me out and locked me in a little mud hut.

Late that night three big secret police officers came, put me in a car, and drove me out of town. They tried to make me confess to the murders. I kept telling them I didn't know anything. They started beating me, and then one of them cocked a gun and put it behind my ear. I told them they could kill me, but I wouldn't confess. Finally they gave up."

To this day Simmons has no idea why the police singled him out of the nine names on the list for such extensive questioning, particularly as he does not fit the dying girl's description. He believes that it is because of his previous police record. In any event—despite the lack of any real evidence against him—the police took him to the hospital in Monterrey where Hilda Perez Villagomez lay dying. The newspapers and radio had carried wildly inaccurate accounts of the circumstances surrounding his arrest, and public antagonism against him was extreme. An angry throng gathered at the hospital, and Simmons had to be slipped into the building by ambulance in order to prevent a possible lynching.

In this atmosphere of public outrage and hysteria, the legal restraints that Mexico imposes on its police, and the due process of law to which any person is entitled, were forgotten. Mexican police procedure requires that identification of a suspect in a major crime be done in a manner that reduces bias or error to the minimum. The suspect must be presented to the victim in a lineup of persons of the same general age, class and clothing.

Instead of the lineup procedure, however, Simmons was simply thrust before Hilda. He was alone, in handcuffs, surrounded by uniformed police. Simmons's most obvious facial characteristic is a large prominent scar on the left side of his upper lip. He had received it years before after an operation to correct a harelip. Enormous importance later was attached to Hilda's mention of a "mark" on the killer's lip. Yet, in the series of descriptions she gave police before Simmons was picked up, she did not mention the scar until her third description, two days after the crime. Then she said it was on the killer's *right* side, and that it was "not identifiable and not noticeable."

When Simmons was presented to her, in full-face, head-on view with the scar in plain sight, she made no identification. She gazed at him for several moments, but remained silent. He then was put in profile. After studying his side view, she said, "*Estoy casi seguro*," [I am almost sure] and then, "That is he—and may God forgive me if I have made a mistake."

These halting words, qualified by doubt and a plea for divine forgiveness, seemed to convince everyone that Simmons was guilty. But based on Hilda's description of the killer, Simmons had to be the wrong man. He was dark-haired; the killer blond. He was almost three inches shorter and 35 pounds lighter than the described assailant. Only 24 hours earlier the police had been searching for a gold-toothed gunman in a 1958 Chevrolet. Now they had a man without gold teeth, with a 1954 Oldsmobile. Yet no one seemed to find this at all strange.

Present in the hospital room when the police confronted Simmons with the dying girl was a staff officer of the U.S. consulate at Monterrey by the name of William Mitchell. One of the duties of consulate officers is to ensure that American citizens accused of a crime in a foreign country receive the same justice accorded to natives of that country. Mitchell apparently stood by silently while the Mexican authorities clearly broke their own law.

The consul general in Monterrey at the time of Simmons's arrest, John F. Killea,

The bodies of Juan, Hilda and Martha Perez Villagomez are buried in this tomb in Monterrey. Even though Simmons has been convicted, their killer may still be at large.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As Mexico's top court studies his case, he clings to one frail hope—another man's "confession."

IN A DEATH CELL

justifies his staff officer for not raising any objection to the confrontation. "Foreign-service officers are not lawyers," he said. "Most of them don't know the details of Mexican law, and they wouldn't know whether or not a procedure was legal. That would be a matter for Simmons's lawyer to raise."

But when rushed to the confrontation the day after his arrest, Simmons had no lawyer. Although he was entitled to one, the consulate did not protest this either. Further, the consulate does not explain how it can protect Americans from discrimination when it does not "know the details" of the laws involved.

Twelve days after the hospital confrontation, Hilda Perez Villagomez died of her gunshot wounds. Meanwhile, with Simmons under arrest, any semblance of an impartial investigation vanished. Newspapers trumpeted stories that the murder weapon had been found; that a border guard had recalled that Simmons had asked his permission to bring a .22 caliber gun into Mexico. The first report turned out to be a story told by the two girls whom Simmons had given a lift at Saltillo. They said they had "seen guns" under the car seat; one said there were two of them, the other four. Actually, no death weapon was ever found.

The second story collapsed when the border guard was rushed to Monterrey to identify Simmons. This time the police put Simmons in a lineup. The guard looked over the five or six men and said that the man who had asked to bring in the gun was not among them. When Simmons was pointed out to him he said flatly, "That is not the man."

The guard made a further statement that got surprisingly little attention. He said that the man who *had* asked permission to bring in the gun was "tall, well-built, blond and had some gold teeth."

Amid the anger and confusion, two solid pieces of evidence were either lost or ignored. In her deathbed statement Hilda had reported that the killer had got into the stalled car and tried to start it. "I asked, right off, if the police had checked the car for fingerprints," Simmons says. But when the death car was towed to Sabinas Hidalgo on the night of the murder, it was left unguarded. When police belatedly thought of checking for fingerprints, they found that several hundred morbid sightseers had sat in the car and obscured the killer's prints under their own.

Police also went to the death scene on the highway and found and photographed a clear tire mark at the point where Hilda said the killer had parked. If this was checked against Simmons's tires after his arrest, no testimony of the findings was entered in his trial. What happened to this clue remains a mystery.

Shortly after Simmons's arrest the newspapers produced two new sensations. They reported that a police "criminology expert" had tested a spot on one of Simmons's shirts and found that it was blood, and that a paraffin test of his hands had shown two faint specks of powder burns. Later, in a recheck of the shirt at a university laboratory, it was found that the spot was not blood. The "expert" had used the wrong test. Gun experts minimized this same "expert's" paraffin test; if Simmons had fired a pistol 15 times, they said, his hands would have been covered with powder traces.

With the fingerprints and other direct evidence mishandled or ignored, Simmons agreed to take a lie-detector test. Three tests were run on him, using an obsolete machine. Simmons says he was not told the outcome, and the results were not entered in evidence against him, although Mexican law does not forbid the consideration of polygraph findings.

In March, 1961, after 17 months in the sunbaked Penal de Estado, Simmons was convicted of the three murders by a one-judge state court, without a jury. He was sentenced to death. This procedure in itself seemed a part of the nightmare. Under the Mexican system, statements are obtained from all persons connected in any way with the crime. The defendant is presented with these statements and given an opportunity to affirm or deny their accuracy, and to make explanatory statements of his own. All of these documents are then turned over to a judge, who reaches his verdict solely on the basis of what they say. Simmons only saw the judge on two brief occasions, and was not even present when he received the death sentence.

Thirty-seven months after his arrest, the appeal court voided the sentence because of the improper hospital confrontation, and ordered him re-tried. Last December the same judge again found him guilty and reimposed the death penalty. The judge listed 19 points of what he considered circumstantial evidence of Simmons's guilt. They included such items as his failure to stop in a hotel the night of the slayings, his "custom" of helping stranded motorists on the highway, his hotel registration by Mancha as "Larry Hall," and the circumstance of his having a white shirt and blue denim pants. The judge also cited as evidence against him the fact, which Simmons had admitted from the beginning, that he had a previous police record.

In an astounding display of judicial selectivity, the judge also ruled that Simmons "matched closely" Hilda's description of the killer. In his ruling there is no mention of the killer's weight, height, hair coloring or his gold teeth. On the item of hair, at least, time has brought Simmons nearer to Hilda's original description of the slayer as "blond." After four years in a Mexican cell, his hair has turned from near-black to gray.

On February 15, 1963, the Nuevo León Supreme Court confirmed the death penalty, and in July the case finally reached the highest court in Mexico for final disposition. This is still pending.

But before this Simmons's hopes were wildly raised—and bitterly dashed—by a still-unexplained turn in the case. Less than three weeks after his arrest the Mexican newspapers reported in banner headlines that another American, a physician from Texas, had confessed to the Perez Villagomez murders.

The issue of the second American's "confession" has been raised by Simmons's defense before the Supreme Court. Doctor Parker, as we will call him, is now a hospital administrator. He denies that he made the confession attributed to him, and denies that he was in the state of Nuevo León, where the murders occurred, at any time in 1959.

Doctor Parker was arrested in Coahuila, the state immediately to the west of Nuevo León. Police said he had been found running naked through an Indian village and shooting at the inhabitants with a .22 caliber gun. He was jailed in Muzquiz, a small town not far from the Mexican border city of Piedras Negras, across from Eagle Pass, Tex. About a week later the consulate officer at Piedras Negras, Harry Hargis, got word of his plight and went to his assistance. He found the doctor cooped in a filthy mud cell, suffering from recurring spells of wildly erratic behavior. He also found a number of Mexican reporters, who were filing stories that the doctor had confessed to the Villagomez murders. Their source for this information was the local chief of police, who quoted the doctor as having said, "I killed the three on the highway, and with you it will be four."

In his report to the State Department, Hargis said one of the Mexican reporters told him that the confession was a hoax started by the police chief in the hope of collecting a large reward for the Villagomez slayer. Working swiftly, Hargis arranged to have the mentally disturbed doctor sent back to the United States. According to his report, the Mexicans dropped the charges of shooting at the Indians, and Hargis was notified that the governor of Coahuila agreed to the removal of the doctor.

The doctor is removed

The doctor was put in a straitjacket and taken in a consular car back to the United States, and then removed to the Veterans Administration hospital at Waco. En route he became violent, broke out of the straitjacket once and knocked out two attendants at the hospital.

When Simmons read of Doctor Parker's purported confession, he had his first real moment of hope. But on November 17, one week after the first story about the "confession," a banner headline in a Monterrey newspaper told him: WITHOUT INVESTIGATION, PARKER RECOVERS HIS LIBERTY.

Simmons embarked on another obsessive effort to find out the full details of the strange case of the second American. He deluged officials with letters of inquiry. The answers he got back were curiously vague about vital details. His family enlisted the help of Sen. Ralph Yarborough of Texas, who wrote to the American consulate general at Monterrey and asked for a report. In a letter dated May 30, 1961, Consulate General Killea replied that "police authorities had established that Dr. Parker was nowhere near the scene of the murder on the night of the incident." He went on to say that, "as personally investigated by Mr. Harry R. Hargis of the staff of the American Consulate in Piedras Negras, it was learned that Dr. Parker never confessed to any murder and had no knowledge of any such killing."

For a man condemned to death for three murders he insists he did not commit, this reply was no satisfaction at all. If "police authorities" had established that the doctor "was nowhere near the scene of the murder," Simmons wanted to know which authorities had established that the doctor was where, and how they had established it. But to every inquiry, including one to Attorney General Robert Kennedy, he got back the same reply, frequently in the exact same language. His anguished parents received similar replies to their inquiries. They also got some highly testy letters from the consulate in Monterrey indicating that the diplomats there were getting tired of all the letter writing.

In the loneliness of his tiny cell, Simmons has brooded for almost four years over the purported confession of the doctor. He sees a conclusive investigation of this "confession" as his last chance at exoneration. In checking this story, an effort was made to substantiate the repeated statement that the doctor had been cleared of the murders.

The Monterrey consulate said it had no substantiation for the statement, and said the question should be directed to either Hargis or the American Embassy. The embassy said that the inquiry should be directed to the Monterrey consulate. The Piedras Negras consulate said that its files had no information substantiating the statement. The attorney general of Coahuila, Sr. Benito Flores Flores, said his files had no record of any investigation of the doctor. Traced to his present post at Seoul, Korea, Hargis said in a transpacific telephone call, "I never determined the whereabouts of the doctor on the night of the murders. We asked a lot of people, but we never pinned anything down."

Yet in his report on the doctor's case to the State Department in February, 1960, Hargis wrote that he "was surprised to read later that charges against Doctor Parker of the murder of the three Villagomez children were made, as he was in Eagle Pass, Tex., on the night of the murder." There is only one hotel in Eagle Pass, and both the former proprietor and the bellhop knew the doctor and remembered his staying there. They searched the register and found he was there only one night in that fateful month of October, 1959. It was the night of October 17, five days after the slayings.

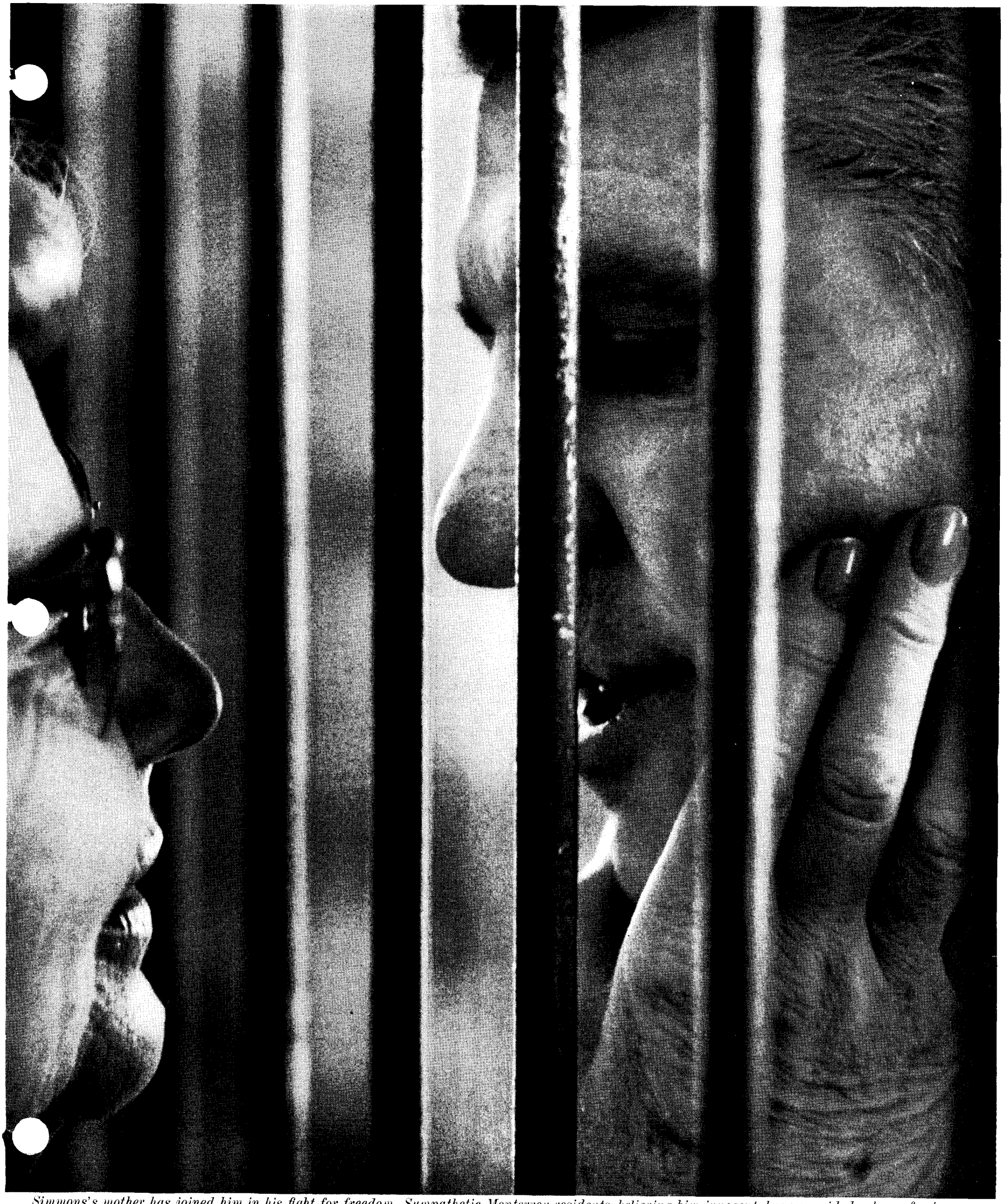
In the final bizarre chapter of a strange story, the doctor himself told this writer that he doesn't know his whereabouts on the night of the crime. "I was given repeated electroshock treatment at the V.A. hospital," he says. "This treatment impairs the memory. Much of that period is a blank. I know I didn't kill anyone on the road to Monterrey. And from what I know of the case, I don't think Simmons did either."

That the doctor is right, as to both his own and Simmons's innocence, seems highly probable. If the border guard was correct about the man who brought in a .22 pistol, if Hilda was accurate in her description of the man who slew her brother and her sister and then turned the gun on her, the murders were committed by neither. Like Simmons, the doctor has no gold teeth, and did not drive a 1958 Chevrolet.

Meanwhile, the long nightmare is almost over for Dykes Askew Simmons. He still hopes that it will not end in a burst of gunfire against an adobe wall, because Mexico's high courts have a tradition of judicial calmness, compassion and justice.

Astoundingly, Simmons still has a wry sense of humor. To avoid his plight he has one piece of advice. "For a vacation," he says, "go to Canada." THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Simmons's mother has joined him in his fight for freedom. Sympathetic Monterrey residents, believing him innocent, have provided a home for her.

Photographs by BILL BRIDGES

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDITORIALS

THE NATIONAL HOMEBUILDING MESS

The tale of flooded basements, crumbling bricks and cracking walls told by Arthur Watkins on page 19 is a scandal of such national proportions that only national action can set it right.

Among the recommendations made by Watkins is one that could be accomplished in short order: the housing bill (S.1200) introduced by Sen. Ernest Gruening of Alaska. As a top FHA official told Watkins, the FHA under existing law can only try to persuade a builder to repair structural defects. If the builder refuses, "We can only cross his name off our list of builders eligible for FHA-insured mortgages," the FHA official said.

Senator Gruening's bill would put some teeth in the law. It would empower the FHA to require little-known builders to post a bond before beginning work. When a major structural defect appeared, the buyer of the house would complain to the FHA, which in turn would notify the builder. If the builder refused to make the necessary repairs, the FHA would do the job and charge it against the bond. In the case of well-established builders, the work would be charged against existing accounts with the FHA.

Senator Gruening introduced his bill last year toward the close of the first session of the 88th Congress and re-introduced it when Congress met this year. So far there has been no action on it, although Gruening has written to Sen. John Sparkman of Alabama, chairman of the Housing Subcommittee, and requested an early hearing. We hope that Senator Sparkman's subcommittee will act on the bill as soon as possible and bring it out with a favorable report.

A MESSAGE THAT WILL MAKE PEKING DUCK

Sen. Strom Thurmond and others who have been trying to pin a Communist label on the Negro revolution would do well to read Roy Wilkins's answer to the Chinese Communists recently.

The Red Chinese, as might have been expected, were trying to latch onto the civil-rights march on Washington. An organization called the Chinese People's Committee for World Peace sent the N.A.A.C.P. a cable charging President Kennedy with being "the chief culprit for the ruthless persecution of Negroes, champion of racial discrimination and main source of policy of oppression and aggression throughout the world." The civil-rights struggle, the cable said, had "dealt telling blow to U.S.A. imperialist policy of racial discrimination and rendered powerful support and encouragement to peoples fighting against imperialism headed by United States."

Wilkins, who is executive secretary of the N.A.A.C.P., fired off an answer that deserves to be framed. He told the Chinese Communists that the "gathering of white and Negro American citizens . . . has been welcomed by President Kennedy . . . and by many Government leaders. . . ." He wound up with: "We await the opportunity to send our felicitations to Chinese citizens gathered in a huge demonstration in your nation's capital to protest living conditions under your government and welcomed there by your heads of state." We suspect that Wilkins will wait quite a while.

"THE MAN" BOWS OUT

One day before this month ends, the familiar figure will come up to bat for the last time. As he uncoils from that peculiar crouching stance and lashes out at the ball, the result, if there is any justice, will be a solid hit. A home run would be most appropriate.

With that appearance Stan (The Man) Musial, by his own decision, will bring to a close one of baseball's classic careers. He came up to the St. Louis Cardinals before Pearl Harbor, in the summer of 1941. Since then, with time out for service in the Navy, he has broken more records than any other player in the history of baseball. He holds 17 major-league, 30 National League and nine All-Star records.

Everyone who follows big-league baseball closely has his own recollection of Stan the Man. Ours is an afternoon in 1948 at Ebbets Field, a ball park that he practically owned for many years. He went five for five that day, and every time he made a hit, he had two strikes on him. One day in 1954 he hit five home runs in a doubleheader against the Giants in St. Louis. That probably was the peak of his career.

As he bows out, we wish him well, and we extend our sympathy to those who never saw him play. Watching him in action was a treat that will not be matched.

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

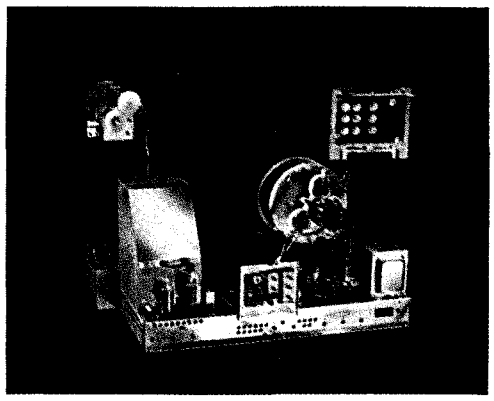
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FROM 10 YEARS OF COLOR EXPERIENCE

Admiral brings three new major improvements to col r television

1. Greater Dependability—with Gold Precision Wiring in the most vital areas. This quality advance —like the precision jewels in a fine watch—assures long, trouble-free life. And only Admiral has it! Using electro-deposition, Admiral applies 5 micro-inches of pure 24-karat gold to precision-wiring for the greatest dependability ever in the most vital areas of a color tv set.

2. More Natural Color—with Electronic Color Balancer. Now, enjoy the same natural color the camera sees! This new Admiral development brings you true-to-life beauty—and does it for you automatically! Unlike other color tv, new Admiral precision circuitry actually increases the power of *each* color signal *individually* and balances them for more natural color reproduction.

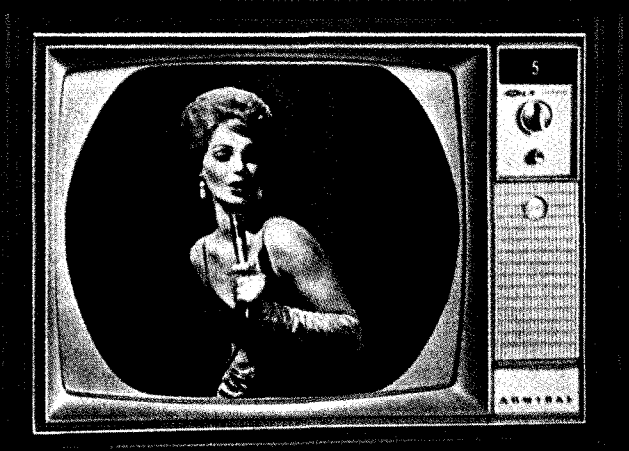


The all-new Admiral Color TV SP-26 Chassis... precision-crafted, 26,000 volts...24-hour life-tested for unmatched dependability

3. New Easier Tuning—with a new Color TV Contrast Control. No other color tv can be tuned as simply and as easily! Admiral ends unnecessary fumbling with controls. This Admiral "exclusive" automatically maintains eye-pleasing brightness as you adjust for proper contrast. It makes tuning simple and easy. And only Admiral Color tv has it!

See the complete selection of fine furniture—Contemporary, Danish Modern, Early American, French Provincial—handcrafted from genuine veneers and hardwood solids...at your quality Admiral Dealer.

*Admiral "Sonar" full-function, wireless remote control turns tv on...changes channels...adjusts and mutes sound...turns tv completely off. Enjoy easy-chair tuning with great savings! Just $30.00**



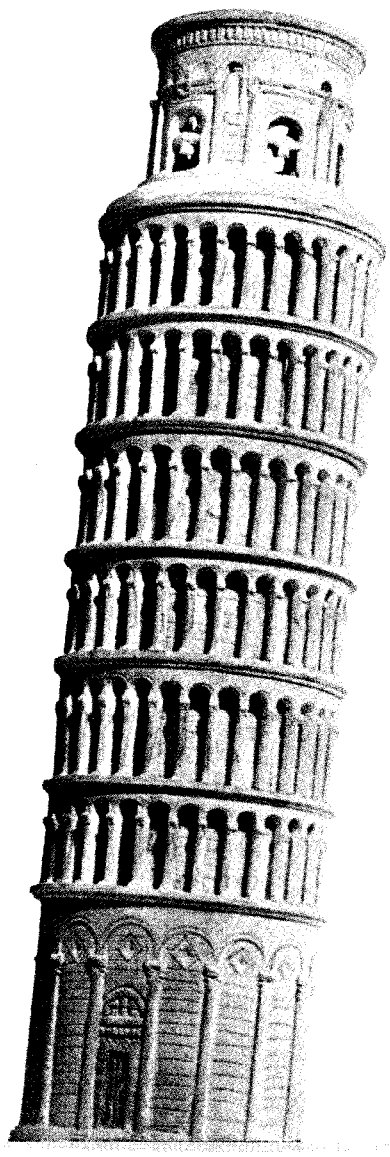
ADMIRAL COLOR

MARK OF QUALITY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

Shown above (left) The Chanceford, Model L1629, (right) The Courtney, Model L1311.

Admiral, Chicago. Canadian Admiral, Port Credit, Ont. *Prices and specifications subject to change without notice. UHF available, optional extra.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



TOWER OF PLEASURE

That's Winston...America's favorite filter cigarette because it's America's best-tasting filter cigarette! For flavor you can count on every time, why don't you change to...Winston!

©1963 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

PURE WHITE,
MODERN FILTER

PLUS FILTER-BLEND UP FRONT

Winston tastes good
like a cigarette should!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED